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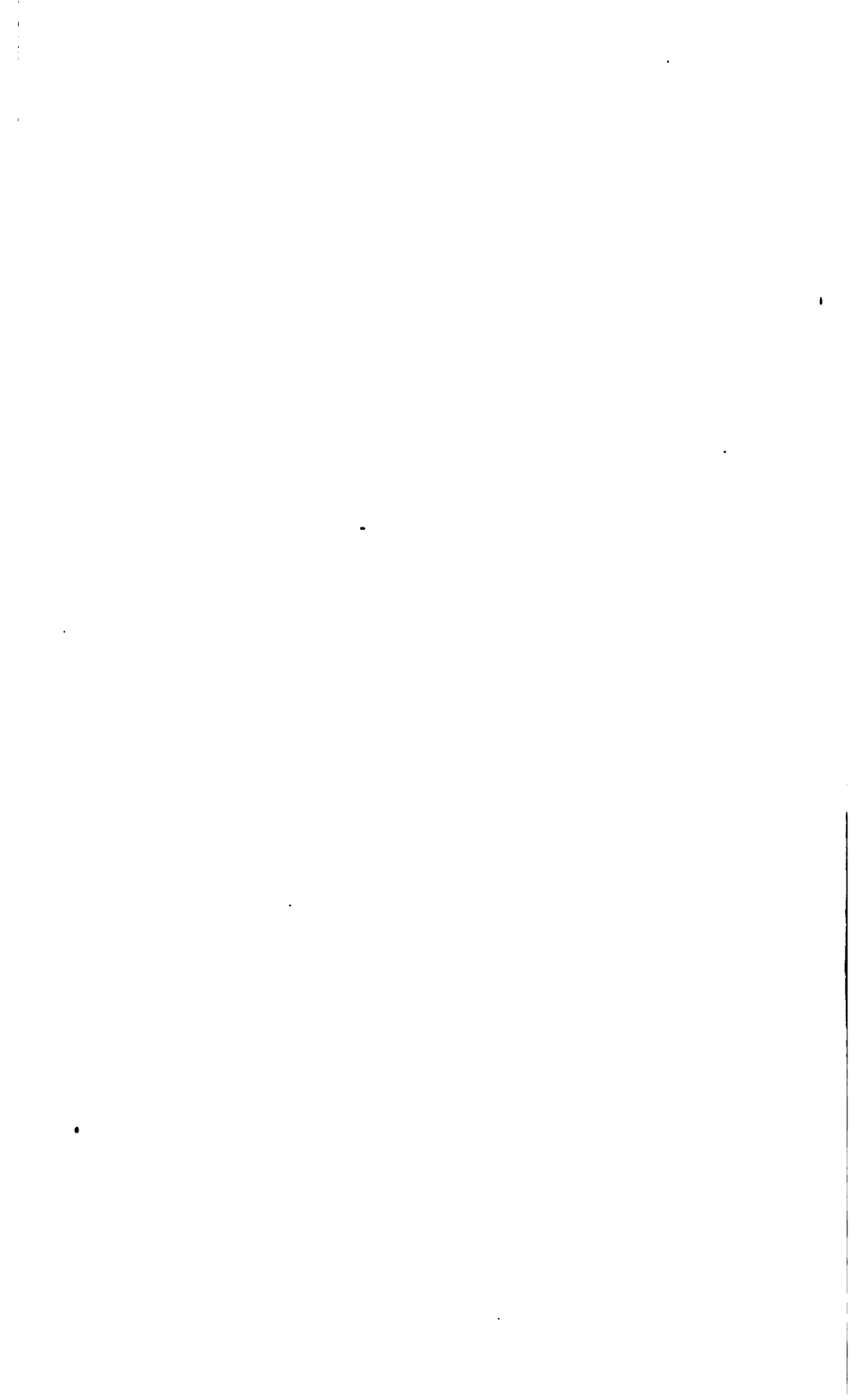
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INDEX.

A.		D.	
Address - - - - -	1	Death, Time, and Eternity - - -	248
A Wise Saw - - - - -	33	Dearborn's Edition of Shakspeare -	254
Autumn - - - - -	33	Duelist, The - - - - -	327
A Remembrance - - - - -	43	Drew, Samuel, Life of - - - - -	345
Ancient Mineralogy - - - - -	79	District School - - - - -	457
American Popular Library - - - -	83	Dying Flower, by J. H. BRIGHT, Esq.	496
An Evening Ode, by Dr. BIRD -	130	Deaf and Dumb Institution - - -	544
An Old Sailor's Yarns - - - - -	159		
Abuse of the Brain, by B. B. THATCHER	173		
Allen Prescott, by Miss SEDGWICK -	249		
American Literature - - - - -	317, 378, 473		
American Quarterly Review - - -	355		
American Monthly Magazine - - -	361		
Apostrophe to Time - - - - -	506		
American Revolution - - - - -	559		
B.		E.	
Bird, Dr. R. MONTGOMERY - - -	463, 32, 130	Excerpts, by MATTHEW CAREY, Esq.,	69, 155, 217, 427, 526
Blank Book of a Country School-		Editors' Table - - - - -	86, 165, 250, 353, 463
master - - - - -	33	Embury, Mrs. Emma C. - - - -	116, 210
Browne, Miss Mary Anne - - - -	35, 305, 377,	Elia, The Author of - - - - -	259
Brooks James - - - - -	46	Evening, Night, and Morning, at	
Bulwer's Writings - - - - -	170	Sea - - - - -	306
Beck, Prof. Lewis C. - - - - -	178, 307	English Revolution, History of -	340
Broken Heart, The - - - - -	307	Erato, Number One - - - - -	348
Bread Stuffs - - - - -	359	English Caricatures, by Rev. T. FLINT	396
Butler, Mrs., Journal of - - - -	469	English Highwaymen, - - - -	462
Biography - - - - -	548	Education - - - - -	507
C.		Everest's English Grammar - - -	541
Cruise of a Guineaman - - - -	16, 103		
China Tree, by Dr. R. M. BIRD -	32		
Columbia College, - - - - -	131		
Cavaliers of Virginia - - - - -	162, 253		
Complete Works of Walter Scott -	164		
Commentaries on Shakspeare - - -	257		
Cousin's Report on Education - - -	351		
Chinese Nations and Languages - -	365		
Confessions of a Poet - - - - -	470		
Crockett's Tour - - - - -	471		
Conquest of Florida - - - - -	546		
Cotton Manufacture - - - - -	546		
Crayon Miscellany - - - - -	559		
D.		F.	
Death of the Young - - - - -	34	Fine Arts, - - - - -	89, 171, 359, 465, 550
Da Ponte's Guide to the Italian		Frizzle Pumpkin, and other Tales	254
Language - - - - -	85	First of April - - - - -	361
Drama, The - - - - -	87, 167, 360, 458, 558	Foot Excursion in Tuscany - - -	386
Desperation, a Tale of Woe and		Facts, Feelings, and Fancies - -	560
Weal - - - - -	144		
Division of the Earth - - - - -	207		
Dream, The, by R. S. MacKENZIE	241		
		G.	
		Guido's Cleopatra - - - - -	220
		H.	
		History - - - - -	33
		Hall's Border Tales - - - - -	73
		Hamlet, a Prelude, by Dr. James RUSH	81
		Happiness, by W. D. Gallagher -	177
		Home, by W. G. Simms - - - -	187
		Happiest Time - - - - -	377
		Hints on Education - - - - -	560
		I.	
		Inman John - - - - -	35
		Is he rich? - - - - -	315
		Infancy - - - - -	338
		Insurgents The - - - - -	344
		Irving's Tour on the Prairies - -	362, 458
		Irishman, Sorrows of - - - - -	462
		Infidel, by Dr. R. M. Bird - - -	463, 540
		Italian Sketch Book - - - - -	543

J.		O.	
Josephine, The Tomb of	269	Our Struggle for Independence	117
John Smith	308	Odds and Ends	124
Jeduthan Hobbs	313	Opinions and Recollections	200
Jacob's Vision	502	Ollapodiana	235, 434, 534
		Outra Mer	454
		Old Paintings	465
K.		P.	
Knapp, Samuel L.	117, 261, 364		
L.		Percival, James G.	26, 44, 199, 231, 425
Life, by Dr. S. L. Metcalf	6, 93, 188	Pocket Companion	83
Longfellow, Prof. H. W.	33	Paulding's Works	169
Love's Reward, by J. G. Percival	45	Passage from a Journal in Scotland	183
Lines, by Mrs. Francis Ann Butler	45	Pinnock's Goldsmith	252
Leaves from an Aeronaut	58	Prayer in Solitude	294
Letters to Ada	77	Pulpit Eloquence No. 2	295
Leiber's Letters	82	Pilgrims, The	409
Literary notices	72, 158, 249, 340, 454, 540	Power of Song	425
Lines by Mrs. Embury	116	Passions, The, by Grenville Mellen	433
Laboratory of Nature	178, 307	Praise and Blame	560
Lines by Mrs. Embury	210		
Literary Intelligence	362, 470	R.	
Lines, written on the blank leaf of a Bible	408	Rosicrusian Philosophy, by J. Inman	35
Language of Flowers	461	Recollections of a Housekeeper	82
Leisure Hunter	497	Rombert, a Tale of Carolina	161
Letters from Laurie Todd, No. Four	503	Rapelje's Travels	163
Lay to the Departed	557	Rollin's History	164
		Rebel, and other Tales	346
		Richard III. of England	391
M.		S.	
Metcalf, Dr. Samuel L.	6, 93, 188	Sights in the East	27
Minnesong, by James G. Percival	44	Stanzas, by Mary Anne Browne	35, 102
Morris, Robert	67	Song of May, by James G. Percival	44
Martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul	78	Sigourney, Mrs., Poems of	75
Men and Manners in Great Britain	80	Salutatory	86
Magazine Writing	246	Seaman's Daughter	123
Memory	326	Sonnet, from Petrarch	129
Musical Soirée	337	Spells of the Heart	143
Memoirs of Tristram Burgess	349	Stanzas, by W. G. Simms	182
Martha, a Memorial	350	Saint Perrine, by B. W. Richards	208
More, Hannah	351	Scene in Real Life	211
Mount Atlas	395	Sketches of Travel, by Rev. T. Flint	242, 278
Music	453	Sketch of a Self-made Sculptor	270
Missionary Remains	459	Spells of the Hour	335
Monomaniacs	517	Stanzas by George W. Dennison	415
		Science	470
N.		Secret Love	481
New Year's Address	1	Smitten City	496
Notes by a Traveler in Holland	151	Stanzas	516
North American Review	165		
Night, by J. G. Percival	199	T.	
Night with a Madman	221	The Nightingale, by James G. Percival	44
New-York Mirror	363	To An Unknown Beauty,	67
North American Reader	460	The Soul, by Prof. Longfellow,	71
North American Review	464	Talleyrand,	72
Night in '98	482	Tylny Hall, by Thomas Hood,	76
National Academy of Design	550	Twilight,	216
		The Burial	312
		The Silent Water,	316
O.			
Our Own Country	46, 256, 416		

INDEX.

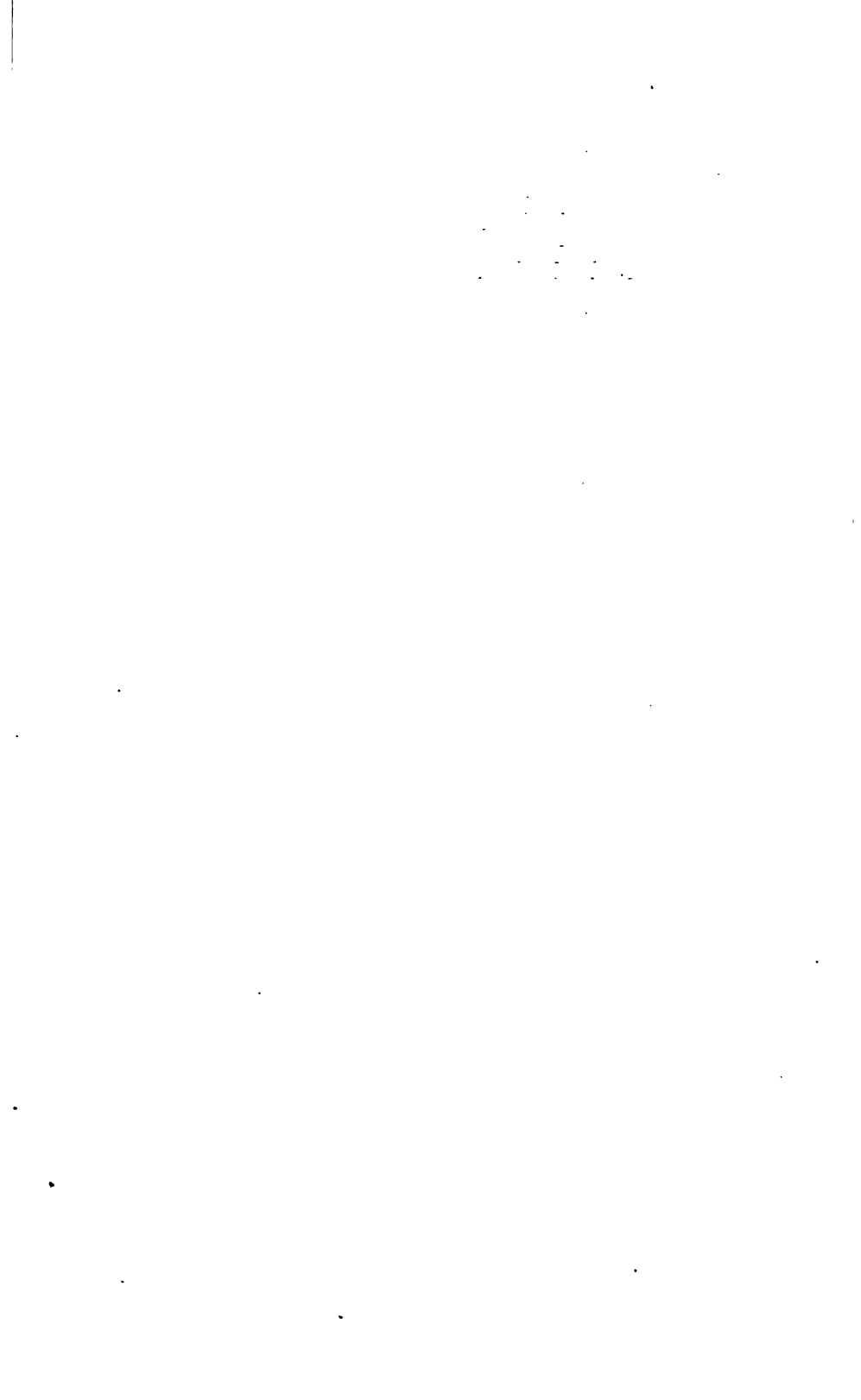
v

T.		W.	
Trials and Triumphs,	350	Waldimar, a Tragedy,	84
"Thy Will be Done,"	385	Words, Words,	89
To the Pyramids,	390	West, The	91
Teresa Contarina,	410	Wordsworth,	166
Tragical Tragedy,	445	Wood Engraving,	172
The Exile	525	Winter in the West,	250
Table Talk	556	Wonderful Characters,	252
		Wreck, The, by I. McLellan, Jr.	277
		War,	358
U.		Y.	
Unfettered Verse, by James G. Percival,	26		
Uses and Abuses of Criticism,	261		
Unfortunate Man,	347	Yemassee, The	260 341 470

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THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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No. 1.

THE NEW YEAR.

GENTLE READER : We are standing together at that fairy vestibule, which opens, rich with hope and bright to expectation, upon another twelve-month,—a coming lapse of time, that, like a swell of the ocean, tossing with its fellows, heaves onward to the land of Death, and Silence. We gaze around, for a moment, from the point where we stand ; and as the events of backward eras come thronging to our minds, the griefs or the raptures that have been commended to us in the annual span, as yet hardly closed, again move the soul and heart, to animate or to subdue. From the transports that are gone, there rises, like a strangely-pleasant odour from autumnal fields, the antepast of coming enjoyment ; while from the sorrows that we have borne, there breathe the voices of Resignation, and the warnings of Experience. We bethink us of imaginings that time has dissolved,—of visions unrealized : and as we gather contentment from surveying the mingled web that has been given us, we seem to ask but the power to bear, without undue depression or elateness, the lot that is to come. We desire not the eye of the seer, or the spell of the horoscope, to engraft in us the power of discerning our onward way :

'We stand between the meeting years,
The coming and the past,—
And question of the future year,
Wilt thou be like the last?'

And if we look aright, we are not *over-joyed* at the jocund day which seems to sit in misty brightness upon the delectable scenes of that distance, whose enchantments are born of remoteness, and only dazzle when afar. Comparing our years in the mass, we find them all wearing the same shade and garniture, save that, as they increase they shorten : the tide of existence acquires additional momentum as it rolls ; and the landmarks that we pass on the receding shores, admonish us, by the rapidity with which they disappear, that our days are few at the longest, and chequered at the best. The melody that melts from the sweet reed of Joy in the morning, while piped for the careless ear, is changed before noontide to the stern monitions of Reality ; and as we prosecute our journey, we perceive how diminutive is the contrast between the life that is passed to us, and that which is yet unknown,—but which, sooner or later, in this world or another, must come to all. Thus, if approached with a feeling of true soberness, the theme leads the spirit upwards ; it relaxes that vesture of decay which girds it in ; and counsels a readiness

for that period when Weakness shall be clothed upon with Strength; when the passions shall no longer sting or stain,—when Mortal puts on Immortality. These are reflections which few can dissemble, and none can disdain: they press themselves upon the mind; for who can avert his glance from the future? Who can ‘excusably decline the consideration of that vast duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that’s past, a monument?’

But there is little in these reveries to render the world less charming, or to sully its loveliness with a pale and sickly cast of thought. From the Uncertainty which sways us, we borrow both gladness and gloom. She is the mother of Hope, and the parent of Despondency. What though we may not pierce the future for a solution of our hopes? Neither can we for our griefs. The fair sky may be palled by the ragged drapery of the cloud, or its darkness may be scattered by unexpected lustre. To look with certainty for either, would be a foolishness of expectation. In the variegated fabric of life, we shall sometimes see the working of the fatal sisters; at othersome, the gleaming of our better stars: we must be satisfied with both warp and woof,—though the interwoven colors be gay and beautiful, or sombrous and pale: thus we must take them,—for thus we find them.

There is something inspiring and delightful in the commencement of the year. The custom of our metropolis has made it a point of peculiar radiance; a halcyon period, when heart’s-ease would seem to be the general feeling, and smiles, the social insignia. Then, the visit is exchanged between friends whom perhaps the departed year had somewhat alienated; old associations are revived, and cordialities that had well nigh been forgotten, are strengthened and renewed. As the lip is wetted with friendly wine, the bosom expands in the generous warmth of honest enjoyment: the cold formalities of factitious station give place to undisguised welcomes, and open-handed cheer. The rich and the poor meet together, and the spirit of pleasure is with all. As the parties go their rounds, and familiar forms and faces appear to greeting eyes, the *necessity* of friendship, and the desolation of its absence, come home to the mind: it is felt that comfort is lost, when allied to selfishness, and that it is good to be respected, or beloved. And as those meet, between whom the year has passed in sullen estrangement,—upon whose anger many evening sun have descended,—a relenting spirit obeys the mingled voices of Memory and Friendship; the kind resolve is made and followed; so that, instead of the thorn to goad and wound, there springs up in the pathway of the Reconciled, the olive or the myrtle. How sweet indeed is the sight of human goodness, struggling to surmount the petty passions which discolor its beauty, and bending to the benign suggestions of that pure, gentle principle—*peace with men!* Doubtless there are many severe strivings with natural pride, before these ends can be reached. Many a one may have imagined himself *cut* in Broadway, and inly determined never to accost the unkind expositor of that visual obliquity again; but the New Year awakens such throngs of conciliatory sentiments, that it is impossible to resist them. The call is made,—the oversight, or the neglect, explained,—the breach is closed,—and Friend-

ship is paramount! Months of reverses, and cares, and disappointments, are lost in that initial day, whose span is golden, from sun to sun,—a lapse to be remembered, with quiet satisfaction, in trials to come.

In good sooth, a moment's reflection will assure any contemplative mind that resentment is the most pitiful passion that can agitate the human breast. True, there is such a thing as '*spirit*;'—but how often is it ill-directed? How often magnified, by little causes, into an importance wholly incommensurate with the object desired. It is the province of New-year visits to crush these poisonous weeds of our path in the bud; to quench their noxious tendrils, and to substitute in their stead, the balm of friendship and good will. For such an object, the morning of the year is most auspicious. The grand festival of our Saviour's nativity has but lately ended; and a preservation of the era of good feeling is enjoined both by Precept and Hope. He who can resist such appeals to his kindness,—to that kindness which increases the happiness of its possessor,—must be cold and callous indeed.

Nothing is more certain, than the *indispensableness* of friendly communion, and kindred sympathies. Without them, life is a Golgotha, which seems alike destitute of the warmth of the present, and the anticipations of the future. Without them, we plod and delve, unthought of and unknown. We are in the depths of unhappiness, when we avoid intercourse with the world; not that cold intercourse of society, which is formed without emotion, and broken without regret; but that which is founded on esteem, and cemented by friendship; and which, looking with a spirit of pardon over trifles unexplained, 'suffers long and is kind.'

There is another inducement to forbearance and forgiveness, furnished by the passing year. It is the uncertain tenure of our existence. A sad thought it is, that the warmest friendship or love which ever glowed within the breast of man, is inadequate to ward off the shafts, or annul the mandate, of Death. We hold our span of life beneath a curtain, from whose folds depend the shears of fate, by which the silver cord or the golden bowl of hope may be destroyed in a moment. What avail the partialities or the solicitude of friends and of kindred, in stations like these? Death, a hidden spectre, walks, ever-threatening, at our side,—yet we mark not the grinness of his visage, nor the tendency of his spear. Anon, the blow is struck,—the bolt has descended,—the beloved of our hearts sink away on the right hand and on the left; and we come to feel that the objects of our affection or our regard, are girded to us by a bond, frailer than 'the spider's most attenuated web.'

Tell me what is life, I pray?—
 'Tis a changing April day,
 Now dull as March, now, blithe as May;
 A little cloud, a little light,
 Nought certain, but th' approach of night;
 At morn and evening, dew appears,
 And life begins and ends in tears:
 'Tis a varied-sounding bell,
 Now a triumph, now a knell;
 At first it rings of hope and pleasure,
 Then sorrow mingles in the measure;
 And then, a stern and solemn toll,
 The requiem of a parted soul.

This is the state of man ! And being thus, how careful ought he to be, that the days of his pilgrimage be not self-darkened ! It is only by the cultivation of social amenity and goodness, that an end so desirable can be accomplished.

But we would not be didactic. Time himself teacheth a thousand homilies. His warning finger points to the lessons of other years. There is a voice, and a tablet of morality, in the rush of his pinions, and the flashing of his scythe. Insatiate and mysterious husbandman of mortality, he fells the young and the beautiful, and lays them 'green in earth.' Hopes, joys, and aspirations, are the bubbles dissolved by his breath,—the play-things of his will. He goes onward,—and Death, his gloomy pursuivant, strikes down host after host, for his ever-yawning garner. The Past becomes one vast sepulchre,—or rather, one wide plain, where the innumerable armies of the dead are encamped, in stations which centuries have made, waiting to rise at the voice of the Archangel, and the trump of God.

From the general havoc made by Time and Death through the world from year to year, it is natural to turn to the ravages which they create in our own social circles. Since the morning of the last, many a true heart has been smitten into silence, and placed in the dust ; many a child, many a parent, has poured the sigh of regret ; many a brother and sister been laid side by side ; and the places that knew them, will know them no more. There are vacant chairs around the saddened hearth, and added monuments in the cemetery. Fair faces and fond bosoms that have met before in annual festivals, around the evening blaze of home, are now faded and still : the knell has been sounded,—the requiem sung.

But let us not approach such a subject with darkened spirits, for it is one that has little gloom to the reflecting mind. In seeing many around us yield to the common lot, we grow familiar with the truth, that this is not our continual abiding city ; that 'our days only become considerable, like petty sums, by minute accumulations, where numerous fractions make up but small round numbers ; so that our years of a span long, make but one little finger.' What good deed is not suggested by these considerations ? What appeals do they not furnish, for the suppression of those wranglings and storms of ill feeling, which disturb the fountains of life, and cause them to flow with bitter waters ? Seeing that we are all stewards of a day, and that none has immunity from death, is it not a duty to lay aside those baser passions which so easily beset the heart, and sow our way with thorns ?—to be just and generous,—forgiving and kind ?

It is only to the selfish, that the prospect of Age is wearisome, or Death unwelcome. Wrapt up in visions of their own advancement, or pleasure, they approach that wide and mighty gate of Time, which swings outward into Eternity ; and as they mingle in the dense and countless throngs pressing thitherward, their wailings arise like funeral murmurs. *They have lived without doing good to their day and generation*,—and so, having existed without kindness, they are lost without grief.

While the New Year opens afresh the wells of good-will, it must ever be delightful. The world abounds with high enjoyment, if we but use it rightly ; and death itself is not appalling, when it comes to honest hearts. Let this be remembered,—and let it be remembered too, that regrets for time past, and fears for that to come, are only indulged in by those who have wasted their golden opportunities of improvement and good. To such as these, the eventide of life comes in shadow and storm : ‘ Look back they dare not, and before is death.’ They have shut up the genial avenues of their hearts, all their lives long ; and amendment is too late,—remorse, unavailing. Each one of this class, as he beholds his enjoyments lessening daily from his participation, inly exclaims,—

‘ Why is my spirit sad ?
Because, ’tis parting, each succeeding year,
With something that it used to hold more dear
Than aught that now remains ;
Because the Past, like a receding sail,
Flits into dimness, and the lonely gale
O’er vacant waters reigns.’

To avoid these questionings, it is only requisite to follow the precious maxim,—‘ Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you.’ The sweet charities of life are many. They spring up like flowers in its walks, at every turn. They need only culture, and the uprooting of those noisome passions, which, like worthless herbs, envenom the way. To the pure, all things are pure ; and all things are right to the good. The *better impulses* of man, may safely be his guide. Open-hearted benevolence, the forgiveness of injuries ; the crucifixion of ignoble desires,—the amendment of errors,—these should be the main objects of our lives,—and the burden of our resolves at the dawn of the year. Then, though the sun of our decline should ‘ make but right declensions, and set in winter arches,’ yet we shall be calm in our souls, when we are bidden to lie down in the dust, and make our beds in ashes. Then, whether we are called in the morning, or noon, or the twilight of life, to repose in the grave, we are ready to rest. We can look back with tranquility upon the works of our span, and with unshrinking vision gaze onward to that era, when years shall be ended, and Time no more.

Dr. Sanct. Naturalis

LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY, A NEW THEORY OF MAGNETISM, ETC.

Where can I journey to your secret springs,
Eternal Nature? Onward still I press,
Follow thy windings still, yet sigh for more.

GÖTTER.

LIFE! How much is embraced in this single word! All that is sublime in thought,—the soarings of ambition—the longings after immortality—the sacredness of love and friendship—the enchantments of poetry, and all that is delightful in the tender emotions of the soul. What is the vital principle? Is it a material or an immaterial essence? Is it simple or compound? Is it the result of organic action?—or is it the *cause* of organic action? Is it a subtle, invisible agent, superadded to other matter, modifying its forms, properties, and powers, causing all the phenomena of attraction and repulsion, or is it an inscrutable mystery? These are questions which have occupied the master spirits of the world for thousands of years, and which still remain undecided. What is Life? How serious and momentous the inquiry! How intimately blended with all our dearest interests, physical, moral, and intellectual! Who has not felt anxious to resolve the doubt? The sages of Chaldea and Egypt sought to unravel it by consulting the stars. The profound and subtle Greeks, by studying the laws of the universe and the nature of man. Aided by the sublime, but mystic lore of ancient Babylon, Memphis, and Thebes, they penetrated into the secrets of nature with a boldness and sagacity which have never been surpassed. Could we comprehend all they taught, we might still profit by their lofty speculations. Whatever the vital principle may be, a knowledge of its nature and mode of operation is the foundation of Medical Philosophy. Why is this great science still involved in mystery and uncertainty, but that we are ignorant of the cause of organic power, and its relation to health and disease? We are told by the teachers of medicine, that disease arises from the want of nervous energy—from malaria,—from a morbid constitution of the atmosphere—from telluric emanations, etc., without defining what is meant by these agents. The cause of irritability, of nervous and muscular energy, are unexplained. The sentient principle is a riddle,—now a material, and now an immaterial agent. The *modus operandi* of fever, or inflammation, is an enigma. All is obscure and doubtful. One says that life is the result of organization,—another, that organization is the result of an unknown vital force. Such is the vague and unsettled state of the noble science of human health. Alas, how many victims are sacrificed at the shrine of this mystic jargon! Is there no hope? Must we forever remain the sport of ignorance and empiricism? We trust that a solution of the problem, ‘What is Life?’ will open to the Medical Philosopher new light, and render that clear, which has been hitherto doubtful and obscure.

In all our efforts to improve science, it should be our leading object to get at the *first principles* of things—those great fundamental truths, which

are only the expression of universal facts or general laws, that pervade the whole constitution of nature.

Proceeding on the basis of the Inductive Philosophy, we shall endeavor to prove that the vital principle is every where present: that it is the spring of motion, sensation, and intelligence throughout creation.

In a previous article, we demonstrated that all bodies consist of aggregations of minute indivisible atoms, which are surrounded by a subtile, invisible, and refined species of matter, termed caloric—which has so strong an affinity for them that it cannot be entirely separated from them,—that it holds the atoms of solids together, while it prevents them from coming into actual contact,—that when this imponderable fluid is *accumulated* between the atoms of solids, its repulsion of its own particles counteracts its affinity for ponderable matter, which is converted into fluids, gases, or light, according to the proportion of caloric absorbed. We proved that caloric is the cause of all cohesion, of capillary attraction, and chemical affinities,—and that gravitation is the sum of all the atomic attractions of matter,—in short, that caloric is the cause of all the attractions and repulsions which take place throughout nature,—that the ultimate atoms of solids are probably as far removed from each other in proportion to their size, as the celestial bodies,—that the force of atomic attraction, like that of gravitation, is inversely as the distances of atoms from each other,—that if the spaces between the atoms of gold are equal to the size of the impenetrable atoms, they may be forty times greater between the atoms of water, and still greater between the molecules of the living body,—and that all these spaces are filled by elementary caloric, which pervades, surrounds, and contains all things.

We have shown that it keeps all matter in a state of perpetual motion, circulation, and transmutation,—that it raises the waters of the ocean into the atmosphere, which wafts them over continents and islands, where they descend in fruitful showers to cheer the thirsty plains; forming lakes, rivers, and springs, which again return to the sea,—that it keeps up a perpetual state of subterranean chemical action, causing earthquakes and volcanoes, which force up the internal portions of the earth into mountains and elevated plains, and which are again crumbled into ruins by chemical agency. In fine, that caloric is the grand agent of Almighty Power in executing the laws of nature,—that it is the combining force by which the molecules of matter are arranged in definite forms, as in the chrySTALLIZATION of salts, earths, and metals,—and that without caloric, the whole universe would become a motionless mass of inert and chaotic matter.

We shall now endeavor to trace the relations of caloric to the ‘unknown vital principle,’—fully conscious *that no theory is worthy of regard, which is not supported by demonstrated facts*. Sustained by the love of truth, which is our only object, we shall freely express our deliberate convictions,—untrammelled by the prevailing systems of the schools, and undismayed by the consequences involved by the extent of their applications.

The doctrine that elementary fire is the animating principle of nature, is by no means new. It was transmitted from the sages of Chaldea, and

Egypt, to the Greek philosophers, who resorted to those ancient abodes of civilization in quest of wisdom. We learn from the scattered records of history, that the ancient Ethiopians, Persians, Carthaginians, and Scythians, considered fire as the grand agent or symbol of Almighty Power, and that they worshipped the sun. We also know, that the Mexicans and Peruvians had their temples of worship dedicated to the sun, when they were first visited by Europeans. The Hindoos and Chinese speak of a subtle, invisible fluid, which pervades all things,—the cause of the attractions of atoms, and of all the motions of the earth and heavenly bodies. In the allegoric poem of Shirin and Ferhad, translated by Sir William Jones, it is said that this subtle fluid causes iron to attract the magnet,—the light straw to adhere to amber,—and which gives every substance in nature the power of attraction.* Heraclitus taught, that fire was the primordial principle of the generation of all things,—Empedocles, that it was the soul of nature, and the essence of all intelligence.

It was the opinion of Pythagoras, that heat or fire was the principle of life, animating the whole system of nature, and penetrating all the elements. The same doctrine was maintained by Zeno, and the Stoics generally. Plato, likewise, held fire to be the immediate natural agent, or animal spirit,—to cherish, to warm, to enlighten, to vegetate, to produce the digestions, circulations, secretions, and organic motions in all living bodies animal and vegetable,—that, under the guidance of the 'Eternal Reason,' it was the immediate Soul of the World. Hippocrates, in his treatise on diet, speaks of a strong but invisible fire, which rules all things without noise, and is never in repose; which is the cause of motion, change, growth, diminution, etc.,—which actuates and animates the whole system of Nature.† In the vith *Æneid*, where Virgil describes the origin of the Universe, this doctrine of the Greek philosophers is expanded with a beauty of diction which no translation has ever equalled: '*Principio cælum, ac terras camposque liquentes,*' etc.

* Know, first, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry frame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infused through all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence, men and beasts the *breath of life* obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
The ethereal vigor‡ is in all the same,
And every soul is filled with equal flame.'

We are informed by Lucretius, that Epicurus rejected the opinions of the Stoics, Pythagoreans, and Platonists,—that he believed the vital spirit was compounded of heat and various subtle gasses,—'*calor vitalis ventusque*,'§—and that it was subject to dissolution, like the body which it animated.

By modern writers on Physiology, we are told, that the origin or cause of life is beyond the scrutiny of man, and that we might as well attempt

* See Mason Good's Commentaries on the poem of Lucretius. Vol. 1, p. 340.

† Vide Cudworth's Intellectual System, and Bishop Berkley's *Siris*.

‡ 'Igneus vigor.' § *De Natura Rerum*. Book III.

to fathom the mystery of gravitation,—that our inquiries should be limited to an investigation of the *laws* of nature, without seeking to unfold the hidden cause of life and motion. But if an examination of the laws and phenomena of motion should lead to a fortunate discovery of their cause, are we to close our eyes? We admit that the cause of gravitation is quite as mysterious as that of life; but we maintain that all mysteries are simple, when once we obtain a key to their solution. We discover that a familiar and well known agent, which is every where present, is the cause of molecular attraction, and lo! the mystery of gravitation vanishes. We perceive that the same universal agent attracts and arranges the atoms of salts, metals, etc., into definite forms, as in chrySTALLIZATION, which may be termed the lowest grade of organization. When united with other elements in certain proportions, it endows them with more active powers of attraction, by which they appropriate the molecules of other matter to their own structure and growth, when *life* begins to dawn, as in all the most simple forms of organization which spring from putrefaction. Thus we learn, that it is almost impossible to draw the boundary line between chemical and vital affinities. The one insensibly passes into the other—and neither can go on without caloric. Under the influence of a high summer temperature, while chemical action is going on rapidly, innumerable forms of life are produced. A portion of the decomposing elements combines chemically to form water, carbonic acid, etc., while another portion is combined by a higher grade of affinity, into definite forms of living matter, capable of attracting fluid nourishment from the surrounding medium,—converting it to their own nature,—and of resisting chemical action. It has been proved by the experiments of Prevost and Dumas, that fluid albumen is converted into a white coagulum by electricity, composed of globules in series and aggregates, as in the primitive tissues of living animals. Dr. Edwards has further established by experiment, that the same result is produced on albumen, gelatine, febrin, and mucus, by *heat*, and by alcohol, acids, and other agents which impart heat.

The above experiments are of great importance to the Physiologist, and show clearly the agency of heat, or electricity, in producing the lowest gradation of *vital attraction* and organization,—that they have the power of uniting the chemical molecules of watery and semi-transparent fluids into compound molecules, which become visible globules with the microscope, and of arranging them into organic series. By a continued supply of this subtle fluid, they are endowed with the still higher power of attracting the molecules of dead matter; of re-combining and changing them into *living* molecules; and of appropriating them to their growth by the beautiful mechanism of vital affinities. Can it be supposed for a moment that there are two or more specifically distinct powers of attraction?—one of cohesion and chrySTALLIZATION,—another of chemical attraction,—and another of vital affinity? The idea is altogether at variance with the simplicity of Nature, who never employs more agents than are requisite to perform her operations. Can it be seriously maintained by any philosopher that the cohesion of a muscle is the result of a power radically different from that which holds together the atoms of wood, stone, metals, etc.? or that the capillary circulation of plants and animals is owing to a power

of nature distinct from that which causes ordinary capillary attraction? The difference is only in degree, as will appear from a further examination of vital properties.

It was supposed by Hoffman that the vital principle was a subtle ether, diffused throughout nature. Sauvages embraced the same general doctrine, maintaining that electricity was the living principle. Mr. Abernethy also taught, that *irritability*, the fundamental property of all life, was the effect of a subtle, mobile, invisible matter, superadded to the structure of muscles, and other forms of animal and vegetable matter, as magnetism is to iron, and as electricity is to the various substances with which it may be united.*

Some of the most distinguished philosophers of modern times have considered electricity as the great vivifying principle of nature. Dr. Priestley observes, that 'electricity seems to be an inlet into the internal structure of bodies, on which all their sensible properties depend,'—and he adds, in the spirit of prophetic sagacity, 'by pursuing, therefore, this new light, the bounds of natural science may possibly be extended beyond what we can now conceive. New worlds may be opened to our view, by a new set of philosophers, in quite a new field of speculation.'

Sir Humphrey Davy, believed that the slow and silent operations of electricity on the surface of the earth, would be found immediately and importantly connected with the order and economy of nature. The celebrated John Wesley, long before maintained, that electricity was the animating principle of nature.

Mr. Maden observes, that 'a day, in all probability, will come, when the progress of science will trace the analogies of the subtle spark which pervades all space, with that material fire which fills the nerves with life and heat, and communicates vigor to every fibre of the heart and its remotest vessels. The nature of the nervous power may then be better understood, and that invisible *aura* which fans the blood and invigorates the body, be known to us by something more than its effects.'

It has been profoundly observed, by a distinguished writer of the present day, 'that all scientific knowledge leads up to principles, characterized, not less by their simplicity, than by their comprehensiveness,—that the greatest operations, and the noblest forms of nature, are distinguished by simplicity.'† It will be obvious to the intelligent reader, that if we have demonstrated that the latent caloric of all bodies is the basis of electricity, we are supported by the highest authorities, ancient and modern, in the doctrine that caloric is the living principle of the world.

That solar heat is intimately connected with the vital principle, is obvious from its effect in multiplying endless forms of animal and vegetable existence. It is estimated by naturalists, that the whole earth contains one million five hundred thousand species of plants and animals, by far the greatest number of which inhabit the regions of perpetual summer. The tropical ocean teems with unnumbered forms of life, from the simplest gradation of gelatinous animalcules, up to the most complicated

* Inquiry into Hunter's Theory of Life, p. 39.

† Infirmities of Genius. ‡ Fox.

organization of the finny tribes. Lamarck supposed that it contained four hundred thousand species of zoophytes, many of which absorb the lime that is carried down by rivers and springs into the sea, and convert it into mountains and islands of organic rocks. Madrapores and sponges, sea-fans and fuci, cover its hills, and shelter in its valleys. Countless tribes of beautiful shells, of rainbow hues, float through its coralline groves, and die on its sunless floor. The land is covered with

‘—Queen lilies, the painted populace,
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives;’

Every mouldering leaf and spear of grass, is the *nidus* and *pabulum* of myriad forms of animalcule existence. The air is filled with the music and incense of breathing life. All nature is in a state of transition from life to death, and from death to life.

What can be more impressive than the vast but silent power of the sun on the approach of Spring in our own latitudes? He looks down with regal splendor upon the earth, when all nature seems regenerated, and bursts forth into a new existence, under the enlivening influence of his genial rays. Every plant, tree, and flower, obeys his call. The fields and forests put on their beautiful robes. Sweet scented herbs spring up on every side, filling the air with delicious odours. The buds of trees expand into leaves, branches, and flowers, which, being supplied with nutritive juices, are changed into fruits. The solitudes break forth into singing, and all nature resounds with gladness and melody. But in the dreary regions of perpetual cold, no sounds of life are heard. An awful stillness reigns, and nature seems to have lost the powers of production.

We may be told that heat cannot be the vital principle, because when greatly augmented, it destroys life. It might as well be maintained that atmospheric oxygen is not necessary to life, because, if the lungs be supplied with pure oxygen gas, inflammation and death very soon follow. When the vital principle is supplied in due proportion throughout the system, healthy action is the result,—when in excess, or deficient, disease or death ensue. Actions which are pleasurable and healthy, when in moderation, become painful and morbid when excessive, as in inflammation.

It has been long known, that during warm, sultry weather, nearly all stagnant pools of water, containing dead animal and vegetable matter, in a state of decomposition, are filled with thousands and millions of animalcules, insects, etc., and that they become covered over with a green vegetable substance—termed by botanists the *conferva fontanalis*,—that if a paste be made of flour and water, and placed in a warm situation, it soon becomes covered with a miniature forest of teeming vegetation,—that the same effect may be produced after boiling the water for hours, and putting it into tightly corked bottles, if kept in a warm temperature; from which it was inferred, that they were produced by spontaneous generation. Many other striking facts have been discovered, which seem to show conclusively that caloric is the proximate cause of spontaneous vitality. The experiment was made some years ago in England of bringing up aluminous earth from a depth of three hundred feet below the surface of the Thames valley, inclosed in a glass vessel so as to

prevent the access of any small seeds which might be floating in the atmosphere. After a few days exposure to the warm sun, it became covered with luxuriant vegetation. Worms have been repeatedly found in the bowels of new born infants—in the liver and veins of men, and other animals—also, between the external coat of the bowels, and the peritoneal lining of the abdomen of trout.

He who wishes to behold the simplest gradations of life, as they emerge from a state of inanimate existence, has only to enter some deep mine, where, unmolested by winds and changing temperature, moulds and mosses cover the damp walls. Their fragile and gossamer filaments seem to be composed chiefly of water. A breath will destroy them. Now it is an interesting query whether these simple and evanescent forms of life have any other origin than spontaneous production. If they have, the evidence is beyond our scrutiny. How stupendous that wisdom which has so ordained the laws of nature, that teeming life springs from death :

‘ Throughout the air, the ocean, and the earth,
See matter quick, and bursting into birth.’

Spontaneous generation is only a modification of ordinary generation, and is regulated by laws as definite and uniform as the production of genera and species from pre-existing types. But we have been informed by some learned divines, that this doctrine is impious, and contrary to the Bible. To such interpreters of the sacred volume, we would only answer, that the known laws and phenomena of nature can never be in opposition to the immutable canons of eternal truth. Is it irreverent, or unphilosophical, to maintain that the Deity has impressed upon matter the properties and powers of vitality ? As well might we deny that he has endowed matter with the powers of attraction and repulsion. Pursuing this investigation, it would be highly interesting to know whether, if all the animals and plants which now inhabit the earth were destroyed, a similar variety of families, tribes, and orders, would again gradually emerge into life, during the progress of long geological cycles, under the operation of the existing laws of nature ? Has the Creator of all things commissioned the elements of nature to execute his laws in the production of beasts, birds, and fishes from inorganic matter ? And have they advanced gradually from one stage of existence to another ? It was supposed by Lamarck, that species are each of them endowed with indefinite powers of improvement in organization, under favorable circumstances. The successive production and extinction of various animal and vegetable tribes, during successive geological epochs, offer some useful hints in the prosecution of this novel investigation. In the first book of his *Metamorphoses*,—a poem which displays a profound knowledge of the Pythagorean philosophy,—Ovid maintains that all animals after Deucalion’s flood, were gradually produced by the action of solar heat on the teeming earth. This was the common belief of all antiquity.

We have shown that every thing is full of latent caloric—that when it is combined with the atoms of other matter in one proportion, it is the cause of solidity—that when it is increased in quantity, it is the cause of solution, capillary attraction, and chemical affinity,—that when it is

supplied in other modes, and proportions, it causes irritability, and the higher properties of life. Thus we perceive, that the active principle of nature, when united with ponderable matter, in different modes and proportions, produces all the beautiful gradations of power, from the simplest forms of attraction, up to the most complicated organization and vital affinities.

If these positions be well founded, it follows that the vital principle must be a constituent portion of all matter, from the surface to the centre of the earth—that in reality, there is a latent principle of life existing in all things,—

‘In flower and tree, and every pebbly stone
That paves the brook; the stationary rock,
The moving waters, and the invisible air;’*

ready to burst forth into activity,—multiplying endless creations of organized beauty.

It is well known that all the reptile and insect tribes are reduced to the torpor of death, during winter, in the higher latitudes,—and that they are awakened to life by the genial influence of returning spring. The most rigid scrutiny of man can trace no irritability in frozen fish. Captain Franklin states, that in the polar regions, fish were often frozen throughout, like a mass of brittle ice, which were soon re-animated when placed in water at the temperature of 40° or 50° Fahrenheit. The same thing is said to have occurred repeatedly in Rhode-Island, and other parts of New-England, during excessively cold weather. Dr. Johnston, of this city, informed the writer that he saw a small sun-fish taken out of a pond in Dutchess county, which was kept in a frozen state for six weeks, and afterwards revived, when placed in common well water. He relates a similar fact in relation to a newt. When treating of molecular attractions, we stated that all trees and plants are mere aggregations of capillary tubes, through which many hundred million tons of fluid matter is forced up by the power of capillary attraction, under the influence of solar heat, but was uniformly arrested by cold,—that without caloric there could be no fluidity,—no capillary attraction,—no circulation of sap,—and no vitality.

That heat is the agent by which fluids are forced through the capillary tubes of trees and plants, is proved by the following facts: Two similar vine plants were placed in two vessels of water. The stem of one was left in the open air, and the other introduced through the glass into a hot house, when the buds of the latter soon expanded, and the water was rapidly exhausted; while the buds of the other swelled slowly, and the water was slowly diminished.†

During the day, when the heat is greatest, the rise of sap is most rapid, and diminishes, or ceases, during night. Cloudy weather also diminishes the ascent; and a gleam of sunshine increases it. Mirbel found by experiment, that the force of capillary circulation, in a healthy grape vine, was equal to the pressure of thirty inches of mercury,—and Du Hamel, that during spring, on a frosty day, when the sun shone on a cut vine, the

* Wordsworth.

† Rennie's Alphabet of Botany.

sap flowed on the south side, but not on the north side. We know, that when the sugar maple tree is wounded, it yields sap with the first thaw, which ceases to flow during a freeze; although on the south side it goes on during sunshine.

The close resemblance between the action of vital capillary circulation, and ordinary capillary attraction, is thus rendered obvious to the meanest capacity. We have observed before, that when two sets of capillary tubes, of equal number, calibre, etc., are inserted obliquely into two vessels of water, one hot and the other cold, the *hot* water is much sooner exhausted than the cold.

The principal difference between common capillary attraction, and the circulation of plants, is, that the latter are endowed with *irritability*,—a property of life wholly dependent on caloric, as we shall further prove hereafter. By virtue of this property, they are stimulated into those actions, which not only accelerate the motion of fluids through their vessels, but assimilate a portion of them to their own nature, in the same way that a graft inserted into a different tree, and nourished by its sap, converts the sap into its own nature. There are some other interesting facts connected with the growth of vegetation, which have long excited the attention of philosophers, but which have never yet been satisfactorily explained.

If a plant be suspended by the roots, with the top downwards, it will gradually curve upwards, until it assumes an erect position; and if it be placed in a dark room, with a hole in the wall, it will shoot towards the wall, pass through it into the open air, and then vegetate upwards in its proper direction.* There is no rational mode of accounting for these phenomena, unless we refer them to the attraction of solar heat and light. The hop, and many other vines, wind round a pole only in the direction of the sun, viz. from left to right, or from east to west. The roots of a plant exposed to the air, and placed near to a wet sponge, will gradually approach it, which is also an example of attraction. Moisture is attracted from the sponge to the roots, by which they are nourished, and thus extended towards the source of supply. The affinity of the caloric of water for the roots, results from the general law of attraction between fluids and solids. The eggs of birds possess only a low degree of irritability, or latent life. When exposed to excessive cold, it is destroyed, and they cannot be 'hatched.' But if they are kept in a uniform temperature, somewhat above 100° Fahrenheit, they are gradually changed into active living beings, endowed with a complex organization, resembling that of the parents from which they sprung. Is it not self-evident, here, that heat is the power by which the molecules of a semi-fluid mass are arranged into organic series, and endowed with vital motion, by which the germ is unfolded into blood-vessels, nerves, brain, stomach, lungs, etc.? The albumen is changed into blood, attracted by vital affinity, and appropriated to their growth and nourishment. The seeds of plants possess still less irritability than the eggs of animals, yet when exposed to heat and moisture, they expand into living plants, with organs of circula-

tion, secretion, nutrition, and re-production. We have already said, that moisture or fluidity, so essential to their germination, is the effect of heat.

From the preceding facts and observations, it is clearly demonstrated, that the forms, properties, and powers of matter are constantly modified and changed by the proportion of caloric which is combined with its atoms,—that in one proportion it causes the atoms of matter to cohere,—in another, to repel each other. Always combined with more or less caloric, matter is always undergoing more or less transmutation; but far more actively when in a state of solution by heat. Metals are tarnished by rusting, which is promoted by moderate heat, and again purified by an intenser heat. Animal and vegetable substances are decomposed by heat, and their atoms again re-united and arranged into new forms, with new properties, and higher powers of action. Life emerges from death—runs its race of active affinities, ceases, and revives again :

‘ Busy nature’s secret forces,
Running all their destined courses,
Ending all in harmony.’

The same power which wheels the planets through their orbits, ‘ wakes to life a slumbering world,’—

‘ Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glowes in the stars, and blossoms in the trees.’

We have thus far confined our observations chiefly to the lower orders of organic life, and their relations to the moving power of inorganic matter. We shall endeavor to show the practical importance of the subject in our next article, which will be devoted to the higher orders of breathing, sentient life.

M.

VESPER THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN ON OBSERVING A SUNSET, WHILE STROLLING FROM MORGUES TO LAUSANNE,
SWITZERLAND.

BEHIND old Jura’s snow-clad height,
The sun now bids the world good-night ;
In sullen scorn he hides his head,
And hies him to his ocean-bed,—
Yet leaves, to brighten Leman’s tide,
A mass of clouds in gorgeous pride :
High o’er the dancing waves they sail,
Upon the freshly-springing gale :
Like robes of fire, and stripes of blood,
They move o’er glen, and fell, and flood,—
Till in the chambers of the West,
The last faint glory sinks to rest.

So fade the hopes of ardent hearts ;
So, from our life the glow departs,—
‘Till Age, like Sunset, fails and dies,
And Death’s pale midnight palls the skies !

D.

Philadelphia.

John M. Gould.

CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MUTINY,' 'MY FIRST AND LAST FLOGGING,' ETC.

'JACK GARNET,' quoth Tom Seymour, as we stood upon Pier No. 1, North River, one afternoon in July 18—, 'do you see my brig yonder? She's a sweet craft; carries twenty long-eighteens, and a long forty-two, besides two twenty-four pound carronades on the poop, and two on the forecastle;—two hundred men, who are stationed and quartered as in men-of-war; three officers, whom I call, for fun's sake, second, and third lieutenants, and master; and half-a-dozen boys for reefers. Now I want a First Lieutenant, and you are the very fellow. Ship with me, and we'll run down the trades in ten days, and then,—whew! Go away salt-water! She is a Baltimore clipper, sails like the devil, and will put the wind's eye out on a bowline. Give her one point free, and she's off, like a shot. Will you go?

'Thank you,' I replied, 'I am somewhat ticklish about the neck. I had rather be hung *round the waist*. You are too strong to be honest; and when you are on blue water, you will make some mistake on the subject of property, and then the first man-of-war you fall in with, will string you all up at her yard-arm, and that's an elevation for which I am no ways ambitious. I had rather die in my bed, when my time comes.'

'Well,' replied Tom, 'I am sorry you are so particular about your cravats: but will you go on board, and take a look at her? I hove-short this morning, and shall trip my anchor in half an hour, and go to sea. Come, I'll leave you at Quarantine.'

We jumped into his boat, (a twelve-oared cutter,) and pulled for the brig. As we neared it, a Boatswain's call 'piped the side;' four side-boys manned the gangway, as we passed over, and we were received upon deck in true man-o'-war fashion.

'Why, Captain Seymour,' said I, 'you have a regular man-of-war brig here.'

'Yes,' he replied, leading the way to his cabin, 'she's a Johnny War. Mr. Carline,' (second lieutenant,) 'hoist in boats, and get ready for weighing anchor, Sir.'

'Now, Garnet,' he continued, as we were drinking wine in the cabin, 'you had better re-consider, and go with me. You can make your fortune in one cruise on the coast of Africa, where we are bound.'

'Save your breath to cool your porridge, friend Seymour,' said I, 'for I tell you flatly, I will *not* go; and you may as well set your mind at ease on that point, for I have no more dodge about me than the main-mast.'

At this instant, a reefer reported all ready for weighing anchor.

'Call all hands up anchor, then,' said he. 'Garnet, will you take the trumpet, just to oblige me? I have some writing to do before we leave the port.'

I took the deck, accordingly. The capstan was manned, the anchor run up, and sail made; and with a smacking breeze from the north-west, we

dropped down the bay. Just before we reached the Quarantine, Seymour came on deck :—

‘Captain Seymour,’ said I, ‘you will please take command : I wish to be set on shore here. Port, Quarter-master. Boatswain’s-mate, call away Third-cutters.’

‘Belay all!’ interrupted Seymour. ‘Lieutenant Garnet, you are in for it, and shall go with me, any how.’

‘Perhaps I shall,’ said I, coolly despatching the trumpet at his head, as I walked forward to the starboard-gangway to look out for a shore-boat. There was none near, and looking aft, I observed Seymour clear away the end of the main-royal-halyards, and tie in it a running-bowline. That manœuvre showed me there was no time to be lost, and as we were now in the Narrows, and within an hundred yards of the Staten-Island shore, I buttoned my round-about, and hailing Seymour, ‘Here goes for the coast of Africa!’ jumped overboard, and struck out for the land.

Seymour, however, was as wide-awake as I, and as I rose to strike out the second time, his running-bowline came over my head, caught me round the body, and I was hauled on board before I knew what was the matter.

‘There,’ said he, laughing, as he met me at the gangway, ‘you see I am a bit of a Guacho, and can throw a *lasso*, on a pinch. You are hung round the waist, now, just as you wished, five minutes since.’

My reply to his wit, was a blow with my fist, which tumbled him across the deck in fine style ; but before I could repeat it, I was overpowered, and being taken upon the poop, was lashed hand and foot to a carronade.

‘Now then, Lieutenant Garnet,’ said Seymour, ‘when we get out of sight of land, I’ll loose you ; but if I were to do it sooner, I’m afraid you would be overboard again.’

As I could not do battle, I quietly submitted to my fate, because swearing would do no good. So now behold me, *bound* for foreign parts,—First Lieutenant of a brig of war,—anchored *head* and *stern*, athwart-ships of a carronade. As we passed the forts, the first object which met our view, was the frigate *Constellation*, at anchor in the lower bay !

‘The devil!’ said Seymour, clapping a spy-glass to his eye,—‘she dropped down yesterday, and had, I supposed, gone to sea. I remember they looked at me pretty hard, as they passed me at anchor, and now they are waiting to catch me. I’ll weather them yet.’

As we neared the frigate, I observed some motion aboard of her, and in an instant after, all the ports of her main-gun deck, on the starboard side, (the side towards us, as she rode at anchor,) were taken out, and the tampions of all that battery followed.

‘Do you see that, Captain Seymour?’ said I, smiling.

‘I do, Lieutenant Garnet,’ was his cool reply. ‘Port, Quarter-master.’

‘Port, Sir.’

‘Mr. Carline,’ he continued, ‘take the deck, Sir, while I uniform. Keep her head for the stern of that frigate.’

He went into the cabin, and in a moment re-appeared, in the full uniform of the United States’ Navy, cocked hat, sword, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a cigar in his mouth. As he came upon the poop, a sheet of

red flame glanced from one of the Constellation's ports, which was followed by the emphatic report of a thirty-two pounder. The ball, by accident, of course, struck our cutwater, and made us *minus* a figure head.

'The English of that,' said Seymour, coolly, is, 'Come-to, you rascal.' Since my friend, the Commodore, wishes it, I'll do that thing. Port, Quarter-master. Keep her for the bows of the Constellation. Loose royals and to'-gallan'-sails, for we've a stiff breeze, and I have no idea of being afraid of them. Send up our black ensign, Signal-Quarter-master, at the peak, fore and main, and *under it* the American flag! 'There!' smacking his lips, as that dread banner floated gaily on the breeze, over the stars and stripes, 'that will do better. Lieutenant Garnet, what say you?'

'Go to the devil!' I replied, for I was not in the best of humor.

'If I do, Lieutenant John Garnet,' said he complacently, 'I have the satisfaction of knowing that you will sail in company.'

'Cast loose both batteries,' he continued, 'and load each a round shot, a stand of grape and cannister, and fill the long forty-two to the muzzle.'

When we were about two hundred yards from the frigate, dashing ahead at ten knots, he ordered the drums to beat to quarters, took his stand upon the starboard-quarter rail to cun the brig, and sung out,—

'Slack the lee-braces,—Round-in the weather ones,—Starboard the helm, hard-a-starboard!'

We fell off before the wind, and passed abreast the Constellation, as she rode head to the wind, so closely, that the muzzles of her long main-deckers almost touched our bulwarks. The captain of the Constellation stood abaft upon the signal-locker; and Seymour, coolly tossing his cigar upon her deck, hailed him:

'Brother Commodore, if you are short of hands, I'll lend you a hundred, and take payment in round shot and cannister.'

'Commodore Montague,' I hailed, 'I am detained here by force. Compel my release, Sir.'

'Heave-to, you Sir,' said Montague to Seymour, 'and send that man aboard of me, instantly.'

'I'll see you — first,' was Seymour's resolute reply.

'Heave-to, instantly,' repeated Montague, 'or I'll sink you!'

'Do it, and be — to you,' replied Seymour, drawing his cutlass in defiance. 'Man the starboard-battery! Port, hard-a-port,—Stand-by,—Mind the weather roll,—Fire!'

We passed under the Constellation's stern, raking her, as each gun came to bear, dismounting her stern-chasers, and clearing her main-gun deck, entirely, for the moment.

'Starboard the helm,' hailed Seymour, firing a pistol at Montague.

We fell off before the wind, and keeping the Constellation's three masts in one, made all sail for the bar, there being no time for chat, as she of course would instantly slip her cable, and bring her broadside to bear. Our fears were groundless, though Seymour's boundless effrontery was all that saved him. While the Constellation's guns actually bore upon us, they were restrained from firing, by their amazement at the impu-

dence of the 'little fellow;' and at this moment they could not fire if they would. Their capstan-bars were shipped, and every thing was in readiness for weighing anchor, when we hove in sight; but our strange conduct perplexed Captain Montague, and our raking broadside completely non-plussed him. Our shot unshipped his capstan-bars, cut up his messenger, and totally demolished the bitts, where the cable was belayed; in consequence of which, the cable ran out until it was brought up by getting foul in the hause-hole, and there it was, jammed perfectly fast.

The combination of so many unusual events, produced an unwonted result; and for the first time since tar and oakum came into fashion, an *United States'* ship was in confusion; and before order was restored, we were across the bar, and nearly out of shot, without the loss of a man. Perceiving that I might as well make the best of a bad bargain, I hailed Seymour:—

'Cut these lashings, Tom; I will do as you wish, since I can't avoid it.'

'You are a clever fellow, Garnet,' said he, complying with my request; 'I like your spunk. You are just the man to be my First Lieutenant: Will you take that command?'

'I will,' said I, 'and I'll be obeyed and respected accordingly.'

'It is a bargain,' he replied, grasping my hand; and, turning to his crew, he informed them of my elevation, and commanded their obedience.

'The *Constellation* has slipped her cable, Sir,' reported the Signal-Quarter-master, 'and is making all sail in chase.'

'Very good,' answered Seymour, 'she cannot catch us.'

'You are wrong there,' said I, 'she brings the breeze with her, and as it will soon blow a gale, she will have the advantage.'

'Night is coming on,' said Seymour, 'and we'll dodge them. That we can do at any rate.'

'You will please to remember, Captain Seymour,' said I, 'that you have a yankee to deal with; and moreover, the fellows whose skins you chafed with grape and cannister will feel rather touchy, and keep a bright look out.'

'Ay,' he replied, smiling, 'and the Commodore too, will like an opportunity to return my pistol-shot. Take the deck, Garnet, while I work up my reckoning, and make my will.'

It was now growing dark, and the array of clouds in the north-west, and the increasing swell of the sea, plainly showed that a gale was coming. It was therefore necessary to get all the start we could, before it came on to blow; for in a gale, the *Constellation*, being larger and heavier, could carry sail longer than we, and of course would overtake us. I accordingly gave orders to set fore and main-royals, and fore and main-topmast-studdin'-sails, and as she bore that well, I added to 'gallan'-studdin'-sails, boarded the starboard-tacks, and putting her head south by east, we were off at twelve knots an hour.

It was now nearly dark, but with our night-glasses, we could see the *Constellation* under sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-sails, steering directly for us, with the speed and the fury of an avalanche.

'Well,' said Seymour, watching her with his spy-glass, 'unless Montague takes in his sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-s'sls, pretty soon, he will have

the royal-masts over the side, for the breeze is much fresher with him than with us.'

At this moment, a heavy squall struck the *Constellation*, and as soon as it cleared up, the signal Quarter-master reported, that her sky-sails and royal-studdin'-s'ls were blown away.

'That's good news,' said Seymour, chuckling: 'Garnet, we'll distance them yet.'

'She has bent new sky-sails, Sir,' reported the Quarter-master, a moment after.

'The devil she has!' said Tom, stopping short in his walk,—'why, she's in earnest. Set our royal-studdin'-s'ls, and sky-sails, Mr. Garnet,—we'll pull foot.'

I obeyed the order, and away we went, with our studdin'-sail tacks, and royal, and sky-sail back-stays, as taut as bars of iron.

For a while nothing material happened, and each about held her own, but at two bells in the evening-watch, the *Constellation's* sky-sails, and royal studdin'-s'ls blew away, and the sky-sail masts went overboard.'

'That is a fair hint,' observed Seymour, coolly: 'Mr. Garnet, we'll save our sky-sails, and royal-studdin'-s'ls. Take them in, Sir.'

The order was obeyed, and for a moment the brig was easier,—but the wind freshening very much, we were obliged soon after to furl the royals; and, shortening sail as it became necessary, at four bells in the evening-watch we were under main-to'-gallant-s'ls, while the frigate had all three to'-gallant-sails, and main-royal-standing, coming on, 'hand-over-fist.' At six bells, she was within range of our long forty-two,—a heavier gun than any she carried. It being run out at a stern-port, Seymour pointed it himself, and watching the send-forward, fired. The ball struck the frigate's figure-head, scattering it about in fine style.

'There,' said Seymour, laughing, 'we are even now. She knocked my figure-head to pieces in the bay, and now I've given her as good.'

After we had fired a few times, the frigate's bow-chasers began to give tongue; and, each hoping to disable the other, shots were exchanged with great gusto, although it was too dark to see the effect. But in spite of every thing, she continued to gain upon us, and at two bells in the mid-watch, was within two miles of us, the wind blowing a gale, under whole top-sails, and coursers, while we had a reef in each.

As a last refuge, we bore off before the wind, continuing to blaze away with our long forty-two, while she, as we kept her three masts in one, could not fire a shot; but, although our shot evidently *told*, they did not do much mischief.

At four bells in the mid-watch, she was within half-a-mile, and was evidently preparing to give us a broadside, which would have paid off all scores, when a tremendous squall suddenly came over, and it became entirely dark.

We hauled our wind instantly, boarded our larboard-tacks, put out every light, and kept silence fore and aft. The frigate, not aware of that manœuvre, continued her course, and in five minutes, dashed past us, and we were safe, being dead to windward. It continued very dark for half an hour, and when it finally cleared up a little, the *Constellation* was

nearly hull-down in the south-east. So we escaped her that time, and when we had stood north-east long enough, we squared away, and as the gale moderated, made all sail for the south'ard and east'ard.

A FEW days after these occurrences, the look-out aloft, one morning reported a sail ahead, crossing our course.

'Keep her away for that vessel, Sir,' said Seymour, to the officer of the deck, 'and call all hands to make sail.'

Taking the deck, as, according to man-of-war rules, it was my duty to do, when all hands were called, I made all sail, a trifle quicker than lightning, and then surrendered the trumpet to the officer of the watch.

The stranger, perceiving that we were chasing him, made all sail to avoid us; but it was not so easy to escape, when it put the wind out of breath to keep up with us, and accordingly we were very soon so near, that they, in obedience to our signal-gun, hove-to. We hove-to also, and a boat being lowered, and manned, Seymour said to me:

'When I wave my handkerchief, Garnet, send up our black ensign at the main, and fire a gun across that fellow's bows;' and jumping into the boat, he boarded the stranger, whom we now perceived was an outward-bound English West-Indiaman. We were so near, that I distinctly saw all his motions. Leaving all the crew in the boat, he boarded the Englishman alone, and meeting her Captain at the gangway, he saluted him, very politely, and took a turn or two with him upon deck, as if inquiring the news. Shortly after, however, he apparently made some disagreeable remark, for they both stopped, and began to gesticulate violently, as if their discourse was becoming interesting, and Seymour, drawing his handkerchief from his pocket, carelessly waved it, by way of accenting his discourse. Instantly the sable banner of piracy floated at the mast-head, and an eighteen-pound-shot, travelling across the Englishman's fore-foot, put an end to his opposition, and he began to execute Seymour's mandates. A lot of kegs were shortly after passed into our boat, in a manner which showed that, at the least, they were heavy, and Seymour, courteously bidding Captain Bull adieu, pulled aboard.

'Hoist those up carefully, my lads,' said he.

'What have you there, Captain Seymour?' I inquired.

'Only a few thousand guineas, Lieutenant Garnet,' he replied, smiling, 'which I borrowed from that ship.'

'He'll be lucky,' said I, 'if he ever gets his pay.'

ONE morning, about forty-five days after we left New-York, we made land in the Gulf of Guinea. Crowding all sail, we rapidly approached it, and were within five or six miles, when a long, low, black, suspicious-looking schooner, shot out from behind a small island, a short distance ahead, and, without asking any questions, bore down for us.

'Ready about, ready, ready!' hailed Seymour, with startling quickness, seizing the trumpet. The helm was put down, and in an instant we were on the other tack, standing out to sea.

'I know her!' ejaculated Seymour,—'she is an English man-of-war,

and is commanded by one of the sharpest rascals, that ever drew pay and rations. He calls his schooner the 'Dare-devil,' and no name was ever so appropriate, for both master and vessel. He attacks every thing, large, and small; laughs at steel and gunpowder, and I do not believe he knows what fear is. The world is not wide enough to hold both of us, and come what may, there will be one rascal fewer on the seas at sunset. I have sworn vengeance against him, and I will take it so amply, that none shall live to report to the Lords of the Admiralty, in what manner one of his Majesty's cruisers went to the devil.'

When we were twelve or fifteen miles from the land, we tacked again, and although the breeze was a stiff one, set every inch of canvass and stood in for the shore. The schooner continued her course, and standing on opposite tacks, we rapidly neared each other. Our ports were closed, and as we made no use of our guns, the English evidently supposed, that what appeared to be long-eighteens, were actually quaker-guns, made of the best of wood,—for show, not use,—and that our plan was to cross their hawse, and run in-shore.

As soon as we were within range, they opened upon us, with a long twenty-four; and, to do them justice, they tossed their iron with most terrible exactness, and considerable effect; but as her shot, hulled us, they did not interfere with Seymour's plan.

Ordering the men to lie down upon deck, to avoid the Englishman's fire, he continued to walk upon the poop as composedly as if he was ball-proof; although, as her battery, (long-twelves,) began to take effect, the shot flew thick as hail, tearing open our bulwarks, and knocking the white splinters about in every direction. As we approached still nearer, her musketry opened upon us in full volley; yet although he was the target of every shot, he seemed totally unconscious of danger. With a flushed cheek, and an eye flashing fire, he stood proudly erect, and delivered his orders to the men-at-the-wheel, as composedly, as if he was setting a studdin'-sail.

When our flying-jib-boom was nearly locking with hers, he suddenly shouted, with a voice like a trumpet-call,—'STARBOARD THE HELM!' We fell off from the wind, and, rising upon a wave, our heavy bows struck the fated vessel amid-ships, with a tremendous crash. We passed clean over, cutting her completely in two: an unearthly yell arose from an hundred and fifty brave fellows, as they sunk quick to the bottom: and when we flew aft to catch a glimpse of the wreck, nothing was visible, save the pennant at the main-to'-gallan'-mast-head, which for an instant floated upon the surface of the deep, and was then drawn down after the hapless wretches, who had so often shed their blood in its defence!

Having passed the vortex caused by her going down, the brig was hove-to,—as I supposed, for the purpose of picking up the survivors, if there were any. But such was not Seymour's plan,—and one poor fellow, who, stunned and strangling, rose to the surface, clinging to a spar for dear life, was not even allowed the miserable privilege of floating upon it, until the sharks, or the burning sun of the Equator, should put a period to his agony, but was deliberately shot by Seymour himself, acting upon the stern maxim, that 'dead men tell no tales.' A deed

of so dark a hue, was never perpetrated, under the azure sky, nor on the deep sea, since the unborn surges slumbered in chaos, and darkness lay upon the face of the deep.

‘Mr. Garnet,’ said Seymour, recovering his rifle, as coolly as if he had been shooting a duck, ‘fill the main-top-sail, and stand in shore.’

Three times I raised the trumpet to my lips, to give the necessary orders; and as often withdrew it,—and finally, being totally unable to command either my voice, or my feelings, I dashed it down upon deck, and walked away without a word.

Seymour looked up at me in surprise, and then, deliberately picking up the trumpet, gave the requisite commands, with his usual composure. When we were under way, standing for the shore, he ordered the boat-swain to call ‘all hands to splice the main-brace,’ remarking, with a smile, that the toast should be, ‘Here’s wishing the Dare-devils a pleasant passage to ——!’

‘Garnet,’ said Seymour, when we were about three miles from the shore, ‘do you see that head-land yonder, in the south-east? It is the northern cape of the bay which we shall enter, and is now sixteen miles distant. I wish you to observe the course we take to fetch it, and then say, if this coast was not cut out for the express benefit of the slave-trade.’

We continued our course, steering head-on, until within half-a-mile of the shore, and then hauled our wind, and put her head due south, keeping parallel to the beach. About ten minutes afterwards, the look-out, on the fore-topsail-yard, sung out:—

‘Breakers, ahead!’

Seymour was standing upon the poop, looking astern: he turned short round at this announcement, and hailed:—

‘Fore-topsail-yard, there! Two points on the starboard bow, you lubber, distant two miles.’

‘Captain Seymour,’ said I, in surprise, ‘your eye-sight is better than mine. Those breakers are not visible from the deck.’

‘I know it,’ he replied, smiling, ‘but I am as well acquainted with every inch of this coast, as you are with the pavements of Broadway. I could sail a line-of-battle-ship through this channel, in perfect safety, the darkest night old ocean ever saw, by the lead alone. Straight as you go, Quarter-master.’

‘Dise, no higher,’ repeated he at the cun.

‘These breakers,’ continued Seymour, ‘are caused by a reef of rocks, running across the mouth of that bay, and stretching ten miles each way, parallel to the beach, and distant from it, on the average, half-a-mile. Inside the reef, we have a clear, safe channel, carrying ten fathom water, to within a ship’s-length of the beach, and at both ends, a safe entrance. Now all this is for our especial benefit; for in order to enter that bay, a vessel must go all this distance round; and while a man-of-war comes in at one end, we can slip out at the other. If this does not prove that Jemmy Flatfoot had a hand in laying out the coast of Africa, you may call me a marine.’

‘Pretty good reasoning, friend Seymour,’ said I: ‘you’ve made it very

plain, that the Devil is chief cook and bottle-washer for the slave-trade. I don't wonder it prospers so well, since he is at the wheel.'

We were now inside the reef,—and, sailing along rapidly, were within a mile of the entrance to the bay, when a small canoe shoved off from the shore, and we were boarded by one of the most hideous-looking black rascals, that ever walked on two feet. Running up the side like a monkey, he tumbled over the gangway, and accosted Seymour, who met him there, as an old friend; and after jabbering away a few minutes, in some barbarous lingo, he took a bottle of rum, which Seymour had ordered for him, rolled into his canoe, and run it high and dry on the beach. He brought himself to anchor in the sand, and began to discuss the contents of the said bottle, with an earnestness, which plainly showed that they two would not part company, until one or t'other knocked under.

'Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, walking aft, 'my good friend there, has informed me, that there are now two English frigates at anchor in the bay. I must send them both to sea, in twenty minutes after I enter.—Do you speak Portuguese?'

'*Si Señor,*' said I, 'and every other language; excepting, always, the gibberish of that black friend of yours.'

'Very good,' he replied, 'I shall report myself to the English, as 'Don So-and-so, (with a string of titles as long as the main-to'-bowline,) commander of the Brazilian brig-of-war, Achillé, 24, on a cruise; and will spin them a yarn, which will clear the bay of them, as soon as they can up anchor. I have Brazilian uniforms for all the officers and myself, which we will bend now, and walk into the bay under Brazilian colors.'

We rigged ourselves accordingly, and mustering upon the poop, sailed into harbor, with the Brazilian ensign at the peak. It was quite small, and the English frigates were at anchor, near the centre of it, some distance asunder. Gradually shortening sail, we backed our main-topsail abreast the Commodore's ship, within about two hundred yards; and when we had lost our way, I roared out in Portuguese,—(for their especial benefit:)

'Let go the starboard anchor!'—twisting the *n's*, and the *o's*, and the *r's*, about in every direction. We then furled sails, squared the yards, by the lifts and braces, hooked the yard-tackles, hoisted out boats, and manning the captain's barge with Portuguese, Seymour pulled aboard the English flag-ship. He was received with the usual honors, and had been on board but a few minutes, when three small flags were run up at the mizzen, and a gun fired to awake the other frigate. Not being conversant with the English code of signals, I did not know what to make of this, when an old Quarter-master, who had served under Nelson, perceiving my ignorance, informed me that it was, 'Hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh.'

The English ships were now all alive. Boat, after boat was dropped alongside from the guess-warp, and hoisted in, two at a time, (one each side,) decks cleared up, and capstans manned. At this moment Seymour came over the gangway of the flag-ship, and as he shoved off

the Brazilian flag was sent up at the fore, and saluted with eleven guns. We returned the salute,—British ensign at the fore, with the same number,—and as they, having weighed anchor, swept past us, making sail, we gave them three cheers, which were duly returned.

‘Seymour,’ said I, when the bustle was over, ‘what *did* you tell that fellow?’ ‘Oh!’ said he, recovering breath after a severe fit of laughter, ‘it was not any of your land-yarns, slack-twisted stuff; it was an out-and-outer. When I first boarded her, I began by asking, very coolly, in Portuguese, what were the names of the frigates, where they were from, and where bound, and whom I had the honor of addressing, etc. The crusty old commodore, having answered my questions, in as few words as possible, in Spanish, desired to know the same of me, and asked if I could speak English. But devil the bit of English could I speak: ‘*No intendez Englise, Señhor,*’ said I, with a face as long as the jib-downhaul, and then proceeded to tell him, that my name was ‘Don So-and-so,’ that my brig was the Brazilian brig-of-war Achillé, on a cruise; that we fell in, this morning, with a suspicious looking schooner, mounting eighteen guns, under English colors, and gave her chase; but as she stood out to sea, and sailed very fast, we had given over the chase, because we had been on short allowance of water, for ten days, and had only one day’s allowance of water left, and dared not stand out to sea, until we had filled: that I came in here for a supply, and intended to sail the next day, and catch the slaver, if possible, and sling up the rascals at my yard-arm; and added, by way of clinker, that I wished they would not trouble themselves about her, but leave her for me, as I had set my heart on sending her to the bottom.’

‘That will do for marines, Mr. Harris,’ said he to his First Lieutenant, in English; ‘on short allowance of water, indeed! If he had said short allowance of courage, he would have come nearer the truth. He was afraid the slayer would be a Scotch prize to him, if he meddled with her. He will take the best of good care, not to chase her again. He set his heart on sending them to the bottom, indeed!—ha, ha, ha!’ And the old knight laughed loud and long at my bravado. Then, turning to me, he asked in Spanish, all about the schooner, when I saw her, the course she was steering, when I lost sight of her, etc., and ended by ordering his First Lieutenant, to hoist in boats, and prepare to weigh, making signal to the other frigate to do the same. He then talked about matters and things; asked, and told the news; and when I took leave, waited on me to the gangway very politely, expressing his sorrow that he had not time to visit me, but hoped that, as I should sail to-morrow, we should meet on the sea, and perhaps have the pleasure of capturing the pirate together; adding, with a wink to his First Lieutenant, which nearly capsized my gravity, that nothing would gratify him more, than to fight in such valiant company.’ ‘So much for so much,’ continued Seymour, bursting into a roar of laughter, in which all hands heartily joined,—‘Hurrah for John Bull!’

But perhaps I am getting a little prosy,—so I’ll belay for awhile, and spin the remainder of my yarn in another number.

UNFETTERED VERSE.

THE disadvantages under which English poets labor, in the loss of the short syllables of inflection,—which are still retained in the German and Italian, were found in the Saxon, and are sometimes met in Chaucer,—doubtless suggested the annexed lines. One of Bürger's rhythmical gems seems to have prompted the stanza. Eps. KNICKERBOCKER.

O! how blest the happy poet
By the Arno or the Rhine—
Happy thrice, did he but know it,
(’Twould not take me long to show it,)
Blest by all the tuneful nine :
Happy that his rhymes are double,
What supremacy of bliss !
So without much care or trouble,
He can fashion lays like this :

Woe to him, whose rhymes are single,
As in England, Old or New ;—
How the Poet's veins will tingle,
When he cannot catch the jingle,
Catch the word that helps him through.
What if he begin with water—
Water flowing soft and clear ?
He must make it red with slaughter,
For no better rhyme is near.

‘Let me lie by fountain sunny,
Welling in a grassy vale,’—
That's a rhyme will cost you money,
And at best would seem but funny,
So for this your rhyme must fail.—
‘Let me lie by sunny fountain’—
Bravo! now you've struck the chime :
Straight there towers a craggy mountain,
Towers aloft with front sublime.

Mark yon nymph with sea-green kirtle,
Sporting on the billowy shore,—
Dips its boughs the snowy myrtle,
And behold! that large green turtle
Ploughing through the rush and roar :
Not the bird that mid the branches
Coos, but he who caught at sea,
Feeds the aldermanic haunches
With his fat and callipee.

‘Gone, yes gone, and O! forever ;
Gone beyond the roaring main’—
Though a better rhyme were clever,
We must end the lay with—‘never,
Never to return again!’—
‘Hot the day, the road was dusty ;
Panting trudged the team along ;
Burnt by heat, and therefore crusty,
Ah! the driver had no song.

‘Welcome to the land of wonder !
Soul inspired ! we bid thee, hail !’
Dolt indeed, who here would blunder—
‘Peal on peal of solemn thunder !
Souls inspired can never quail !’

'Rolling wide on ocean's billow'—
Hasten, hasten to the shore!
You must lie on mossy pillow,
By a willow, or, — no more!

O! how rich the tuneful Herman,
Only with his final *e*;
Chaucer, too, and with it, sure, man,
English poets might, like German,
Rhyme in wildest liberty.
'Yonder pours in whelming flood
Headlong pours the mortal fight:
Discord urges, steep'd with blood;
Terror follows, crowned with night!'

And the bard by Po or Tiber,
Happy with his *o* and *a*,
Whether set for pointed gibe, or
Sonnet sad, a charter'd liber-
tine, uncheck'd, he rhymes awa'—
'She is fairer, he is braver;
Brave alone deserve the fair:
Valor still is Beauty's slave,
Proud the flowery chains to wear.'

New-Haven, (Con.)

P.

SIGHTS IN THE EAST.*

'To thee, a welcome, breathing o'er the tide,
The Genii groves of Araby shall pour;
Waves that enfold the pearl, shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore.'

PARTING SHIP.

It was after a visit to Java, China, and Siam, in '33, that we came in sight of, and passed near to, Cape Guarda Fui, on the north-east point of Africa, bound to the Red Sea. We had been for the last twenty days in the *Indian Ocean*, wafted along by the cool, fresh trade wind, which always blows in these latitudes; and not till now, since leaving Java, had we found reason to complain of a tropical climate. No sooner, however, did we approach the shore, than the reflection of the sun from the desert rocks and sands, made the temperature almost insupportable. Nothing here meets the eye, but barren plains, high, rocky mountains, and hills of sand, save a few native huts, near some of the inlets on the shore; otherwise, all was sterility and desolation. There was no verdure,—no life,—no vegetation. I have taken a passing view of many parts of Africa; and never did I look on the shore of that ill-fated country without saddened feelings. With the exception of its southern borders, no part of that wide region seems inhabitable for civilized man. On the north, east, and west, poisonous winds fan the barren wastes, and the barbarous hordes that tread them. For upwards of an hundred miles, we passed near the western shore, and then took a northerly direction across the

* We are indebted for this article to a gentleman lately of the United States' Navy, and now a Professor in one of our flourishing Literary Institutions, who has had the good fortune to visit a large portion of our globe, and to observe many of its inhabitants, in every variety of character and condition.
EDDORS KNICKERBOCKER.

Arabian sea, towards the far-famed straits of Babelmandel : calms and adverse winds now prolonged our voyage far beyond our anticipation ; but at last, on the morning of the second of September, we dropped our anchor in the roadstead of Mocha, in full view of the city.

Mocha shows beautifully from the sea. The imposing grandeur of its fortresses, mosques, and minarets, can scarcely be appreciated in imagination. For some months previous, it had been in the hands of a Turkish usurper, or rather robber, who, by success, and the spoils which attended it, had chained a numerous army of hirelings to the car of his ambition. This may be said to be a true picture of all the governments in Arabia. The most bold and spirited member of a clan or party speedily becomes chief. He commands—the rest obey,—and they plunder every thing which comes within their grasp. If successful, others join them, for protection and support. The powers of the chief then rapidly increase and strengthen, until he is enabled to waste towns, provinces, and cities : then, he is no longer a robber, but a ruler,—a conquerer,—a king. This was the case with the chief who had lately made himself master of Mocha. Most of his followers, like him, were Turkish ; and like the Turks at home, they appeared haughty, intolerant, and vindictive. Groups of them were to be seen at the gates, and lingering about the corners of the streets, with their carbines, sabres, pipes, and turbans, sitting cross-legged, smoking, and drinking coffee, apparently unobservant of all around them. The natives of Mocha, though *Mahmoudans* in creed, and perhaps as superstitious as any of their religious brethren, are in some respects materially different from the Turk. They may be as evil at heart, and as corrupt in principle,—but they are less haughty, and appear to have more flexible and reasonable characters. They are all soldiers from their earliest youth. Each one must have his musket, sabre, and side-arms, or be subject to fines, insults, and persecutions.

This state of things has fallen with a heavy weight on the poor. Some of them are compelled to toil for years, before they can purchase arms. Then, they are considered respectable, and ‘well to do,’—before, they are despised and miserable. Arms are much esteemed in Arabia : no labor is spared, nor expense, to make and procure them. The natives have an art of tempering steel, beyond that of any European nation. Some of their sword-blades,—‘Damascus blades,’ they are worthy to be called,—are superior to any that I have ever seen elsewhere. These cost from two to three hundred dollars. The price of common ones is fifty dollars.

There are many blacks in Mocha,—some from Ethiopia,—some free, some slaves. As a body, they are extremely tall, hardy, and strong ; and the most perfectly-formed men that it has ever been my lot to see. Their complexion is remarkable for its ‘superfine black’ color. The blacks of America would almost be white in comparison ; and if I may be allowed an expression used among our sailors who saw them, I should say that ‘*lamp-black is at least two shades lighter !*’

Mocha appears capable of containing at least sixty thousand inhabitants. But it is no longer in a flourishing condition. Marks of desola-

tion and decay are every where exhibited to the least observant eye. Internal commotions, and civil wars, have shaken it in latter times ; and such is the instability of its government and internal policy, that no energy, nor individual enterprise, can bid it flourish again. English and American merchants have resided here, and carried on a considerable trade ; but of late they have abandoned the place, and left a native as Agent, who acts both as English and American Consul, and ships goods to Bombay, or elsewhere, as his correspondents may direct.

The streets of the city are narrow, and many in ruins. Whole blocks are dilapidated, and many of the walls and fortifications broken down. The flat-roofed buildings, built of stone, connected by inferior cement, show dim and dismal. On their tops, the inhabitants sleep through the nights of summer ; and it is an impressive sight, when sun-rise is blushing and brightening the east, to see all Mocha stirring,—as if wakened to instant life, by the dawning of morn,—each dweller turning his face to the blazing orient, and kneeling to prayer. Several gentlemen of our vessel witnessed this sight, while staying on shore.

The heat of noon-day, at Mocha, exceeds all that I ever dreamed of fiery climates. The air, to me, was *scorching*,—and I longed, in thought, for the *bains* of Aleppo. So scorching was the air, that on walking out, we were compelled to cover our faces with handkerchiefs, and even then, many of our party suffered the loss of their sea-visages, the skin of which came off afterwards in flakes and blisters. The light airs that we could occasionally feel, playing around the corner of a street, were just like a blast from an oven. This excessive heat seemed to be caused by the reflection of the sun's rays against the stone buildings of the town.

There was less barrenness than I expected to find, in the regions round about Mocha. Though many sand-hills and desert wastes were visible, yet among them were interspersed green hills, and verdant *oases*, beautiful to see. In the rear of the city, waves a ridge of high mountains ; and here and there, along their sides, and in the grotesque ravines, are cultivated lands and vineyards, smiling in welcome contrast to the eye. The water of Mocha is extremely brackish, unpleasant, and unhealthy. None of us had stomachs for it. Many of the inhabitants have this article brought in goat-skins, from a suburban town, a few miles in the interior. We ranged, with a feeling of pleasure, through the tolerable fruit market ; though there were fewer floral and ripened commodities than one is accustomed to see in the bazaars of some other eastern cities, where the people almost 'talk in flowers.'

Our *séjour* at Mocha was brief, and of course, our observations of manners, customs, and scenes, was rapid enough, though the picture they left is strong in the outline. They say it takes three months to see Paris, or London, as they ought to be seen ; and some of the places in the east deserve that number of weeks, at least. A few days saw us sailing along the Arabian shore, towards the Persian Gulf. Arabia, or the Arabian shore, from the Red Sea coast, as far as we kept it in view, presented nothing but high, rugged, and broken mountains,—shrubby and verdureless,—wearisome to the view, but at times indescribably grand. The general aspect, was that of a country where, to the eye at least, nature

entirely disregarded the wants, both of animals, and superior man. On arriving off Cape Rasal-Had, we had the pleasure of receiving visits from the natives, who came to us in boats, bringing dates, eggs, fowls, etc., for which they were glad to get cash, rice, and clothes, in exchange. We had strong suspicions of their intention to board us in numbers sufficient to attempt a piracy; and several circumstances,—among others, their fierce looks, and strange gestures,—served to strengthen the idea. Several of these gentry were on board one evening at sunset,—among the number was an Arabian priest. As the sun drew near the horizon, they watched it intently,—when it began to disappear, they all kneeled down in prayer. To all appearance, they were unaffectedly sincere in these touching genuflections. The priest, especially, was as simple as a child, and wore the devotional look of a martyr. I thought of the ghebres of eastern tales, as these fire-worshippers bent to their God. I love sincerity, wherever it is found; and the devotion of an Arab has at times a solemnity about it, that fills you with an awe, and a regard for his creed, which is closely allied to the deepest reverence. How often does the Child of the Desert shame the Christian!

In passing the Cape, we were much tossed and impeded by the currents out of the gulf. Those famous rivers, the Tigris and the Euphrates, have, no doubt, a share in forming this current. It was night when we arrived at the entrance of the Cove of Muscat, though for nearly a day and a half, it had lain broad in sight. From the smallness of the harbor, it takes the name of Cove; but the water is deep, and many ships rock there at anchor.

Muscat is hid among the hills, until you double a point close to the town. Long before we saw aught that indicated the abodes of men, we heard, borne on the low breeze over the waters, the hum and murmur of a city. It seemed like enchantment. In one-fourth of a mile from this populous haunt, rocks and mountains are only visible, and it bursts upon you like the swift scene of a theatre. The place is well fortified, and its situation exceedingly remarkable. It stands choked up in the narrow glens of the mountain, and its harbor would seem to be the only advantage that it offers to the country. Around, like most parts of Arabia, all is barrenness and desolation. It is the resort of a great number of people from India, Arabia, and Africa. From India, come the Banyones, a singular and superstitious race. They present a very picturesque appearance, in their red caps and girdles; and their language, which in general is uncouth, has sometimes an intonation of charming melody. They abhor taking life,—refuse all kinds of animal food, and worship cattle. They engage in domestic commerce, and are the finest artisans of the city.

The most remarkable race in Muscat, cannot be strictly called inhabitants of the town. They come and go in wandering throngs, with their ungainly camels, and curious merchandize, though some of them are always in the city. I mean the *Bedouins* of the interior. Of all men, they seem the most uncivilized, wild, and ferocious. They are almost as black as the negro race, with long *frizzly* hair, streaming around their shoulders; their eye-brows are large and shaggy; their eyes fierce and

keen; their cheek-bones high and sharp, and their lips 'like to raw leather, thin and blue.' I have heard many anecdotes of their kindness and generosity, which I have no reason to question; but it appears singular indeed, that the gentle virtues should reside in such ferocious creatures. They look, to use a sailor's phrase, 'God-forsaken.' To see them passing on their desolate journeys, is to be reminded of Pandemonium. One is almost tempted to accost them as Macbeth did the witches on the heath,—

———'What are ye,
So withered, and so wild in your attire,—
That look not like the inhabitants of earth,
And yet are of them?'

As several of our company were walking one day, a few miles in the interior, we encountered a party of Bedouins coming in with camels, loaded with dates. We paused to look at them and their appointments, and they, to gaze at us. They surveyed us with evident contempt, and after a few preliminary smiles, and turnings-up of their hideous noses, they burst into an astounding horse-laugh. The very camels seemed to expand and compress their long, lip-shaped nostrils, as if indulging in a lot of risibility about us, in their own way, and on their own hook. I think we looked back enough disdain to balance the account,—and we did not envy the monstrous tribe their fancied superiority. At length, having had their grin out, they left us to pursue our desultory ramble.

A Bedouin has an utter aversion to any exhibitions of sensibility. A few miles from Muscat, I entered a tent, where lay a dead Arabian boy, and his mother and father near by. The father was stern and unbending; but a tear glistened in the dark eye of the mother, and her lips were compressed with a desperate attempt to conceal the emotions that agitated her soul. Her negligent hair half shaded the death-garments of her boy, and she held his lifeless and tawny little hand in hers, pressing it ever and anon to her sealed lips, till the fountain of a mother's heart watered it with the gush of affection, and she lifted her loud wailing by his ear. The little barbarian had been cut off by the hot winds of the desert, in his tender years. He was a beautiful lad, and looked so like life, that I thought he moved. I was affected by the sight, almost to tears. Nature is nature, go where we will. My sympathies were so moved that night, when I returned to my berth, that, like the king in Scripture, 'I could not sleep.' I took the liberty of introducing myself to the muses, and asking the whole nine of them to help me out with a job of poetry. I don't know whether it would pass a critical muster, without a condemnatory dozen or two of the fault-finding *cat*; but I know that while I spun it off, my bosom was possessed with honest and holy feelings. It is probably the last metre that I shall ever 'fix,' on any subject.

The trade of Muscat is principally in dates, gums, and silks, from up the Gulf, Bagdad, and other places at the north. Talking of Bagdad, leads me to say how much I wish I had visited that wonderful city of story and song. I went very near it; and I used often to look away towards where it lay, and think of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, with their

spells, their genii, their merchants,—of Ortugral, of Basra, and of the golden fountains,—and of the vision of that Shirza, who used every evening, at sunset, to repair to his place of nocturnal devotions, and survey the mysterious hosts of stars, in the skies above and around him, ‘from the high hills of Bagdad.’ What a magic does imagination kindle about the east, in every mind!

The market of Muscat is tolerably good. An American would call it ‘from fair to middling.’ The country seemed to indicate the impossibility of *any thing* of the kind. Muscat is governed by an Emyr—an absolute monarch, over a small territory here, and another at Queriboo, on the coast of Africa. He maintains a large army, and has seven or eight ships-of-war. Two or three of these are generally in commission.

Our government has recently made a treaty of amity and commerce with Muscat, that can scarcely fail of advantageous results, as no English or American merchants are resident there. Sterile by nature, Arabia has its pearls, its gems, its precious riches,—its balm and spices. Were the government of any part of it worth the splice of a main-brace, its attitude would be commanding. But at present her balm breathes over a dirty people, which it cannot sweeten, nor make agreeable, and her pearls flash before swine.

R.

THE CHINA TREE.

WRITTEN IN LOUISIANA.

THOUGH the blossoms be ripe on the China-tree,
 Though the flower of the orange be fair to see,—
 And the pomegranite's blush, and the humming-bird's wing,
 Throw the charms of elysium, O South, on thy spring;
 It is dearer to me to remember the North,
 Where scarce the green leaf yet comes timidly forth,—
 To walk in thy gardens, and dream that I roam
 Through the verdureless fields and the forests of Home.

If the golden-hued oriole sing from the tide,
 Oh, the blue-bird is sweeter by Delaware's side;
 And the sound of *that* flood on the beaches so dear!
 Ne'er ripples the river so pleasantly here.
 Oh, the pebble-strown beaches, that echo all day
 To the kill-deer's shrill shriek and the bank-swallow's lay,
 And at eve, when the harvest-moon mellowes the shade,
 To the sigh of the lover, the laugh of the maid!

China-tree! though thy blossoms, in chaplets, may bond
 The brows of the brave, and the necks of the fond,
 Never think that fit garlands our oak cannot form,
 For heads as majestic, and bosoms as warm.
 They may sit in thy shade, but their dreams are away,
 With the far hills and forests, yet naked and gray,—
 With the floods roaring wildly, the fields lying bare,
 And the hearts,—oh, the hearts,—that make paradise *there*!

Philadelphia.

R. M. B.

THE BLANK BOOK
OF A COUNTRY SCHOOLMASTER.

NUMBER THREE.

IV.

HISTORY.

THE history of the past is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new; and lo! another little man comes out, and blows another little trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over.

XVI.

A WISE SAW.

Let gray heads sway
And green heads obey,

is an old saying, which has come floating down the stream of Time, bottom upwards.

XVII.

AUTUMN.

MAGNIFICENT is the Autumn of our father-land! By what a subtle alchemy the green leaves are transmuted into gold, as if molten by the fiery blaze of the hot sun! A magic covering spreads over the whole forest, and brightens into more gorgeous hues. The tree-tops seem bathed with the gold and crimson of an Italian sunset. Here and there a shade of green,—here and there a tinge of purple,—and a stain of scarlet so deep and rich, that the most cunning artifice of man is pale beside it. A thousand delicate shades melt into each other. They blend fantastically into one deep mass. They spread over the forest, like a tapestry woven with a thousand hues.

Magnificent Autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim, clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit, clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior, with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent. His scarlet banner drips with gore. His step is like a flail upon the threshing floor.

The scene changes.

It is the Indian Summer. The rising sun blazes through the misty air, like a conflagration. A yellowish, smoky haze, fills the atmosphere; and

———'a filmy mist,
Lies like a silver lining on the sky.'

The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odour of forest leaves, that

hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange—yellow—and scarlet,—all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too, have taken wing, and have left their roofless dwellings. Not the whistle of a robin,—not the twitter of an eaves-dropping swallow,—not the carol of one sweet, familiar voice! All gone. Only the dismal cawing of a crow, as he sits and curses, that the harvest is over,—or the chit-chat of an idle squirrel,—the noisy denizen of a hollow tree,—the mendicant friar of a large parish,—the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns!

Another change.

The wind sweeps through the forest, with a sound like the blast of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirl in eddies through the air. A fret-work of hoar-frost covers the plain. The stagnant water in the pools and ditches, is frozen into fantastic figures. Nature ceases from her labors, and prepares for the great change. In the low-hanging clouds, the sharp air, like a busy shuttle, weaves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines, like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.

XVIII.

THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

BEAUTIFUL is that season of life, when we can say in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not: for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us,—and we shall not be long. They have gone before us,—and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenance of affection, which they wore on earth,—yet more lovely,—more radiant,—more spiritual.

Death has taken thee, too, sweet sister, and 'thou hast the dew of thy youth.' He hath placed thee upon his bosom, and his stern countenance wears a smile. The 'far country' seems nearer, and the way less dark; for thou hast gone before,—passing so quickly to thy rest, that day itself dies not more calmly. And thou art there waiting to bid us welcome, when we shall have done here the work given us to do, and shall go hence to be seen no more on earth.

FRAGMENT.

STAR of the Morning, we hail thee !
 Brightly thou shineest and lookest divinest,
 Though the rose-tints of day-dawn half veil thee :
 Look from the height of thy glory,
 Flowers are opening before thee,
 Prayers are ascending, the Persian is bending,
 And the blue heavens brightening o'er thee.
 Star, though thy glory is fading,
 While the sunshine of Morn is pervading,
 We shall look on thy light, in the stillness of night,
 When the mist the Earth's beauty is shading !

(Star of the Evening, we wait thee !
 Rise in thy tender and tremulous splendor,
 Fairer than bard can create thee.
 Look from the soft clouds that bound thee,—
 That, like a rose-chaplet, have crowned thee,
 Where streams are meandering, lovers are wandering,
 And the Heavens are darkening around thee,
 Orb, now thy bright eye is clearest,
 Now thy young beamings are dearest !
 Oh, shine the first star 'till the dark hours be past,
 And linger at dawning the loveliest and last !

Liverpool, (Eng.)

M. A. BROWN.


 THE ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY.

MANKIND have become more learned if not wiser, and *perhaps* better than they were some three or four centuries ago, but probably no happier and certainly less poetical. The schoolmaster is a fierce and relentless iconoclast, and has broken and cast down with an unsparing hand the beautiful images upon which our imaginative forefathers lavished their false, but sincere and enthusiastic worship. The march of intellect has scattered and trodden under foot all that was lovely in superstition—all that appealed to the fancy—but left, not indeed undisturbed, but still undestroyed, her harsh and unlovely characteristics,—her bigotry, her intolerance, and her sectarian hatred,—every thing, in a word, that bears relation to the evil passions of men. Faeries no longer dance on the hill-side, or ride forth in splendid procession, with glittering robes and crowns of gold upon their brows, to visit bower or hall, by the clear light of the summer moon ; Oberon and Titania have long been dethroned, and the frolics of Puck are over. Science has triumphed over imagination, and the Penny Magazine has established itself in the chimney corner where 'garrulous Eld' was wont to charm the unlearned ear. Tales are no longer told around the winter hearth, 'of witch, or ghost, or goblin dread,' and even if they were, nobody would believe them. The occurrences which, in a less enlightened age, were beheld with awe as supernatural, are now glibly accounted for upon philosophical principles, by peasants and village maidens ; and even the little boys have no terror of a church.

yard. Wizards are sent to the house of correction or the lunatic asylum; fortune-tellers endure, instead of inspiring mortal fears,—pursuing their vocation ever in secret, and having before their eyes the awful vision of the magistrate and the tread-mill; and spirits are only raised in distilleries. The world has become judicious and common-place. Oracles, charms, divinations, and magic,—the universal dissolvent, the elixir of life, and the philosopher's stone,—in short all the mysteries of the Cabala, which once occupied the attention of grave sages, and received the implicit belief of all ranks and classes, are now only remembered as the absurd dreams of an ignorant, and fanciful generation.

But there was one system, or code, or creed, which differed very essentially from the general doctrine of superstition, in many particulars. It was indeed equally false and fanciful with the rest, but in every other respect of a higher and more imposing character. Its doctrines were more purely imaginative; its construction more elaborate; and the knowledge of its details more limited. In fact, it was rather a science than a belief, and it was to be acquired only by long and patient study, and after a rigorous probation. It had its orders of students, proficient and adepts; its secrets were vigilantly guarded by solemn obligations, and communicated with mystic rites and ceremonies; a life of unremitting labor and seclusion was scarcely sufficient for the acquisition of its sublimer mysteries, and the few whose lengthened years and patient toil had enabled them to penetrate its transcendental arcana, were looked upon with the utmost reverence by the multitude of their humbler and less successful fellow students. Their places of abode were as shrines to which pilgrims from all lands resorted in homage of their wisdom, and in the hope of profiting by their example and their lessons.

The reader who is in any degree conversant with the literature and science of the middle ages, will understand that we speak of the Rosicrucians; a sect of philosophers of whom it is not easy to determine whether we should most admire their zeal, their perseverance, their self-denial and enthusiasm in the prosecution of their fantastic studies, or marvel at the depth and strength of their delusion.

Nothing can afford a better comment upon the vanity and emptiness of man's pride in the majesty of his own intellect, than a simple contemplation of the absurdities upon which that intellect has employed and wasted its highest energies; and among these is none more remarkable than the philosophy of the Rosicrucians, whether we consider the beauty, the completeness and the lofty ideality of the system, or its utter want of foundation. From first to last, it was a mere creation of the fancy; gorgeous indeed, and graceful, but more unsubstantial than the *Fata Morgana*, or the splendid show of crimson, gold, and purple clouds that mock but yet delight the eye at sunset. It was the dream of a rapt and glowing imagination, bright, lovely, symmetrical, and false; yet it was devoutly believed, and earnestly investigated, by minds of the highest order. Life after life was consumed in the vain attempt to grasp the shadowy delights promised to them who should explore its mysteries, and although none succeeded, others were never wanting to resume the labors that had been cut off by death, with hopes as strong, and patience as un-

limited, until at length a better light arose, and the system perished at once, and was abandoned as if by general consent,—leaving no trace of its existence, save a few obscure and scarcely intelligible allusions scattered among ponderous and neglected folios,—a delightful romance, and still more delightful poem. Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' and the 'Ondine' of La Motte Fouqué, alone preserve the memory of the Rosicrucian philosophy. It is believed that a brief exposition of its most essential doctrines will possess at least the merit of novelty, if it have but little power to interest the modern reader.

'Watch, pray, hope, and be silent,' was the first command imposed upon the student, whose ambition soared to the knowledge of the sacred mysteries; the promised reward of his labors was the dominion of all nature, the companionship of sages, the service of the high intelligences that pervade the elements, glory among men, and an eternal life of perfect happiness. The passions were to be subdued, but the pleasures of which they are the ministers, were to be placed with others of the most ecstatic beatitude. He was to seclude himself from the fellowship and the pursuits of men,—but the prize of his self-denial, was to be a more exalted intercourse with beings of a nobler nature. The first tenet of the system was, that the elements were peopled with a race of spiritual creatures, originally destined to be the friends and companions of the human race, but the loss of whose society the guilt of Adam had entailed upon his wretched posterity. The air was held to be the dwelling place of an innumerable multitude of Sylphs—diminutive creatures wearing the form of humanity, but of nobler attributes, and a more radiant beauty; the waters were inhabited by Nymphs, or, as they were often called, Ondines; the depths of the earth by Gnomes, and the regions of fire by Salamanders. All these creatures were endowed with intelligence surpassing that of men, with forms of unfading loveliness, and with uncontrolled power over their respective elements; but their souls were mortal. They could enjoy no hope of eternal felicity in the presence of their Creator, whom they knew and adored, except through the assistance of the sages, and it was for this reason, that they courted the society, and willingly devoted themselves to the service, of the pure and illuminated among mankind. Their substance was more perfect than that of the human race, and as it consisted only of the least essential particles of their respective elements, with no admixture of the others, they were not subject to disease or accident; but although they enjoyed centuries of life, untainted by mortal pain or sorrow, they anticipated with grief and horror the moment of annihilation; the great object of their study and their actions, was to accomplish the sole condition upon which their doom could be averted. This was a matrimonial alliance with the human race, by which they became partakers of man's immortality. It was for this reason that marriage was forbidden to the sages and their pupils; it was thought not only benevolent, but just, to aid the creatures of the elements in their pursuit of eternal life, and although the husband of an earthly wife might penetrate the mysteries of the Cabala, and command the services of the Sylphs, and Gnomes, and Salamanders, their obedience was reluctant, springing only from necessity, and wanting the stimulus of hope

for the attainment of that great reward to which their aspirations were directed.

The belief in the existence and attributes of these elemental beings served as the foundation for the entire system of the Rosicrucians. As we have already slightly intimated, their substance, or rather essence, was identical with the medium in which they lived. The Salamanders were composed of the subtlest particles of fire, animated and organized by the action of the 'universal heat,' which was the great vivifying principle of nature. The Sylphs were in like manner constituted of the purest qualities of air, the Nymphs of sublimated water, and the Gnomes of perfect earth, uncontaminated by any gross admixture. The human frame in its condition of immortal purity, as it existed in Adam before his fall, was held to be compounded of all these elements, and of consequence, to combine the perfections of all these unsubstantial beings. By his disobedience the harmony of Adam's nature was destroyed—the spiritual essences of which his body was composed became contaminated, and his dominion over the creatures of the elements, was at once destroyed. But it might be regained by science; and the recovery of this empire was the end for which the Rosicrucians toiled. By abstinence, vigils, prayer, and meditation, joined with the performance of mystic rites, and the aid of virtues residing in certain plants and minerals, it was believed possible to exalt the several elements existing in the human body to their original purity, and thus re-establish the dominion with which the first created of the human race was gloriously endowed. The elemental creatures then became man's willing slaves, or rather friendly ministers to his sovereign will and pleasure. The Sylphs hovered around him, wafting airs of most delightful odour to his senses; the Nymphs and Gnomes made haste to lavish upon him all the riches of their kingdoms; the Salamanders laid their mighty power at his feet; and all vied with each other in fulfilling his desires. All knowledge, too, was laid open to the understanding of the sage in whom the elements were purified; the creatures thus subjected to his will, delighted in unfolding to his mind the properties inherent in their several habitations; and as these make up the visible world, there was no quality or power in earth or air, in water or in fire,—no effect of combination,—no principle in natural science,—of which the Rosicrucian adept might not gain the knowledge, or command the application. Nor was this all; by the restored perfection of his being, he became superior to the wants and weaknesses of humanity. His refined and purified body no longer stood in need of aliment, and was not subject to decay. All of gross and sensual in his nature was withdrawn, and the subtle essences which alone remained, required no other nourishment than was supplied by the presence of their corresponding elements. We are assured by the divine Paracelsus, that he knew various sages who had lived for many years without the slightest particle of food, and that he himself, even before he had acquired all the mysteries of the Cabala,—while yet but an humble student of the transcendental philosophy,—subsisted for more than half a year upon nothing more than a few drops of the Cabalistic Terrene Elixir.

But the wisdom and power of the elemental beings extended to the

future, as well as to the present and the past. It was they who spoke by the mouths of the rapt priestesses at Delphos, and the other celebrated oracles of ancient Greece,—they to whom the Hebrews built up altars in the frequent intervals of their idolatrous back-sliding,—they by whose assistance the diviners of the Egyptians wrought their imitative miracles in the presence of Pharaoh,—and they whose inspiration guided the prophetic warnings of the Roman Augurs. The philosophers of the Rosicrucian system believed, that when the Saviour of mankind descended upon earth and proclaimed the sacred truths of his divine religion, the vague, uncertain light which the Salamanders and their fellows were competent to throw upon the darkness of the human mind, touching the attributes and purposes of the Supreme, by whom they were alike created, became unnecessary to the conduct or the happiness of men. Hitherto their knowledge of celestial things had far exceeded that of the human race, although itself confined to very narrow limits; but the truths of Christianity were at length revealed, and man became their equal in the perception of his duties upon earth, and of the means by which he was to gain admission to the Heaven from which they were unhappily excluded. Thus the farther agency of these imaginary beings in the moral and religious instruction of mankind, became unnecessary; and the oracles were silent. The power of foretelling future events still remained, however, in those by whom the oracles had been really delivered through the medium of images or living speakers; and this power it was the privilege of the sages to command, when, by the elevation of their own nature to its original dignity, they had regained their pristine superiority over those of the elemental creatures by whom they were attended and obeyed.

Thus it will be seen that the strongest inducements were imagined to exist on either part, for the celebration of that matrimonial union between the human and the elemental races, the possibility of which formed so material a tenet of the Rosicrucian creed. By it the latter gained the immortality for which they pined; the former wealth, power, knowledge, and increased felicity. It will not appear surprising, therefore, (even were it possible to feel surprise at any particular feature of a system so marvellously wild and fantastic in its whole extent,) that in process of time, this union came to be considered not only as desirable, but as an imperative duty. In the infancy of the Rosicrucian Philosophy, its founders contented themselves with maintaining the practicability of marriage with Nymphs and Salamanders, Sylphs and Gnomes, and the benefits of which it was destined to be the fruitful source, and with aspiring to its accomplishment; but the bewildered imaginations of later sages transported them far beyond this comparatively rational belief. They insisted that marriages between the 'compound and simple races,' to use their own expression, were not only possible and proper, but that the omission to contract them was a sin against the Deity—that they had existed in all ages of the world—and many went so far as to affirm, and unquestionably to believe, even against the evidence of their own senses, that they themselves were united to elemental brides; and in the full enjoyment of the blessings attendant upon that happy wedlock. Nay, some of them carried their inconceivable madness to the height of asserting, that the sin

of Adam, as described in Holy Writ, was but an allegorical representation, and that his real crime was having preferred the charms of his human bride, to those of the female Sylphs by whom the atmosphere of Eden was inhabited.

The weakness, vices, and imperfections of the human race were cited as convincing proofs of the wickedness and folly of mankind, in counteracting the intentions of their maker, by neglecting the duty of contracting these Rosicrucian marriages; and as a necessary consequence, all the illustrious heroes and sages of antiquity were held to have derived their exalted personal and mental qualities from the mixed human and elemental origin, which the sages did not hesitate to bestow upon them. Zoroaster, who lived twelve centuries, a paragon of wisdom, happiness and power, was alleged to be the son of the Salamander Oromasis and a princess, afterward deified and worshipped by the Romans under the name of Vesta. The divine Egeria, from whom Numa Pompilius, the second king of Rome, derived the sage counsels by which he governed his people with such consummate wisdom, was the daughter of Oromasis and Vesta, and, of course, the sister of Zoroaster. The father of Romulus was likewise a Salamander; Hercules, and Alexander the Great, were brothers by the father's side, having sprung from a Sylph of superior dignity,—for there were distinctions of rank among the elemental races also. The divine Plato, Achilles, Eneas, Esculapius, and in short all the celebrated warriors and sages of Greece and Rome, were the sons of Sylphs or Salamanders; for these were the most intellectual and generous of the four imaginary tribes: Ulysses was the offspring of a Gnome, and the beautiful Helen, of a Nymph, from whom she was supposed to have derived her inconstancy as well as her surpassing charms.

Although the nature of the human parent predominated in the offspring of these cabalistic marriages, so far as related to all physical and substantial qualities, and although they did not of necessity inherit the supernatural attributes of their elemental progenitors, they were capable of acquiring them by virtue, meditation, and prayer—by the same means, in short, which were prescribed to the neophyte of purely human origin, who aspired to the glories and delights of cabalistic wisdom. Such were the necromancers, of whom these marvels are recorded. The divine Apollonius Thianeus was the son of an illustrious Salamander. He understood the language of birds, and enjoyed the mysterious and inconceivable faculty of omnipresence, having been often seen at the same moment in widely distant places. It was he who suddenly disappeared from before the cruel Domitian, who meditated his death, and afterward being at Ephesus, publicly announced the assassination of the tyrant, at the very moment of its commission in the Eternal City. Merlin, the famous enchanter of England, was the offspring of a Sylph and a daughter of the British monarch. He was educated by his father in all the mysteries of the Cabala, and thus became one of the greatest magicians that the world ever beheld. A similar origin was ascribed to numerous distinguished families of comparatively modern date. The Counts of Poitiers gloried in their alleged descent from a Nymph, whom Paracelsus calls Melusina; and there were none hardy enough to dispute the fact that for many years

after her apparent death, but actual disappearance from the eyes of her husband, she never failed to appear, clad in deep mourning, upon the battlements of the castle of Lusignan, (which she had caused to be built,) whenever disgrace or danger was about to fall upon any of her lineage.

It has already been stated, that these imaginary creatures of the elements, so far from partaking, in any degree, the nature of devils, were said to be ardent lovers of virtue, and that it was their intense desire to enjoy the ineffable delights of the Divine presence, after death, that made them long so earnestly, and strive with so much zeal, for the acquisition of that immortality which they could only gain by human assistance. It was also a tenet of the Rosicrucian doctrine, that the powers of darkness were not less assiduous in endeavoring to frustrate and defeat their efforts, than to work the eternal misery of the human race; but as the elemental beings were not subject to the temptations of their hellish enemies, the only method by which the latter could effect their purpose, as regarded them, was to prevent the cabalistic marriage, which should open the door of immortality. The means they resorted to, in order to accomplish this malicious object, are described in the few cabalistic writings that remain, in terms of such transcendental mysticism and obscurity, that it is extremely difficult even to form a conjecture of their meaning; but it seems to have been only by the aid and instructions of the sages, that their infernal machinations were to be defeated. That the elemental races were eminent for their strictly pious and devotional principles, however, is averred in the strongest language, and incidents in proof are frequently recorded. One of the best attested is thus described by a celebrated German adept, of the fifteenth century:

'It befel a young knight of Bavaria to encounter an heavy sorrow, by the death of his comely wife, whereas her he loved with an exceeding passion. Thereat a Sylphide was privily counselled by one of our sages, to put on the form and bearing of the woman that was dead, not less for pity of the young knight's much sorrowing, than for the eternal living of her whom he thus did counsel. And when the grieving husband beheld his wife again, living as it seemed, and letting him to understand that God, taking compassion on his woe, had restored her to life for the consoling of his affliction, he was exceeding comforted, and taking her into his arms, they dwelt together in happiness many years. But the young man lacked purity of heart and speech to keep the love of the wise and good Sylphide, but swore many oaths, and did say dishonest and shameful words of his frequent custom. She warned him often with gentle entreaties and much love, but whenas she found he took no heed to her advice, she disappeared one day suddenly, leaving to him nothing but her garments, and the bitter grief of repenting that he would not hearken to her loving counsels.'

It was conceived, however, that the four races were not equally remarkable for piety and heavenly aspirations. The Sylpha, or creatures of the air, were accounted most perfect in these respects, and the Gnomes were the farthest from their excellence. This was ascribed to the fears of the latter, occasioned by the howlings of the tormented demons confined within the bowels of the earth, which made their elemental neighbors

somewhat less anxious for an immortality that might prove only an eternity of suffering. The crafty devils were even accused of practising upon the simple and benevolent feelings of the Gnomes, and persuading them that it was rendering a service to their human friends, to prevail upon them to renounce their immortality—(which the Rosicrucians believed to be practicable,)—by the tempting offer of abundant riches, and the accomplishment of all their desires, during a certain period. It was a part of the system that the devils themselves had no power over the human race, and even that direct communication with mankind was not permitted them; their appointed place was in the regions of darkness, where they were forever bound, as in a prison from which they might not emerge. Their only means of betraying man was, therefore, through the well-meant agency of the Gnomes, with whom they were permitted to have communication.

The Rosicrucian sages conceived it to be one of the highest duties to assist their elemental friends and protégées in acquiring the immortality of happiness, for which they longed so eagerly, not only by promoting the indispensable cabalistic marriages, but also by religious instruction and example. The error of the Gnomes was, therefore, a source of great anxiety to these benevolent enthusiasts, and it was strictly enjoined upon them by their most eminent sages, to embrace every opportunity of explaining to their earthly friends and subjects, the true nature of their own being, the raptures of eternal life in Heaven, and the malice of their deceitful neighbors, the imprisoned demons. To this laudable end, they alleged it to be their practice frequently to call assemblies of the elemental races, and expound to them, by way of lecture, the doctrines and principles by which it behoved them to be governed; and we are assured that these discourses were listened to with the utmost docility, and an earnest disposition to be guided by the sacred truths therein conveyed. It was in this practice of the sages and their pupils, as we are assured by the cabalistic writers, that the superstitious notion of the 'Witches' Sabbath' had its origin,—at which all sorcerers, magicians, witches, and necromancers, were supposed to convene, for the purpose of rendering homage to the arch-fiend, who attended for the purpose of receiving the infernal honors to which he was entitled from his subjects.

Notwithstanding the piety, benevolence, and purity of life which the Rosicrucians claimed to be distinguishing features of their performance, as well as of their theory, they could not escape the prejudices of the ignorant and unenlightened multitude. By the churchmen they were branded as sorcerers and worshippers of the Prince of Darkness,—and it should seem that the opinions of the people were governed by the denunciations of their spiritual leaders.

Godefroy of Avignon relates, that 'the Sylphs, beholding with pity this lamentable blindness, and resolved to do away the silly prejudices of the multitude, seized upon many individuals, and having displayed to them the wonders of their kingdom, the beauty of their females, and the wisdom of their policy, conveyed them back to earth, in divers places, that they might there truly report what they had seen. But when the people beheld these men descending among them from the regions of the

air, they ran together, and being firmly persuaded that the strangers were malevolent sorcerers, come to scatter blight and pestilence over the land, they rushed upon them and put them to sudden death, without giving them even a moment's time to commend their souls to the mercy of their Creator. Many were cast into the flames,—others cut in pieces,—others again stoned: and it is incredible the number that were thus piteously slain throughout the kingdom. Nevertheless, a few escaped the murderous hands of their fellow beings, and the design of the prudent Sylphs was thus in part accomplished,—for it is well known that the reign of the wise Charlemagne was singularly fruitful in illustrious heroes and learned sages, whereby it manifestly appears, that the report of them who had been transported to the habitation of the Sylphs found credit, both with men and women, and that by the grace of God, many of these admirable beings were happily immortalized.' I.

A REMEMBRANCE.

'— Oh, who would cast
The undying hope away of memory born?
Hope of re-union, heart to heart, at last,
No restless doubt between, no ranking thorn?'

I SEE thee still! thou art not dead,
Though dust is mingling with thy form;
The broken sun-beam hath not shed
Its final rainbow on the storm:
In visions of the midnight deep,
Thine accents through my bosom thrill,
Till joy's fond impulse bids me weep,—
For, wrapt in thought, I see thee still!

I see thee still,—that cheek of rose,—
Those lips, with dewy fragrance wet,
That forehead in serene repose,—
Those soul-lit eyes,—I see them yet!
Sweet seraph! Sure, thou art not dead,—
Thou gracest still this earthly sphere,
An influence still is round me shed,
Like thine,—and yet thou art not here!

Thou art not here; and never more,
Beneath the pale and sombre sky,
Will thy dear songs around me pour
Their gush of holy melody;
Years may roll on, and Time may shed
Some casual lustre from his wing;
But my fair May of Love hath fled,
For Love hath but one golden spring!

Farewell, beloved! To mortal sight,
Thy vermeil cheek no more may bloom
No more thy smiles inspire delight,—
For thou art garnered in the tomb.
Rich harvest for that ruthless Power,
Which hath no bound to mar his will:—
Yet, as in hope's unclouded hour,
Throned in my heart, I see thee still!

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.

MINNESONG.

I.

In dem walde stze dene
Singen kleinu vogellin ;
An der heide blumen schone
Blujent gain des Meien schin.

LIEBTEINSTEIN.

In the wood the little birds
Warble sweet their roundelay ;
On the heath the pretty flowers
Blossom in the sheen of May.

MAY has come,—the woods are ringing ;
Clearer sounds the hunter's horn ;
Birds in every brake are singing ;
Yellow green the springing corn.

MAY has come,—in field and meadow
Starry bloom the virgin flowers :
Broad the maple flings its shadow ;
Snowy white the elder bowers,

Green the slope of yonder mountain,
Mellowed to a golden glow ;
Under feathery birch, the fountain
Sparkles in its gurgling flow.

Orchards redden,—crimson blushes,
Tremble o'er the apple boughs ;
There her young the robin hushes,
Still beside her trilling spouse.

Joy, on glittering pinions driven,
Gaily flits around, above ;
Glancing kindles earth and heaven ;
All is life, and light, and love.

II.

Vor dem walde, in einem tal,
Schone sank diu nachtegale.

VOGELWEIDE.

' Fore the wood, and in a dale,
Lovely sang the nightingale.

UNDER the willow, in a meadow,
Where the brook was running clear,
There was my pillow, dark in shadow,
Blossom and verdure springing near.
' Fore the wood, and in a dale,
Lovely sang the nightingale.

Silent reclining the willow under,
Just as evening faded away,
Sweetly shining, a heavenly wonder
Bent above me, as there I lay :
Light her form ; her face was pale,—
Lovely sang the nightingale.

Nymph of fountain, in dewy brightness
Rising from wave in vest of green ;
Dryad of mountain, with airy lightness,
Flitting around the huntress queen ;
All to that heavenly form must vail,
Smiling as sang the nightingale.

Then she addressed me,—‘O! why dost linger
Here in a world that chains thy will?’
Softly she pressed me with snowy finger,—
Pulse and beating heart were still.
Lovely sang, in the lonely dale,
Fainter and fainter, the nightingale,

III.

Ir wangen wurden rot,
Sam du rose, da si bi den lilien stat.

VOGELWEIDE.

Her cheeks grew red as the rose
That by the lily blows.

‘TAKE this garland for thy golden hair’—
So I spake unto a maiden fair,
Maid with eyes of love, like heaven’s own blue,
Thinnest veil of cloud soft shining through—
‘Take this garland,—’tis of earliest bloom,
Newly plucked, and filled with fresh perfume:
Had I jewel rare, and precious stone,
Gems of Ind, O! they were thine alone;
Costliest gift for thee were all too poor,—
Take this garland,—I can give no more.
Fairer flowers than these indeed I know;
On the lonely heath afar they blow;
There the violet peeps beside the spring,
Coily peeps, as loving linnets sing—
Go with me, and we will gather there,
Fairer, sweeter flowers to wreath thy hair.’
Baahfully the maid the garland took;
Like rewarded child, she blushed and shook:
Clearest red her cheek, as when the rose,
Dewy shene, behind the lily blows.
Low she bowed, and love-looks sparkled clear,
Under silken lashes, through a tear:
That was my reward,—O! there was one,
Holier far, my lips shall breathe to none.

New-Haven, (Con.)

P.

L I N E S .

LIFE wanes,—and the bright sun-light of our youth
Sets, o’er the mountain tops, where Hope once stood.
Oh, Innocence, oh Trustfulness, oh Truth,
Where are ye all?—white-handed sisterhood,
Who with me, on my way did walk along,
Singing sweet scraps of that immortal song
That’s known in Heaven, but hath no echo here.
Are ye departing?—fellows bright and dear,
Of the young spirit, when it first alights
Upon this coast of darkness and dismay?
Farewell, fair children of th’ Eternal Day,
Blossoms of that far land where fall no blights—
Sweet kindred of my exiled soul,—farewell!
Here I must wander, here ye may not dwell:
Back to your home, beyond the founts of light,
I see ye fly,—and I am wrapt in night.

Philadelphia, December, 1834.

F. A. B.

Lesson on Jordan's Travels.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

I MARVEL much that Americans,—we of the United States, I mean,—don't travel more over our own country. Every nook and corner of England and Scotland,—of France and Italy,—of Belgium and Germany, too,—are traveled over by hundreds of our young men, who know little or nothing of their Father-land, except the spot on which they were born,—the streets about them,—the fields within sight of their own domicile, or the road to college, and the road home. How can they check a blush, when asked in a foreign land, if they have seen the sheet, and heard the roar, of Niagara,—if they have been on the Natural Bridge,—at the Blowing Cave,—by the piles of rocks on the Blue Ridge, that the Potomac cleaves asunder,—on the peaks of the Alleghanies,—the blue lakes of the North,—the magnificent prairies, and boundless forests, of the West,—or if they have been borne on the yellow waves of the mighty Father of Waters? Indeed, it is the practice here with the young tourist, fresh from college, when pocketing his A. B. parchment, to make for a New-York packet,—and the first that you hear of the green lad, is, that he is in the streets of London, or on the Boulevards of Paris, or amid the awful ruins of 'the lone mother of dead empires,'—ignorant, perhaps, of the number of States of his own UNION,—ignorant of our Constitution, the operations of our own free government, our public men,—the character of our people,—of all that an American should know, when he hazards a foot-hold in another land, among a people eager in inquiry as to every thing that concerns us. Why this zeal in young Americans to rush abroad, before they look at home? The old world is grand, it is true,—but it is a worn-out world, as it were,—an old story, of whose every town, city, and village, chroniclers innumerable have written. Ours is new, fresh, and hence instructive and alluring,—a world that we cannot read of, and know, from books, but that we must see,—be in,—and travel over, in order to understand,—a world, too, in which we are to act our parts, as voters, as citizens, as rulers, and, in one sense, as arbiters of its destiny, too. How important, then, that we understand it all, and that we see it all! What book can give us the information we want? What American has written much of his own land? But who does not know much, if not all, about every town of importance in England, or in France? England is, in this respect, wiser than we are. She sends forth her swarms of travelers, 'to take their notes,'—and you meet them wheresoever you go, whether it be in the French settlements in the north-easternmost regions of Maine, beyond the verge of law, or on the snow-capped cliffs of the White Hills, or in the halls and galleries of the Capitol, in Washington; or in the far, far North-west, thence to wend their way down the bayous of the Mississippi. I like this in them,—blockheads though scores of them are,—smelling of this thing, and snuffing at that,—mousing here, and snivelling there,—ever scolding and fretting, now over a greasy dinner, anon, over a bad and dear bottle of wine,—swaggering magnificently, with pompous airs, as if our broad earth were not broad enough for their precious feet,—pronouncing this

'beastly,' and that 'unchristian,—as if, in a new country, out of the cities, all the refinements of life were to be expected! Nevertheless, they show a spirit of enterprise so kindred to ours, that they win attention;—and though I have met with them in almost all my many wanderings, yet I always like them for companions, whether they be beardless boys, or grave seniors: for if they be sensible men, their companionship is valuable, and if they be stupid beasts, to quote their own phrase, why, they are as useful as a Joe Miller,—a regular tickler to make one laugh and roar at their folly. I traveled with one once,—an excellent fellow, of the Byron and Shelley school,—excellent save his irreligion and infidelity,—whom I will not name, as he is yet among us,—who pronounced us all a canting, hypocritical, pious-pretending race, that made prayer the daily business of our lives;—and soon, in the same direction, I met with another, of the Dr. Fidler school, who was horrified at our want of religion,—the desecration of our churches,—and who was pleased to say, 'that, as he expected, without an established church, we had become a nation of infidels!' Excellent critics these, thought I, to instruct a people at home! How well their stories will tally! I took another of these travelers up the sublime valley of the Kanhawa, in Western Virginia,—and while with an exulting heart, I would show him burning springs, and toppling precipices, of terrible magnificence, cascades, caverns,—streams that ran in ravines, where only the noon-day sun touched the waters,—craggs where the eaglet trembled,—scenery as grand as earth can show,—as if here the earthquakes held their revelry to inspire and awe us,—why, all the man would do, would be, *to whistle*,—to hurry me off,—or, at the best, to pronounce it 'd——d fine!'—and then tell me of the clubs of London, and of the palaces here, and the palaces there,—as if these awful solitudes man could equal! The principles, too, of these gentry, change as they get into different latitudes. 'You a nation of freemen!' exclaimed one of these critics, with a contemptuous sneer, as we crossed some rich rice-lands near the Pedees, in South Carolina, where some jolly slaves, as sleek as Northern pigs, were waiting to take us into a ferry-boat, which they rowed, singing some Jim Crow song, and chiming most merrily, as they kept time to the stroke of their oars. I met my traveler again in the orderly streets of Boston, where excellent free schools make almost every American a prince, and there I heard the exclamation,—'What a vulgar government is this,—where negroes vote,—where such ragamuffins control affairs!'

But to return. If I had sway, I would make it the duty of every representative in Congress to travel over the country which his vote is ruling,—to survey its resources,—to study its capacities, feelings, and prejudices, and thus to understand its wants. How much ignorance would be then worn away! How the bands of union would be cemented! What fraternity of feeling would be the result! And such a journey would be delightful, too. I have never been abroad, over the Atlantic, and, therefore, I cannot undertake to speak by comparison:—but as an American,—as one who is to abide the weal or woe of my own country,—I had rather journey over our own wide domain, than visit the proudest courts, or the most gorgeous cities, of Europe. I think that I should be

better instructed,—better fitted to act the part of an American citizen. Preach to me as you may of magnificent ruins,—of the mighty achievements of genius and art,—of towns, of citadels, of antique battlements,—all are worth seeing, I grant :—but if I can visit but one land, I am sure I should feel more, and think more, in making a tour in the new world. My education would be better, for the sphere in which I am to act. I should have that within me, which would profit me more, amid the bustle and turmoil of our own active countrymen.

And *why*, you may ask ? Indeed, within the limited range of a modern article,—over which an American reader is expected to go with rail road velocity,—I can hardly *tell* why,—but I can *feel* why. There is no such scenery on earth, I verily believe, as ours. There is but one Niagara in its broad circumference. And then its glorious rivers, from the tumbling cataracts of high Northern latitudes, to the calm and beautiful Alabama,—the majestic Mississippi,—the golden waters of Missouri,—the placid, soft Ohio. And then, too, its lakes,—the vast inland seas, where flocks can ride,—its forests, alive with songsters of almost every note, and every feather,—of trees of every cast and hue,—and, if seen in the frosts of Autumn, beyond the power of pencil to paint,—mocking the skill of man,—rivaling the rich sunset on the bosom of the western clouds, and making a very paradise of earth ! And then its boundless prairies,—its savannahs,—its vast havens, on which beat the waves of the ocean with their sullen roar,—and its still solitudes, where man feels as if he really were alone with the Indian,—the wild, unapproached, and almost unapproachable Indian, in his savage dignity,—painted and decked for war,—fiery-red,—with his armor on, ‘snorting for battle,’ as it were :—and then again its noisy cities, where men crowd, and rush, as if the spot of earth on which they were, was their only spot,—cities now vying in business with the older cities of Europe, but yet in the gristle—in their swaddling clothes, as it were—by and by to become the London of the Western World ! What a variety of view is this,—how rich in speculation, in thought—how admirably calculated to warm the imagination, and to give feeling and imagery ! Of all the European travellers, Chateaubriand alone has done us justice, with his eloquent and touching pen. Enthusiastic himself, he reflected the enthusiasm of the scene. But he visited us a half century too soon. He lost the delicious sensation of a happy contrast of what is wild in nature, with what is important in art. Talk not then of Europe as the only land worth a journey over. Its *past* we may reverence, and admire. There is sublimity in it. But the *future* of our own country,—who dare set its metes, and bounds ? Who will trace it out ? Sublime, is but a feeble word for the destiny that awaits it.

I know the risk I run of ridicule from many an Englishman, who reads such an article as this,—the cold contemptuous sneer,—the incredulity,—the boisterous laugh, it may be, of ignorant sarcasm. But, in reply, I have only to say, that if there is any well educated American as ignorant of the government of Great Britain, her resources, her products, her geography, aye, the very pedigrees of her nobility, as nine-tenths of the well educated Englishmen are of the United States, he would not, with

us be considered a proper teacher, even of a common school. But few Englishmen know whether we have thirteen States, or twenty-four. How often do we read in English newspapers of 'the *State* of Philadelphia,' or some such ludicrous blunder? How often do we see them perverting our Constitution, and urging upon the Federal Government things beyond its power to accomplish? How often do we see them commit the most laughable errors about our resources, our means of improvement, our public men? And yet Englishmen,—men who aspire to be statesmen, too,—are thus ignorant of a people, whose navy is now rapidly advancing to an equality with their own,—whose flag floats on every sea,—whose commerce is in almost every port,—who are the great recipients of her trade;—a people, too, bordering upon Upper and Lower Canada, and upon New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where England has empires in embryo, about which she seems to be utterly indifferent! Why, such ignorance of a foreign power, under such circumstances, would be a disgrace to the pettiest politician that fulminates his little thunder—not in our forum—but in the tap-room, or on the stump.

What nation presents such a spectacle as ours, of a confederated government,—so complicated, so full of checks and balances,—over such a vast extent of territory,—with so many varied interests, and yet moving so harmoniously! I go within the walls of the capitol at Washington, and there, under the star-spangled banners that wave amid its domes, I find the representatives of three territories, and of twenty four nations,—nations in many senses they may be called,—that have within them all the germ and sinew to raise a greater people than many of the proud principalities of Europe,—all speaking one language,—all acting with one heart, and all burning with the same enthusiasm,—the love and glory of our common country,—even if parties do exist, and bitter domestic quarrels now and then arise. I take my map, and I mark from whence they come. What a breadth of latitude, and of longitude, too,—in the fairest portion of North America! What a variety of climate,—and then what a variety of production! What a stretch of sea-coast, on two oceans,—with harbors enough for all the commerce of the world! What an immense national domain, surveyed, and unsurveyed, of extinguished, and unextinguished Indian titles, within the States and Territories, and without, estimated, in the aggregate, to be 1,090,871,753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of \$1,363,589,69,—750,000,000 acres of which are without the bounds of the States and the territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union! Our annual revenue, now, from the sales, is over three millions of dollars. Our national debt, too, is nearly, or quite extinguished,—and yet within fifty-eight years, starting with a population of about three millions, we have fought the War of Independence,—again not ingloriously struggled with the greatest naval power in the world, fresh with laurels won on sea and land,—and now we have a population of over thirteen millions of souls. One cannot feel the grandeur of our Republic, unless he surveys it in detail. For example, a Senator in Congress, from Louisiana, has just arrived in Washington. Twenty days of his journey he passed in a steam-boat on inland waters,—moving not so rapidly, perhaps, as other

steam-boats sometimes move, in deeper waters.—but constantly moving, at a quick pace too, day and night. I never shall forget the rapture of a traveler, who left the green parks of New Orleans early in March,—that land of the orange and the olive, then teeming with verdure, freshness and life, and, as it were, mocking him with the mid-summer of his own northern home. He journeyed leisurely toward the region of ice and snow, to watch the budding of the young flowers, and to catch the breezes of the Spring. He crossed the Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgue: he ascended the big Tombeckbee in a comfortable steam-boat. From Tuscaloosa, he shot athwart the wilds of Alabama, over Indian grounds, that bloody battles have rendered ever memorable. He traversed Georgia, the Carolinas, ranged along the base of the mountains of Virginia,—and for three months and more, he enjoyed one perpetual, one unvarying, ever-coming spring,—that most delicious season of the year,—till, by the middle of June, he found himself in the fogs of the Passamaquoddy, where tardy summer was even then hesitating whether it was time to come. And yet he had not been off the soil of his own country! The flag that he saw on the summit of the fortress, on the lakes near New Orleans, was the like of that which floated from the staff on the hills of Fort Sullivan, in the easternmost extremity of Maine:—and the morning gun that startled his slumbers, among the rocky battlements that defy the wild tides of the Bay of Fundy, was not answered till many minutes after, on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps, the embankments, the cane-brakes of the Father of Waters, on whose muddy banks the croaking alligator displayed his ponderous jaws,—the cotton-fields, the rice-grounds of the low southern country,—and the vast fields of wheat and corn in the region of the mountains, were far, far behind him:—and he was now, in a Hyperborean land, where nature wore a rough and surly aspect, and a cold soil and a cold clime, drove man to launch his bark upon the ocean, to dare wind and wave, and to seek from the deep, in fisheries, and from freights, the treasures his own home will not give him. Indeed, such a journey as this, in one's own country, to an inquisitive mind, is worth all 'the tours of Europe.' If a young American, then, wishes to feel the full importance of an American Congress, let him make some such journey. Let him stand on the levee at New Orleans, and count the number and the tiers of American vessels that there lie, four, five, and six thick, on its long embankment. Let him hear the puff, puff, puff, of the high-pressure steam-boats, that come sweeping in almost every hour, perhaps from a port two thousand miles off,—from the then frozen winter of the North, to the still burning summer of the South,—all inland navigation,—fleets of them under his eye,—splendid boats, too, many of them, as the world can show,—with elegant rooms, neat births, spacious saloons, and a costly piano, it may be,—so that travelers of both sexes can dance or sing their way to Louisville, as if they were on a party of pleasure. Let him survey all these, as they come in with products from the Red River, twelve hundred miles in one direction, or from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, two thousand miles in another direction,—from the Western tributaries of the vast Mississippi, the thickets of the Arkansas, or White River,—

from the muddy, far-reaching Missouri, and its hundreds of branches :— and then in the east, from the Illinois, the Ohio, and its numerous tributaries,—such as the Tennessee, the Cumberland, or the meanest of which, such as the Sandy River, on the borders of Kentucky,—that will in a fresh, fret, and roar, and dash, as if it were the Father of Floods, till it sinks into nothing, when embosomed in the greater stream, and there acknowledges its own insignificance. Let him see ‘the Broad Horns,’ the adventurous flat-boats, of western waters, on which—frail bark !—the daring backwoodsman sallies forth from the Wabash, or rivers hundreds of miles above, on a voyage of atlantic distance, with hogs, horses, oxen, and cattle of all kinds on board,—corn, flour, wheat, all the products of rich western lands,—and let him see them, too, as he stems the strong current of the Mississippi, as if the wood on which he floated was realising the fable of the Nymphs of Ida,—goddesses, instead of pines. Take the young traveler where the clear, silvery waters of the Ohio become tinged with the mud from the Missouri, and where the currents of the mighty rivers run apart for miles, as if indignant at the strange embrace. Ascend with him, farther, to St. Louis, where, if he looks upon the map, he will find that he is about as near the east as the west, and that soon, the emigrant, who is borne on the wave of population that now beats at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and anon will overleap its summits, will speak of him as he now speaks of New England, as far in the east. And then tell him, that far West as he is, he is but at the beginning of steam navigation,—that the Mississippi itself is navigable six or seven hundred miles upward, and that steam-boats have actually gone on the Missouri two thousand one hundred miles above its mouth, and that they *can go*, five hundred miles farther still ! Take him, then, from this land, where the woodsman is leveling the forests every hour, across the rich prairies of Illinois, where civilization is throwing up towns and villages, pointed with the spire of the church, and adorned with the college and the school,—then athwart the flourishing fields of Indiana, to Cincinnati,—well called ‘the Queen of the West,’—a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, with paved streets, numerous churches, flourishing manufactories, and an intelligent society too,—and this in a State with a million of souls in it now, that has undertaken gigantic public works,—where the fierce savages, even within the memory of the young men, made the hearts of their parents quake with fear,—roaming over the forests, as they did, in unbridled triumph,—wielding the tomahawk in terror, and ringing the war-whoop, like Demons of Vengeance let loose from below ! Show him our immense inland seas, from Green Bay to Lake Ontario,—not inconsiderable oceans,—encompassed with fertile fields. Show him the public works of the Empire State, as well as those of Pennsylvania,—works the wonder of the world,—such as no people in modern times have ever equalled. And then introduce him to the busy, humming, thriving, population of New England, from the green mountains of Vermont, the Switzerland of America, to the northern lakes and wide sea-coast of Maine. Show him the industry, energy, skill, and ingenuity of these hardy people, who let not a rivulet run, nor a puff of wind blow, without turning it to some account,—who mingle in every thing, speculate in

every thing, and dare every thing, wherever a cent of money is to be earned,—whose lumbermen are found, not only in the deepest woods of the snowy and fearful wilds of Maine, throwing up saw-mills on the lone waterfalls, and making the woods ring with their hissing music,—but found, too, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and coming also on mighty rafts of deal from every eastern tributary of the wild St. John, the Meduxnekeag and Aroostook—streams whose names geographers hardly know. And then too, as if this were not enough, they turn their enterprise, and form companies ‘to log and lumber’ even on the Ocmulgee and Oconee, of the State of Georgia,—and on this day they are actually found in the Floridas, there planning similar schemes, and as there are there no waterfalls, making steam impel their saws. Show him the banks of the Penobscot, now studded with superb villages,—jewels of places, that have sprung up like magic,—the magnificent military road that leads to the United States’ Garrison at Houlton, a fairy spot in the wilderness, but approached by as excellent a road as the United States can boast of. Show him the hundreds and hundreds of coasters that run up every creek and inlet of tide water there, at times left high and dry, as if the ocean would never float them more: and then lift him above considerations of a mercenary character, and show him how New-England men are perpetuating their high character and holy love of liberty,—and how, by neat and elegant churches, that adorn every village;—by comfortable school-houses, that appear every two miles, or oftener, upon almost every road, free for every body,—high-born, and low-born,—by academies and colleges, that thicken even to an inconvenience; by asylums and institutions, munificently endowed, for the benefit of the poor:—and see, too, with what generous pride their bosoms swell when they go within the consecrated walls of Faneuil Hall, or point out the heights of Bunker Hill, or speak of Concord, or Lexington. Give any young man such a tour as this,—the best he can make,—and I am sure his heart will beat quick, when he sees the proud spectacle of the assembling of the representatives of all these people, and all these interests, within a single hall. He will more and more revere the residue of those revolutionary patriots, who not only left us such a heritage, won by their sufferings and their blood, but such a constitution,—such a government here in Washington, regulating all our national concerns,—but who have also, in effect, left for us twenty-four other governments, with territory enough to double them by and by,—that regulate all the minor concerns of the people, acting within their own sphere,—now, in the winter, assembling within their various capitols, from Jefferson city, on the Missouri, to Augusta, on the Kennebec,—from the capitol on the Hudson, to the government house on the Mississippi. Show me a spectacle more glorious, more encouraging, than this, even in the pages of all history,—such a constellation of free States, with no public force, but public opinion,—moving by well-regulated law, each in its own proper orbit, around the brighter star in Washington,—thus realizing, as it were, on earth, almost practically, the beautiful display of infinite wisdom, that fixed the sun in the centre, and sent the revolving planets on their errands. God grant it may end as with them!

I cannot, of course, in such a sketch as this, group together the statistics of our public works, the wonderful advance of our population, of our commerce, of our manufactures, or enter into the particulars of all we have done, within half a century. An excellent article, in statistical prose, free from the running sentences I have given,—in which I have attempted to be graphic and racy, so as to make young Americans think *home* is worth seeing,—might be written. But, after all, it is difficult to be very prosaic in describing such a country as ours. Think,—if a prophet, but thirty years ago, had predicted only the half that has happened, lucky would he have been to escape the asylum for lunatics. Jefferson mourned over a journey from Monticello to Philadelphia, as a fearful undertaking. Mount Vernon and Bunker Hill were as far apart, in the days of Washington, as the jumping-off rock in Eastport, (Maine,) and Augusta, (Georgia,) now are. The Mississippi boatman, who was thirty or forty days in going over a distance he now goes in six, can now hardly believe that he *is* the man he *was*. The steam-boat, and the steam-horse, are the miracle-workers of our day. But, then, enterprise and labor have done their wonders, too. 'The Erie Canal! What an achievement for a young people! The Chesapeake and Ohio canal, too! Go over it, and see how labor has wrought with mountain rocks, and torn them from their beds, and dashed them aside, as if with the power of Milton's demons. See the fire-horse, with long trains of cars, careering through the air, over rivers, and pathless swamps, from Charleston, South-Carolina, to Hamburg, on the Savannah. Take but the unfinished rail-road from Boston to Providence, and see the rocks that have been cleft asunder, the mountains of dirt thrown up,—the track now through caverns, and anon over a massive bridge of mason-work, that almost staggers human faith to believe it *has been done*. And then mark what enterprise is planning, and will execute, too. Why, rail-road tracks are projecting in all directions, from New-Orleans to Nashville, in the South, and from Quebec to Portland, in the North. No enterprise staggers us. Nothing appals us. No hazard too great to be run. Ingenuity is racked to the utmost. Every body is awake, and wide awake. Society seems to be in a whirl. There is, as it were, an atmospheric maelstrom all about us. We talk in a hurry. We walk in a hurry. We make love in a hurry, and are married in a hurry. We eat, drink, sleep, and die in a hurry, and, alas! are buried in a hurry. Every thing is on the high pressure principle.

No doubt such a state of fermentation, in any society, has its advantages and its disadvantages. How much better is it, than the condition of the Lazaroni, or the beggarly population of England or Ireland, of which we know little or nothing, but as it is thrown upon our shores,—a people that have long ago passed through one state of fermentation, and are now in a condition infinitely worse. It is one of the advantages of our free institutions, that they give society such a stimulus. Our politics, even with all their bitterness and occasional outbreaks, do us much good. They teach us that no man is *above* the influence of public opinion,—and they also teach each man the responsibility he takes in forming it. They raise up the humble, and rank them with the proud. They stimulate in

the bosoms of all, the ambition to advance,—or, to ‘GO AHEAD,’—to use a phrase better descriptive of the thing itself. The political cauldron that is always boiling in such a government as ours, throws up on the surface of society many men of strong minds, and high purposes: and though often,—too often, it may be,—the very seethings of the cauldron will come up, too, yet in a moment of calm, they sink to their proper level, while what is good remains. Death, too, is a great leveler among us,—and if it would not be impious, I would add, the severest of all Republicans. The family whom overgrown wealth was making proud to-day, death cuts up to-morrow,—dividing its inheritance, scattering its members, and often robbing of its natal soil. The incipient aristocracy is thus nipped in the bud. The wealth of a Girard is instantly divided among many persons; and as men will not act without a stimulus, the descendants of a Girard, if any he had, might in a few years become the *protégés* of those whom a Girard had made. How remarkable the fact, all over this country, that wealth seldom runs long in the same line, but that the heritage is rather a curse than a blessing for the children: and how remarkable the other fact, too, that almost all the large holders of property are the makers of their own fortunes,—men who have earned it with their own hands, and by their own struggles. The poor are ever coming upward, and the rich are ever going downward. Such is the effect of this fermentation,—as I have called it,—such the stimulus of free institutions, and the operation of our laws of inheritance. But then, again, we must open our eyes the wider to the disadvantages of such a state of things, so as to check and improve them. We must not forget, that it generates an inordinate thirst for office, and often a daring and reckless ambition,—that it makes wealth the god of thousands,—engulphs them in its pursuit, and often throws into the distance the man of genius, and the achievements of Literature, Art, and Science. Thus politics and money-making engross the talents of the country: and thus Literature is kept at a partial stand,—when, in a free country, men of learning, and men of genius, whose efforts stamp the age, and refine its manners, ought to be, if not the first, among the first. This, we must use our efforts to counteract. Genius must be won from the ranks of political combatants. The sparks of poetical fire that blaze in the columns of the partisan press, must kindle up the pages of the Muse. Haughty, dictatorial, pampered wealth, that frowns upon genius, must receive the lash of genius. Men of property must be made to see that their true glory consists in encouraging the arts, the sciences, the achievements of the pen or pencil. Above all, the schoolmaster must go abroad more and more. Education, universal education,—not little, but much,—free schools, popular clubs, literary newspapers, and periodicals, must be cherished. Literary men must respect themselves, and speak loud and strong,—and when they sell their labors, not sell themselves. A vast amount of talent we have at command, if it can be united and combined. Our newspapers often show it,—our periodicals show it. It is a remarkable fact, that our political literature,—the only kind which this country has *really* patronised,—has ever been unrivaled by any nation on the earth. The State Papers of the

Revolution, did almost, if not quite, as much for us, as our soldiery. The best diplomatists of Europe have confessed their power, and paid us the tribute,—and sure I am, that in this respect we have not degenerated.

But I must begin to shorten this article. My only object has been to awaken in the young American a love for *his own land*,—to fix his eyes and his thoughts *here*. With the same strength that we develop our national resources, we must develop the moral and intellectual energies among us. There is great danger that such a busy, practical people, will forget that they have hearts and souls. There is danger, too, that such a moving, journeying people, will lose their attachments to home,—their love for the rocks, and hills, and valleys, that their eyes first saw. Home, *home*, HOME,—is the sentiment that we need to cherish. Our country must be our idol, if idols we have. Next to the preservation of liberty, is the preservation of the Union,—and this, in a territory so vast, can only be effected, but by an interchange of feelings, by intercommunications, by forming friends, and making visits, all over our wide domain. We must know, and understand each other, in order to love each other. We must see with our own eyes what a glorious heritage our fathers have bequeathed us, before we can appreciate its value. Dangers threaten us, above all other people,—and such dangers as only high patriotism, and pure affection, can overcome. We have not achieved our independence yet. Washington and his compatriots gave us freedom. Our own industry has liberated us from a servile dependence upon foreign skill and foreign artisans,—and now we want a LITERARY FREEDOM,—the independence to think, write, and criticise for ourselves,—not driving our scholars abroad to acquire a reputation at home, and then reflecting at home the little light of foreign glow-worms from abroad. We want local attachments, too,—then a national, but not a mobbish pride,—a just sense of our own importance, and the proper contempt that follows, of course, for all the criticisms of tenth-rate travelers, whom foreign nations are throwing upon our shores. Local attachments, I repeat, we want; for such are our temptations to wander, that we often forget we ever had a home. Why, I have seen the emigrant from North or South Carolina, who had exhausted the fertility of the soil on which he was born, with his droves of negroes, demolishing the forests on the Coosa and Tallapoosa of Alabama; and when he had girdled the trees, and exhausted this soil, pushing yet farther, and acting over the same desolation in Mississippi; and again, when he was weary of this, ascending the Red River, to try his process of exhaustion on the rich alluvial bottoms of that fertile stream,—forgetful of home, forgetful of kindred, forgetful of those high and holy associations that at times raise us to the estate of angels. Nothing is worse for a people,—nothing more detrimental to a proper sentiment, and a proper patriotism. Of all our people, the New Englanders and the Virginians have the strongest local attachments,—and this, in many respects, makes them a peculiar people. Never did you see a New-Englander, I care not where, who did not glory in the land of his boyhood, and cherish, with the highest affection, the remembrance of the hills and fields that he sported over in his sprightlier days. So in Virginia. It is all ‘Virginia,’ ‘Old Virginia,’ with

every Virginian. No paradise on earth equals, in his eye, the valleys of the Blue Ridge, the banks of James' River, or the cliffs and pinnacles of the Alleghanies. Such men have that within them which is a pledge of patriotism: and it is a remarkable fact,—which I account for principally upon this, but partially upon other grounds,—that New-England and Virginia,—though Virginia is not now what she was in the days of her glory,—have given to our national councils as many, or more, public men, than all the States of the Union together. All people need a sentiment. Glory is the passion of the French, and glory has led the French arms to the capitals of almost every kingdom in Europe. Mount Vernon is holy ground, that makes every Virginian's heart exult. Bunker Hill is a pillar of fire for the rising generation around it. The youth who look upon them, cannot be false to themselves, or false to their country. We are wonderfully influenced by associations, and by what meets the eye,—especially if time and history have consecrated it. Sentiment, national sentiment, does more for a nation's weal or woe, than many imagine. It even forms the politics and religion of a people, for years and years. Hence, then, another duty that we have laid on our hands,—and that is, to elevate and refine public feeling, by associations, by lectures, by lyceums, and in every practicable manner, so as to give society a tone and a character, and so as to combat the physical and lower tendencies of the day. There is an atmosphere encompassing every circle, either light or lurid, just in proportion to the splendor of the minds that sparkle within it. There is a sympathetic link in the chain of social intercourse, that vibrates well or ill, whenever it is touched. The tone of a whole society may be compared to the winds that float through an *Æolian Harp*. If but a summer breeze plays upon its strings, it is like the melodious notes that sprang from Memnon's statue, when touched by the rays of the morning sun. But if the rude and gusty storm runs roughly over the chords, it flings off notes harsh and discordant. See, then, the duty of the American. BUT TUNE SOCIETY, AND IT WILL POUR FORTH MELODIES FROM A THOUSAND STRINGS.

Washington, December, 1834.

A THOUGHT.

THEY say that Hope is happiness,—
 But genuine love must prize the Past;
 And Memory wakes rich thoughts, that bless,—
 They rose the first,—they set the last.
 And all that Memory loves the most,
 Was once our only hope to be,—
 And all that Hope adored and lost
 Hath melted into Memory.

LEAVES FROM AN ÆRONAUT.

'But in Man's dwellings, he became a thing,
Restless, and worn, and stern, and wearisome;
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon, with clipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home.'

BYRON.

I HAVE realized one of the dreams of my youth, and gratified the strongest aspirations that ever agitated my manhood. I look back with a kind of intoxicating bewilderment upon the perils I have encountered, and the fears I have subdued;—for, to me, the memory of excitement, is excitement still.

My early days were passed in a village in the country. I first opened my eyes to the light, near the banks of the Hudson; and my juvenile hours were full of the most flighty visions. I always had a very ærial imagination. Any thing in *motion* always had for me a peculiar charm. I shall never forget the delight I experienced in seeing the doves fly from their shelter in the end of my father's carriage-house. They would alight, and poise themselves for a moment on the eaves, turn their bright necks in the sunlight, pour forth a few reedy murmurs, and then launch out upon the bosom of the air. Often, in the fulness of youthful desire, have I felt ready to say,—

'— Oh, for thy wings! thou dove,
Now sailing by, with sunshine on thy breast,
Thou thing of joy and love,—
That I might soar away, and be at rest!'

My school-bench commanded a view of a long and distant range of the Catskills, lifting their tall summits aloft, 'and printing their bold outlines against the sky.' How did I love to watch the evening clouds as they drave before the summer gale, along those gigantic tumuli of blue, in throngs of gold and purple,—magnificent wastage, of rack undislimed! My ardent fancy peopled them with fairy inhabitants. Sometimes, castles and cities seemed rising from them,—groves nodded in beauty,—and sometimes there would seem to spring up from their midst a mighty rock, 'o'erhanging as it rose, impossible to climb.' I used to think how those misty peaks of cloud could be surmounted, and was wont to muse and dream over my shut arithmetic, until I thought myself among them.

With my years, this soaring passion increased within me. I constructed large paper kites, and sent them out of sight, at the end of some thousand yards of twine,—procured by the outlay of every cent of my pocket-money for holidays. My heart bounded with every movement of those bird-like objects. Finally, I constructed one of linen, nearly six feet long; and, considering the shape of a kite, proportionably wide. I had conceived the idea of sending up a *cat* at the end of it, suspended a few feet from the paper tail. One gusty afternoon in autumn, I attempted the enterprise. Taking the kite on the terrace of my father's house, with the cat tied to a chair, I arranged my large spindle of almost interminable twine, and perfected my arrangements. I secured the affectionate old grimal-kin to the cord, and attached it to the kite, which I had much ado to hold

steadily in my hand, for the violence of the gale. Swinging the affair over the ballustrade, I let the small windlass slowly unrol with my left hand, while with my right I held the cat by the soft velvet strap which I had tied around her body, just behind her fore-legs.

The kite was now moving slowly upwards, and puss was purring most cordially,—her custom always of an afternoon. As soon as the kite rose above the garden trees, it felt the full press of the wind, and rushed upward like an arrow. At this juncture, my venerable tabby was lifted from the chair where she stood in unsuspecting quietude, and went dangling off, zenith-ward. As I heard her hysterical *yowlings* grow fainter and fainter, and saw her feline corporation fading into indistinctness on the edge of a cloud, I came to the conclusion that I had performed one of the greatest achievements ever consummated by man. That curious, Yankee-like Ancient, who stumped about, crying *Eureka!* on making his great discovery, could not have enjoyed himself more, in that paroxysm of rapture, than I did when I heard and saw that old puss, squalling her way into ether. When the twine had completely unrolled, she was entirely out of sight, among the clouds. I tied my string to the ballustrade, and let the poor old quadruped remain *in nubibus*, by the space of three hours, when I wound her down, wet and shivering. Her large green eyes were dilated with fear, and their sockets looked as if they would soon have had,—to use the boarding-school phrase,—a vacancy for pupils.

But this adventure did not satisfy my ambition. I wished to be, *personally*, in the air. The blue fields above me looked ever to my eye, like the abodes of beauty and peace. One afternoon, about this period, I gave notice to my school-mates, that I would treat them to a specimen of 'the art of sinking,' from the roof of the village academy,—a stone edifice, five stories high. Choosing a breezy day, and having each hand occupied with a large umbrella, made for the occasion, I stalked gingerly out of the dormer window of the cupola, and walking, to the end of the roof, looked down upon a whole green-full of spectators. I had experimented, previously, as an *amateur*, from divers heights, without injury. Getting a little dizzy, I opened my umbrellas, and made the spring. I descended with a decent slowness at first, but the operation of gravity upon me, after I passed the second story, was too strong for breath, or comfort. I struck the ground with force enough to cut my tongue desperately between my teeth,—for I suppose I was about to say something in the ejaculative way,—and to be jarred into a state of feeling like that of a glass of jelly,—allowing that article to have the capacity of sensation. I rose to my feet, laughing as if the exploit were a fine one, and I delighted,—but, at the same time, with my mouth full of blood.

The memory of this feat was only a stimulant to the prosecution of others. But science now began to lend her influence and aid to my longings. One part of my academical studies was chemistry. I listened to the lectures of the Principal with a pleasurable wonder, which I cannot describe. The best portions of the course were the evenings set apart for *experiments*. One circumstance tended to render them peculiarly attractive. My heart, about this time, became touched with the

living fervors of the tender passion. The object of my regard was a lovely creature, only seventeen years of age. Sweet Sophia Howard! She is one whom I remember as a perfect beauty, if one ever lived. How richly the golden hair disparted on her calm forehead, and lay in silken waves upon her rosy cheek! There was a light in her clear, hazel eye, that used to fill me with a kind of dreamy transport, which no time can annul.

In some of the lectures, the lights were extinguished, for the purpose of showing the effects of phosphorus. On such occasions, how great was the change of places among the students! Every young lover hied to his mistress' side,—for all the refined young ladies of the village attended,—and many were the kisses exchanged in the darkness, then! With my Sophia near me, I was supremely comfortable. We watched the marks and letters of flame as they played on the wall, and heard the lecturer talking in his obscurity,—‘but our hearts were elsewhere!’ Ah, good gracious!—those were happy days! But I rhapsodise.

The study of chemistry interested me beyond any other. It seems *so supernatural*, in many respects, to the half-initiated, that it is very difficult to believe that an unearthly agency is not exerted, in its results and combinations. It always reminded me of the tales of wonder and enchantment, and the *diablerie* of Faust, Monk Lewis, and other Satanic intellects. By degrees, the study became to me a passion. What with that, and love, I was well nigh distraught. Finally, after a good deal of thought upon the subject, and a careful estimate of my chances of prosperity in any other pursuit, I resolved to become a chemist by profession.

As soon as I had made up my mind, I came to the city to continue the study. I pressed forward in my career with unabated ardor. In the course of my researches on the subject of gases, I encountered some histories of *Æronauts*. They acted upon my imagination as a spark of fire would on a nitrous train,—they kindled it into a blaze. With what enthusiasm did I pore over the recorded experiments and doubts of Cavallo and the Montgolfiers,—of Charles, and d’Arlandes! I resolved at some future time, and that not remote, to try *my* silken sphere in the sky,—and to live, in fame, with those bold adventurers of Paris and Avignon.

This era of my life was one of unmingled enjoyment. My charming Sophia passed her winters with her relations in town; and our evenings were, of course, mutually shared. In her society, music and beauty warmed me into rapture; and when the summer called her and her gentle cousins of the city to her rural home, I used to feel like a hermit. Then my thoughts would revert to chemistry with increased earnestness. The goodness of my father enabled me to surprise my friends with a superb store, and I conducted it with brilliant and unexpected success.

Practical chemistry is a severe calling,—and I was only a superintendent of my establishment. I had faithful and competent subordinates for all the details, which left me nearly one half of my time to spend at leisure, with men of science and letters. The inspiration thus acquired, all tended, to one point,—my ultimate ascension. There was not a day

in the year, in which the thoughts of it were absent from my mind. Occasional notices of ascensions abroad, which met my eye among the foreign quotations, served only to fan the flame.

One bright morning in June, as I was passing along Maiden Lane, I saw a piece of light-colored silk, at the door of a fashionable shop. I stepped up to examine it. The quality was of uncommon excellence. It was light, but very firm. Here, thought I, is the *matériel* for my balloon. I entered, asked the price, and found that the shop-keeper had several pieces of precisely the same quality. I purchased them at once, and leaving my address, walked home as if on air. I had made the primary movement in my enterprise, and I felt that it would not be long, ere I should cease to be one of the 'undistinguished many.' I was determined to make some sensation in the world; to rise superior to that large number, each of whom is only famous for counting one, in a general census,—but to preserve a strict *incognito* until the time arrived, when I should blaze upon the public like a stray comet.

My intimacy with scientific gentlemen was of much service to me; although I do not imagine that a close knowledge of men and things will add much to one's self-confidence. My acquaintance with the science by which I expected to rise, was by no means complete, and perhaps my limited attainments inspired me with vigor to trample with a firm and resolute step, upon every obstacle that might interpose to prevent my flight. The mystery of the aeronaut was of no very remote introduction in the country; and though I had witnessed one or two ascensions, and conversed with the aeronauts, as to the details of their efforts, yet I found myself unable properly to comprehend them. They were of transatlantic origin, and after one or two voyages aloft, generally returned whence they came,—each bearing with him the marvellous *aerostat*, that he had brought from foreign lands. Books, therefore, and my own judgment, supplied my deficiency in practical knowledge, and my soaring resolution daily grew stronger and stronger.

At this period, I surveyed the heavens by night and day, with an intensity of interest. There swelled that broad blue theatre, among whose cloudy curtains I was yet to rise; there, were the empires of the imagination; from thence came light, enveloped in heat; and there, was the *source of life*. There the sun 'looked from his sole dominion like a God,' sowing the earth with his vital smile; from that endless vault came the subtle, invisible, and mystic fluid, which pervades the globe,—ubiquitous in its principle—resistless in its power. There, the tremulous stars sang together,—there, the Thunderer lifted his voice,—there, the meteor streamed its horrid hair; and from thence, the moon poured her religious lustre on the earth, blending her rays with the sweet influences of Orion and the Pleiades,—of Arcturus and his sons.

I never prided myself much on my weather-wisdom; and the atmospheric phenomena or changes of the seasons seldom occupied much of my attention. But now, as I meditated an early voyage, I began to compare a few old almanacs together, to ascertain the mildest part of the season. Whether the comparison was accidental or not, I am unable to tell; but I found that the early days of September had been for many

years previous, remarkably clear and calm. Presuming on the continuance of such weather, I fixed upon the first part of that approaching month for my aerial début. The sequel proved that my ratiocination was at fault. I looked for a day such as we sometimes experience after the fervors of the solstice,—when the sky appears palpable, and you can see the downy beard of the thistle, gradually moving through its depths, as if empowered to make its way, fast or slow, by inherent volition. But there is such a thing as a premature equinox,—and in dry weather all signs fail.

Not a week now passed, without finding me in the possession of some new materials, all tending to the ultimate object. My nights, instead of sleep, gave me visionary slumbers,—fitful passages of repose, which made my waking hours seem like the fragments of a dream. I felt like one rapt,—inspired. I shunned all company,—I neglected my affectionate Sophia's correspondence from the country. In fine, I was half demented,—perhaps a monolithiac,—a fool on one point. But there was method in my mood. I had a determinate purpose in my mind, where every energy centered.

About a month before the time, I sent a confidential notice to an editor of one of the journals, requesting him to observe in his original department, that, early in September, a young American would make his first ascension in a balloon from Castle Garden, and that due information would be given of the day on which the event would take place. The article appeared, and went the rounds. I immediately sent a paper, and wrote to Sophia Howard and her brother, giving her the intelligence that the aeronaut was a friend of hers, whom we both knew, and requesting the brother to accompany the family to the city in the steam-boat, on the Saturday evening previous to the ascension,—the time of which I promised to communicate as soon as definitely known. I had the satisfaction of receiving a compliance with my request, and a thousand questions from Sophia, concerning 'the intrepid young gentleman, who was about to leave the world in so singular a manner.'

I kept my secret, and perfected my arrangements. Long before the day selected for my enterprise, my balloon was made, and folded, according to the forms I had seen; the netting, iron, oil of vitriol, barometer, vessels,—all the apparatus, prepared; even the ice was engaged, with which the conductors were to be cooled. I had proceeded with the utmost caution; and the proximity of the wished-for, yet dreaded, time, occupied almost every thought. Gas and love divided my intellect between them. My scientific confederates were all sworn to be *num* about my name; the newspapers announced the day, and 'keen the wonder grew.'

At the time specified, my friends came. The expected voyage was then a town's talk, and I had much ado to keep my counsel from Sophia. An evening or two after her arrival, on visiting her with my accustomed punctuality, I found her beautiful eyes filled with tears. I asked the cause. She handed me one of the evening journals. It announced *my name* as that of the aeronaut who was about to make his perilous venture.

Sophia implored me to say that it was erroneous, and thus remove her misery.

For a moment I was utterly unmanned. The tears of a lovely being, who had never before met me but with a smile, and whom I adored so tenderly, were too much for me. I hesitated a little,—but *Truth* was my counsellor: I knew that some of my confidants must have ‘*blabbed*,’ and I owned that the statement was veritable.

I will not describe the scene that ensued. Had not my *unusual* eloquence succeeded in explaining to her the comparative safety of the attempt, and in soothing her fears, I would have flung a thousand balloons to the wind, rather than wound that gentle heart. But Sophia Howard had a yielding spirit. When she found that my whole soul was bent on the effort,—when I showed her the reputation and advantages it might give me,—she grew calm with a ‘sweet reluctant delay,’ that endeared her to me more than ever.

At last, came on the evening previous to *the* day. As I walked among the busy throngs of Broadway, heard my name uttered by hundreds, and caught occasional views of the rich scenery across the Hudson, where twilight was then faintly blushing, I could not help asking myself,—*Where shall I be at this time to-morrow?* Perhaps, a lifeless corse in the ocean,—or perchance dashed upon some rocky crag,—or blasted by some dreadful explosion! But my mind was made up, and I drove these forebodings from my brain. I spent a *holy*, melancholy evening with my beloved, and our adieu was like that of friends who part to meet no more.

That night, I could not sleep. Perturbed by a multitude of thoughts, I tossed upon my couch in restless longings. At last, I slumbered, and dreamed.

Methought I embarked in my balloon to cross the ocean. I cut the ideal cord, and set forth in my imaginary car. Day after day, to my fancy, I rode on the posting winds, far above the long green swells of the Atlantic. At last, I made the coast of England, and sailed among the clouds to London. Here, methought, news had been received of my approach, and an escort of several pilot-balloons came out to meet me. I found a committee of both houses of Parliament, with the Lord Mayor on the broad, flat-roof of St. Paul’s, ready for my reception. They offered me the hospitalities of the city. How fantastic is a dream! I declined the honor, and pushed on to Windsor. There I stopped for a moment, fastened my balloon to the terrace, and took a glass of wine with the king, who I thought was walking on the terrace, in his *robe de chambre*, and eke his night-cap. He gave me a passport to France. I shook his royal hand, borrowed some pigtail tobacco of him, and sailed away. I reached France soon after. Passing over the heights of Montmartre, I looked down upon the capital. I seemed to *know* the city; and when I arrived over the Place Vendôme, I was made to look up, by some irresistible monition, and lo! my balloon had changed to the semblance of a horn!—a long, bright trumpet of silk, the little end towards the earth,—and from it, by a mere thread, was my car suspend-

ed! All at once, the thread parted. I went down,—down,—in a way that one can only sink in dreams. I *saw* my head strike against the statue of Napoleon, and fall separate from my body to the earth. I *observed* the jabbering crowd picking up my limbs,—(these are *sights* for dreams only!)—and then I awoke.

THE morning sun was shining in my window. I dressed instantly. My dream seemed to indicate, that I should, at any rate, have an extensive sail, though the close omened that I should come out at last from the little end of the horn. ‘Never mind,’ said I,—‘that last part was dreamed in the morning; and there is an adage, that ‘morning dreams always go by contraries.’ This satisfied my superstition,—and I took my slender breakfast in cheerfulness and hope.

I had scarcely finished this hasty meal, when my apartment was entered by a meagre-looking gentleman, who seemed nervous and agitated. I inquired his pleasure. He answered me with a marked French accent. ‘My dear sir,’ said he, ‘you are not acquainted with me, but I have taken the liberty to come and try to dissuade you from your voyage this day. I have never seen but one balloon ascension,—and God forbid that I should ever see another. It was that of M. Romain, and Pilatre de Rozier, in ’85. I saw them rise from the shore of France, to cross to the English side: as their double balloons ascended among the clouds over the waves, I saw the flames burst forth in the lower globe; I saw the fierce blaze flashing aloft, and the daring æronauts precipitated from on high, mangled by the fiery gas, and swept to death by that aerial power which they had fondly hoped would give them fame! Horrid remembrance! My dear friend,—can I persuade you not to go?’

I was touched with this abrupt evidence of friendship; but I argued with the adviser, that important discoveries had since been made in the science;—that my gas would be cool, and no embers be placed near the ærostat, as there were with that of Rozier and Romain. My determination, I added, was inflexible. The gentleman smiled reluctantly, and bowed himself out as suddenly as he entered, leaving me surprised at the quickness and singularity of the interview.

I now consulted my barometer. It had risen during the night,—but there were flying clouds in the sky, and they drifted along with a rapidity which betokened a strong wind. I found, however, on opening my window, that it was light, but summer-like. The barometer could not be doubted, and my hopes were assured.

I was now delayed for hours with men from the amphitheatre at the garden, wishing my directions. I gave them like a general commanding his legions. One I ordered to the sail-maker’s, for canvass to spread the balloon on; one to the cooper’s, for extra casks; one to one place,—one to another. I issued my ukase that no particle of iron, or any sharp, hard substance be left on the ground about the canvass; that the policemen should be on the ground,—tickets sent to editors,—and arranged every thing with a promptitude that has since astonished me. I then retired to my room, and dressed in a plain suit of *American* cloth, for the occasion,—had my chin new reaped by a dainty barber,—and sallied into the street.

It was now about twelve o'clock. I called for a moment on the Howards, to inform them that one of the best seats had been reserved for their use, and that an attendant would be at the gate, to conduct them to it. This, to me, *first* duty arranged, I walked slowly down Broadway to the garden. As general a turning of heads occurred among the most of those I met, as if I had been the sea-serpent. There was excitement in this. I felt like a monarch.

I found the garden by no means empty, even at that early hour; and around about the scene, were premature groups of curious sailors, country urchins, and Fly-market loafers, looking up at the flags, and other popular furniture, that fluttered above. I examined every thing connected with the apparatus, most strictly. Minutes seemed hours. At length the cannon, booming over the bay, and startling the distant shores and heights, announced the opening of the gates, and the commencement of the process of inflation. Throngs of well-dressed citizens, ladies and gentlemen, began to arrive. The empty benches became fewer and fewer; and there was a bustle around me, which filled me with impatience. My natural timidity was lost in the consciousness that my preparations were perfect, and an assurance that I should perform what I had promised. The wind had lulled,—the clouds dispersed from overhead,—though a few bright-edged ones still lay along the west.

The attendants now opened the carboys of oil of vitriol, some of which they poured into large jars: these were emptied in capacious hogheads, where three thousand pounds of iron, and some thousand gallons of water had already been placed. The chemical compound was complete; the noise proceeding from the casks, proved the powerful action of the agitated acid on the iron. The water was fast decomposing,—the gas rushed through the tubes to the condenser, and thence poured in volumes into the balloon, which now arose from the canvass, gradually distending into a globular form, and quivering like a thing of life, in impatient bondage. Finally, it was permitted to rise a few feet, for the proper arrangement of the delicate cord-work, by which it was encompassed. I now experienced a strong feeling of pleasure, when I heard the loud cheering which attended the letting-off of the little pilot balloon. It passed to the east of the city, and describing a vast semicircle over the north part of the town, floated, at last, away to the west, beyond the wind-mills of Jersey city, toward the town of Newark. There was a kind of pleasing bewilderment in being thus the focus of ten thousand eyes,—in the bursts of national music, and the encouragement of so many hearts. I felt it all. It surpassed every previous experience of *condensed* excitement.

Only twenty minutes now remained before the hour of ascension. 'The time of my departure was at hand,' and I was 'ready to be offered.' Every thing requisite had been placed in my fairy gondola,—my pigeon, the poetry, in handbills, for the occasion; the tissue paper, flags, ballast,—all. Every moment seemed an hour. I did not trust myself to look often at the seat where Sophia, and all my nearest relations, were seated; for I feared that they might disconcert me. Observing a broken carboy of oil of vitriol lying carelessly by the passage through which the balloon with its netting had been brought, I ordered it instantly removed. The

amphitheatre was now filled; the Battery trees 'bore men;' the bay was crowded with craft of all sorts, and every eminence in the neighborhood was clothed in clusters of human beings.

My gay wicker-car was now attached, with the minutest care, to the long cords that depended from the buoyant globe above. I was looking at my watch, observing that the time of twenty had dwindled to eight minutes, when I heard the cry of 'Fire!' I sprang towards the aerostat, as if a bullet had perforated my heart. 'Where!' said I. 'There, in the balloon!' was the answer. Looking upward, I perceived that the netting had become entangled with the valve,—which ever and anon flew open, as the wind surged against the balloon,—and the gas, mixed with vapor, issued from the aperture, resembling smoke. The netting was soon disengaged; and the valve, closed and held by its stout springs, remained firm in its place.

My hour had now come, and I entered the car. With a singular taste, the band struck up at this moment the melting air of 'Sweet Home.' It almost overcame me. A thousand associations of youth, friends,—of all that I must leave, rushed upon my mind. But, like Dashall in the play, I had no leisure for sentiment. A buzz ran through the assemblage; unnumbered hands were clapping,—unnumbered hearts beating high;—and I was the cause. Every eye was upon me. There was pride in the thought.

'Let go!' was the word. The cheers redoubled,—handkerchiefs waved from many a fair hand,—bright faces beamed from every window, and on every side. My last look was towards Sophia. She was pale, and her lips parted 'like monument of Grecian art.' Her white fingers touched them, as I cut the cord. One dash with my knife, and I rose aloft, a habitant of air.

How magnificent was the sight which now burst upon me! How sublime were my sensations! I waved the flag of my country; the cheers of the multitude from a thousand house tops, reached me on the breeze; and a taste of the rarer atmosphere elevated my spirits into ecstasy. The city, with a brilliant sunshine striking the spires and domes, now unfolded to view,—a sight incomparably beautiful. My gondola went easily upward, clearing the depths of heaven, like a vital thing. A diagram placed before you, on the table, could not permit you to trace more definitely than I now could, the streets, the highways, basins, wharves, and squares of the town. The theatres and public buildings, I recognised from their location near parks or open grounds, and from the peculiarity of their being covered with various metals, as well as slate, or tiles. The hum of the city arose to my ear, as from a vast bee-hive:—and I seemed the monarch-bee, directing the swarm. I heard the rattling of carriages,—the hearty yo-heave-o! of sailors from the docks that, begirt with spars, hemmed the city round: I was a spectator of all,—yet aloof, and alone. Increasing stillness attended my way; and at last the murmurs of earth came to my ear like the last vibrations of a bell.

My car tilted and trembled, as I rose. A swift wind sometimes gave the balloon a rotary motion, which made me deathly sick for a moment; but strong emotion conquered all my physical ailments. My brain ached

with the intensity of my rapture. Human sounds had faded from my ear. I was in the abyss of heaven, and *alone* with my God. I could tell my direction, by the sun on my left : and as his rays played on the ærostat, it seemed only a bright bubble, wavering in the sky,—and I a suspended mote, hung by chance to its train. Looking below me, the distant Sound and Long Island appeared to the east : the bay lay to the south, sprinkled with shipping ; under me the city, girded with bright rivers and sparry forests ; the free wind was on my cheek and in my locks ; afar, the ocean rolled its long blue waves, chequered with masses of shadow, and gushes of ruby sun-light : to the north and west the interminable land, variegated like a map, dotted with purple, and green, and silver, faded to the eye.

The atmosphere which I now breathed seemed to dilate my heart at every breath. I uttered some audible expression. My voice was weaker than the faintest sound of a reed. There was no object near to make it reverb or echo. Though rising with incredible swiftness, I had nothing to convince my eye that I was not nearly still. The weak flap-flap, of the cords against the balloon, in regular motion, as the trembling ærostat, moved by its subtle contents, continued to rise, was all that indicated my tendency. My barometer now denoted an immense height ; and as I looked upward and around, the concave above seemed like a mighty waste of purple air, verging to blackness. Below, it was lighter ; but a long, lurid bar of cloud stretched along the west, temporarily excluding the sun. The shadows rushed afar into the void, and a solemn, Sabbath-twilight, reigned around. I was now startled at a fluttering in my gondola. It was my *compagnon du voyage*, the carrier pigeon. I had forgotten him entirely. I attached a string to his neck, with a label, announcing my height,—then nearly four miles,—and the state of the barometer. As he sat on the side of the car, and turned his tender eyes upon me in mute supplication, every feather shivering with apprehension, I felt that it was a guilty act to push him into the waste beneath. But it was done : he attempted to rise, but I out-spied him : he then fell obliquely, fluttering and moaning, till I lost him in the haze.

My greatest altitude had not yet been reached. I was now five miles from terra-firma. I began to breath with difficulty. The atmosphere was too rare for safe perspiration. I pulled my valve-cord to descend.—It refused to obey my hand. For a moment I was horror struck. What was to be done ? If I ascended much higher, the balloon would explode. I threw over some tissue paper to test my progress. It is well known that this will *rise* very swiftly. It *fell*, as if blown downward, by a wind from the zenith. I was going upward like an arrow. I attempted to pray, but my parched lips could not move. I seized the cord again, with desperate energy. Blessed heaven ! it moved. I threw out more tissue. It rose to me like a wing of joy. I was descending. Though far from sunset, it was now dark about me, except a track of blood-red haze, in the direction of the sun. I encountered a strong current of wind ; mist was about me ; it lay like dew upon my coat. At last, a thick bar of vapor being past, what a scene was disclosed ! A

storm was sweeping through the sky, nearly a mile beneath, and I looked down upon an *ocean of rainbows*, rolling in indescribable grandeur, to the music of the thunder-peal, as it moaned afar and near, on the coming and dying wind. A frightened eagle had ascended through the tempest, and sailed for minutes by my side, looking at me with panting weariness, and quivering mandibles, but with a dilated eye, whose keen iris flashed unsubdued. Proud emblem of my Country! As he fanned me with his heavy wings, and looked with a human intelligence at the car, my pulse bounded with exulting rapture. Like the genius of my native land, he had risen above every storm, unfettered and FREE! But my transports were soon at an end. He attempted to light on the balloon,—and my heart sunk: I feared his huge claws would tear the silk. I pulled my cord,—he rose, as I sank, and the blast swept him from my view in a moment. A flock of wild fowl, beat by the storm, were coursing below, on bewildered pinions, and as I was nearing them, I knew I was descending. A singular effect was now produced by position. It was a *double horizon*,—one formed by the outer edge of the upper cloud, and the other by the angle of the eye to the extreme strata of the storm over the earth. A breaking rift now admitted the sun. The rainbows tossed and gleamed; chains of fleecy rack, shining in prismatic rays of gold, and purple, and emerald, ‘beautiful exceedingly,’ spread on every hand. Vast curtains of cloud pavilioned the immensity, brighter than celestial roses, or ‘jasper, bdellium, or the ruby stone,’ glittered around: masses of mist were lifted on high, like steps of living fire,—more radiant than the sun himself, when his glorious noontide culminates from the equator. A kind of aerial Euroclydon now smote my car; and three of the cords parted, which tilted my gondola to the side, filling me with terror. I caught the broken cords in my hand, but could not tie them. They had been dragged over the broken carboy of oil of vitriol, of which I have spoken, and had rotted asunder.

The storm below was now rapidly passing away, and beneath its wavering outline, to the southeast, I saw the ocean. Ships were speeding on their course, and their bright sails melting into distance: a rainbow hung afar, and the rolling anthems of the Atlantic came like celestial hymnings to my ear.

Presently, all was clear below me. The fresh air played around. I had taken a noble circuit,—and my last view was better than the first. I was far over the bay, ‘afloating sweetly to the west.’ The city, colored by the last blaze of day, brightened remotely to the view. Below, ships were hastening to and fro through the narrows; and the far country lay smiling like an Eden. Bright rivers ran like ribands of gold and silver, till they were lost in the vast inland, stretching beyond the view; the gilded mountains were flinging their purple shadows over many a vale; bays were blushing to the farewell day-beams; and now I was passing over a green island. I sailed to the main land; saw the tall old trees waving to the evening breeze; heard the rural lowing of herds; heard the welcome sound of human voices,—and finally, sweeping over forest tops and embowered villages, at last, descended with the sun, among

a kind-hearted, surprised, and hospitable community, in as pretty a town as one could desire to see,—‘safe and well.’

If I have told too long a yarn for so short a voyage, I crave the reader’s mercy. My feat has not diminished the number of my friends, and nothing could increase Sophia Howard’s love. She is now mine; and when she wishes to amuse *our* little Sophia, as some childish causality bids her weep, she takes her on her knee, and tells her ‘about Pa’s Voyage in the sky,’ until,—

‘Throned on her mother’s lap, she dries each tear,
As the sweet legend falls upon her ear.’

D.

TO AN UNKNOWN BEAUTY.

I met thee, in the passing dance,
All radiant with the glow of youth,—
Thy hand in mine—a kindling glance
Shone on me like the light of truth!
And these were all I—but yet, oh, yet
Thy form is graven on my soul,
With Memory’s pencil. To forget
That meeting, and the mild control
Of that fond gaze,—as well might I
Forget my own identity.

Ah, who may tell what dreams convulse
The wildered bosom and the brain,
When passion, with a bounding pulse
O’ermasters Reason’s gentle reign!
With soul on fire and nerves of flame,
I left the gay and festal hall;
To muse upon that scene again,—
On thee, the star that brightened all!
To dream that one, in such a guise,—
Might make this earth a Paradise!

I know thee not—and though thy form
Is mirrored firm in Memory’s glass,—
And cannot from that tablet warm,
Fade, till the spell of life shall pass—
Though still, as calling back that night,
I feel the clasp of thrilling fingers;
Though round my soul, the holy light
That blessed me then, still faintly lingers;
Though I may never know thee more,
Nor feel the touch that maddened then,—
Nor at that nameless shrine adore,—
Yet, peerless Beauty! I implore,
Be colder, when you dance again!

Philadelphia, December, 1834.

R. M.

EXCERPTA

FROM THE COMMON PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

NUMBER SEVEN.

Moreau de St. Mery

LVII.

FATALISM.

MOREAU DE ST. MERY, a French exile, who kept a Book-store in Philadelphia, was a decided believer in destiny. He observed, in a conversation which I once held with him on this subject, that one man might fall out of a three story window and be slightly, if at all, hurt,—while another, in crossing a gutter, or coming down stairs, would fall down and break a leg or an arm. In proof of his doctrine, he mentioned many of his own remarkable escapes, of which I remember but two: On one occasion, he had been condemned, and was on his way to the guillotine, when one of the *Guarde Nationale*,—(a journeyman printer, to whom Moreau had done some kindness,)—took hold of him, and asked, ‘What do you here?’—crying aloud, at the same time, ‘This man is a good citizen,—I know him well.’ Seizing him by the arm, he dragged him from among the crowd of victims, at a moment when he appeared to be on the verge of eternity.

At another time, he was at Brest, waiting for a wind to sail for this country, having become highly obnoxious to the ruling powers. It had blown for several days due west. At length it veered about, and blew favourably for his voyage. The captain, resolved to profit by it, sent a bellman through the city to summon the passengers to come aboard without delay. St. Mery was seated at table, eating his dinner, but rose from his seat when he heard the bell, although he had but half finished his meal. The ship got immediately under way. She had not been out more than an hour, when a mandate arrived from Paris to arrest Moreau, and bring him to that city for trial, at a time when trial and condemnation were nearly synonymous. A vessel was sent in pursuit, but was unable to overtake him. Thus his life hung by the thread of an hour’s duration of the wind in a favorable quarter.

LVIII.

ROUSSEAU.

THE hallucinations of this celebrated writer were never exceeded, and probably none of similar description ever prevailed with any other human being. He had at one time taken it into his head, that a very powerful league was formed against him, the chiefs of which, at Paris, were the Duke de Choiseul, Dr. Tronchin, M. d’Alembert, and M. de Grimm,—a strange mixture of persons. He could never pardon M. de Choiseul the conquest of Corsica. It was undertaken, he said, to do him an ill turn, and

prevent his forming a code of laws for that island, as he had been requested to do, by Gen. Paoli! It was also to mortify him that the Emperor of Germany, the Czarina, and the King of Prussia, combined to dismember Poland, because he was occupied with revising the ancient constitution of that kingdom!

LIX.

ORIGIN OF BALLOONS.

WHAT engaged the Messieurs Montgolfier in the research that led to the discovery of balloons, was the desire of inventing some engine, for the siege of Gibraltar, more effectual than floating batteries. This inclination, vague as it was in itself, inspired by their natural industry, and the interested motive of filling up their hours of leisure from their manufactory, encouraged them to persevere, and not to be discouraged by many ineffectual attempts. At length they succeeded in forming a balloon. An experiment of Boyle, on the comparative weight of different kinds of air, suggested the first hint,—and the trial gave earnest of their success. It is much the same with celebrated discoveries as with an illustrious family,—we are desirous of collecting the most trifling details of their origin.

A piece of silk which Messieurs Montgolfier intended as linings for their clothes, appeared to them better adapted to physical experiments. By the assistance of a few seams, the silk soon took the form, more or less exact, of a globe. They found a mode of introducing forty cubic feet of air; the balloon escaped from their hands and rose to the ceiling of the apartment. The joy of Archimedes, at solving his famous problem, could not have exceeded that of our two natural philosophers. They hastened to grasp their machine, and let it loose in the garden, where it rose beyond thirty feet. Having improved upon their first success by new experiments, they constructed the grand machine, which was elevated on the 5th of June, 1783. The globe was thirty-five feet in diameter. It was made of cloth, cased in oiled paper. They procured the gas with which it was filled, by a very simple and cheap process,—namely: burning moist straw, and different animal substances,—as wool, and other greasy materials, more or less inflammable. This smoke, left to itself, raised the balloon out of sight, and to an elevation, calculated by some at three thousand feet,—by others, at six thousand. It descended again, ten minutes after, from the loss of gas which it enclosed. According to the calculation of Messieurs Montgolfier, the globe occupied the space of a volume of air of two thousand one hundred and fifty-six pounds in weight.

LX.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

‘I NEVER,’ says Pope, ‘could speak in public. And I don’t believe, if it was a set thing, I could give an account of any story to twelve friends together, though I could tell it to any three of them with great pleasure.

When I appeared for the Bishop of Rochester on his trial, though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, (how that Bishop spent his time when I was with him at Bromley,) I made two or three blunders in it, notwithstanding the first row of lords, which was all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance.'

LXI.

ORIGIN OF THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.

SWIFT once observed to Gay, 'What an odd, pretty sort of thing, a Newgate Pastoral might make.' This gave rise to the Beggar's Opera. It was shown to Congreve: after reading it over, he said, 'It will either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly.' When it was somewhat advanced in the representation, the Duke of Argyle, a great judge of the public taste, pronounced its fate: 'It will do,—it must do,—I see it in the eyes of them.'

M. C.

Philadelphia, December, 1834.

THE SOUL.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

AND is this education? This the training
Of an immortal spirit for the skies?
Would you thus teach it virtue, by restraining
Its heavenward aspirations till it dies?
Thus fit it for a life beyond the grave,
By making it a helot and a slave

To earth-born passions, and unholy lust,
And grovelling appetites? Oh no! The soul,
Blazoned with shame, and foul with earthly dust,
And for an emblem bearing o'er the whole
The crafty serpent, not the peaceful dove,
Has no escutcheon for the courts above.

Why, then, prove false to Nature's noblest trust?
Why thus restrain the spirit's upward flight,
And make its dwelling in the loathsome dust,
Until 'earth's shadow hath eclipsed its light?'
Why deck the flesh,—the sensual slave of sin,
And leave in rags the immortal guest within?

Beware! The Israelite of old, who tore
The lion in his path, when poor and blind,
He saw the blessed light of heaven no more,—
Shorn of his noble strength, and forced to grind
In prison, and at times led forth to be
A pander to Philistine revelry,—

Destroyed himself, and with him those that made
A cruel mockery of his sightless eyes!
So, too, the immortal soul, when once betrayed
To minister to lusts it doth despise,
A poor, blind slave—the scoff and jest of all,—
Expires,—and thousands perish in the fall!

L

LITERARY NOTICES.

LIFE OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND. Accompanied with a Portrait. One vol. 8vo. pp. 313.
Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE have completed our examination of this volume, 'more in sorrow than in anger,' and flung it aside to that oblivion which is its inevitable destiny, with a feeling of relief. Had it come before us through any less respectable medium than that of the well-known, enterprising, and for the most part, judicious house whose name appears on the title-page, we would be content to pass it by with a brief and summary condemnation,—feeling assured, that a very narrow interval of time would be quite sufficient to establish it for ever among the multitude of forgotten books, and things, to which it is already hastening. But the duty of the critic has an indirect relation to publishers, as well as to what they publish; and the issue of a work so utterly worthless and contemptible as that before us, from the press of one of the first establishments in America, requires a more explicit censure. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this *Life of Talleyrand* a miserable catch-penny,—ridiculously incorrect in its pretended facts, absurd in reasoning, puerile in observation, and gross, licentious, and mischievous in spirit,—a paltry collection of the scandalous anecdotes that have been invented and circulated during the last fifty years, with that celebrated politician for their subject, expanded and embellished by the clumsy hand of some fifth-rate Parisian scribbler. It aspires, forsooth, to the dignity of history, and pretends to give marvellous revelations touching the multitude of secret doings and designs that attended, perhaps guided, the progress of those great events, which, for more than thirty years, kept the eyes of the whole world fixed upon France in astonishment and terror. Instead of these, we find in it a repetition of occurrences which have been again and again described, just sufficiently distorted by the blundering imagination of the writer, to make them look like new, and awkwardly linked together by a meagre thread of silly and conceited observations, intended to be moral, political, and philosophical, that only serve to show the depth and breadth of the stupidity by which they were engendered. If this were all, we should have passed the volume by with half a dozen lines of general remark. But the worst is yet to come. A large portion of the details of which it is made up, are shamefully gross and immoral; calculated only to gratify a prurient and licentious curiosity; and the complacent amplitude with which the writer dwells upon these, as well as the tone of ironical disapprobation with which he gives his comments, sufficiently explains the venal purpose of his dishonorable labours. We cannot but regret

that such a work should have been re-published in this country; and still more, that it should be offered to the American reader with the implied sanction of a business firm, that we are accustomed to respect so highly, not only for its liberality and enterprise, but still more for its correct and excellent judgment.

TALES OF THE BORDER. By JAMES HALL, author of 'Legends of the West,' etc. One vol. pp. 276. Philadelphia: HARRISON HALL.

WITH the exception of two or three, all the tales in this truly beautiful volume are now for the first time presented to the public. The author remarks, in a modest and well-written preface, that the incidents are mostly such as have actually occurred,—an assertion, the truth of which no reader who peruses his pages will for a moment doubt,—for there is a life-breathing spirit about them, as rare as it is delightful. Mr. Hall belongs, emphatically, to the Great West,—he is 'native and endued to that element,'—and his literary labors are vigorous and manly, like the noble people among whom he has lived and moved. We know not when we have experienced more thorough satisfaction in the perusal of a single volume. The writer has, with great but easy skill, delineated Western scenery, and manners, and events in border history. The excellent works of Flint and Hall,—by mingling the grace of diction with attractive subjects,—have done more toward making the West *understood*, than the labors of any writers in our country.

The 'Border Tales' are as follow: The Pioneer,—the French Village,—The Spy,—The Capuchin,—the Silver Mine,—the Dark Maid of Illinois,—and the New Moon. The Pioneer,—the first and longest tale in the volume,—is given with a smoothness of description which would do no dishonor to the pen of Paulding himself. Its style will forcibly remind the reader of the history of *Buckthorne*, in Irving's *Tales of a Traveler*. The interest is constant and progressive,—and whether we follow the traveler and his companion across the prairies, or in their more perilous journeyings,—or listen to the moving story of border warfare,—of suffering and death,—of long-cherished and successful revenge,—from the lips of the Pioneer himself, we are equally entertained. The French Village combines a rich humor with the qualities we have enumerated, as distinguishing the first story. To our minds, however, there is not a better told tale in the volume, than the Silver Mine. The opening is strikingly natural and primitive. The reader, who has mingled in the throngs that await the delivery of letters at the post offices, or the crowds around the election-polls of our Atlantic cities, will smile at the contrast exhibited in the annexed sketch of a pristine office-holder:

"Some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the good land on the northern frontier of Missouri was beginning to be found out, and the village of Palmyra had been recently located on the extreme verge of the settlements of the white men, uncle Moses,

who had built his cabin hard by, went into that promising village one day, in hopes of finding a letter from his cousin David, then at Louisville, and to whom he had written to come to Missouri. Three hours' pleasant ride brought him to town. He soon found Major Obadiah —, who had been lately appointed postmaster, and who had such an aversion to confinement, that he appropriated his hat to all the purposes of a post-office—an arrangement by which he complied with the law, requiring him to take special care of all letters and papers committed to his keeping, and the instructions directing him to be always found in his office, and, at the same time, enjoyed such locomotive freedom, as permitted him to go hunting or fishing, at his pleasure. He was thus ready at all times, wherever he might be, to answer any call on his department, promptly.

"The major, seating himself on the grass, emptied his hat of its contents, and requested uncle Moses to assist him in hunting for his letter: 'whenever you come to any that looks dirty and greasy, like these,' said he, 'just throw them in that pile; they are all *dead* letters, and I intend to send them off to head quarters, the very next time the post rider comes; for I can't afford to *tote* them any longer, encumbering up the *office* for nothing.' Uncle Moses thought they were at *head* quarters already, but made no remark, and quietly putting on his spectacles, gave his assistance as required.

"After a quarter of an hour's careful examination, it was agreed by both, that there was no letter in the *office* for uncle Moses.

"'But stop,' said the postmaster, as uncle Moses was preparing to mount his horse, 'you see a trading character,—come let me sell you a lot of goods at wholesale. Willy Wan, the owner, has gone to St. Louis to lay in a fresh supply, and has left me to keep store for him till he returns. He had almost sold out, and I hate to be cramped up in a house all day, so I have packed up the whole stock in these two bundles—hauling them out of his coat pockets.

"Uncle Moses looked over them without ever cracking a smile, for it was a grave business. He wiped his spectacles, to examine the whole assortment.

"'Here, examine them—calicoes, ribbons, laces, &c., all as good as new—no mistake—I'll take ten dollars in *coon skins* for the whole invoice, which is less than cost, rather than *tote* them any longer.'"

"The Major's offer of a lot of *store goods*, for less than cost, struck him favorably, and he offered three dozen racoon skins for the whole. 'Take them,' said the Major—'it is too little—but if Wan doesn't like the trade, I'll pay the balance myself.'

"'Now,' said the Postmaster, 'let us go down to the river, where Hunt, and the *balance of the boys*, are fishing. We have been holding an election here for the last two days, and as nobody came in to vote to-day, we all concluded to go fishing.'"

"'But what election is it?'"

"'Why, to elect delegates to form our State Constitution.'"

"'I have heard of it, but had forgot it. I am entitled to a vote.'"

"'Certainly you are. Hunt and I are two of the Judges. He has taken the poll-books along with him:—come along we will take your vote at the river—just as good as if it was done in town. I hate formalities, and this three days' election—every body could as well do all their voting in one.'"

"Down they went to the river; the Judges and clerks were called together, and recorded the first vote that uncle Moses ever gave in Missouri."

We should be glad to justify our general recommendation by liberal extracts,—but our space is limited, and we must content ourselves with two, taken from the Dark Maid of Illinois,—the one descriptive of a prairie, and the other of a prairie on fire. The first is well nigh as poetical as Bryant's noble lines upon the same theme, published originally in this Magazine:

"All at once, they stood upon the edge of an elevated and extensive plain. Our traveler had heretofore obtained partial glimpses of the prairies, but now saw one of these vast plains, for the first time, in its breadth and grandeur. Its surface was gently uneven; and, as he happened to be placed on one side of the highest swells, he looked over a boundless expanse, where not a single tree intercepted the prospect or relieved the monotony. He strained his vision forward, but the plain was bound-

less—marking the curved line of its profile on the far distant horizon. The effect was rendered more striking by the appearance of the setting sun, which had sunk to the level of the farthest edge of the prairie, and seemed like a globe of fire resting upon the ground. Pier e looked around him with admiration. The vast expanse—destitute of trees, covered with tall grass, now dried by the summer's heat, and extending, as it seemed to him, to the western verge of the continent—excited his special wonder. Little versed in geography, he persuaded himself that he had reached the western boundary of the world, and beheld the very spot where the sun passed over the edge of the great terrestrial plane."

We believe it is Burke, in his fine Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, who tells us that there is great sublimity in the sight of a vast city, as seen, on a dark night, by the inconstant blaze of a sudden conflagration,—now contracted and now enlarged by the falling and rising flame. The annexed scene, although dissimilar, will illustrate the correctness of the thought:

"The shades of night had begun to close, when they again ascended one of those elevations which swells so gradually that the traveler scarcely remarks them until he reaches the summit, and beholds, from a commanding eminence, a boundless land, scarce spread before him. The veil of night, without concealing the scene, rendered it indistinct; the undulations of the surface were no longer perceptible; and the prairie seemed a perfect plain. One phenomenon astonished and perplexed him: before him the prairie was lighted up with a dim but supernatural brilliancy, like that of a distant fire, while behind was the blackness of darkness. An air of solitude reigned over that wild plain, and not a sound relieved the desolation of the scene. A chill crept over him as he gazed around, and not an object met his eye but the Indian maid who stood in mute patience by his side, as waiting his pleasure; but on whose features, as displayed by the uncertain light that glimmered on them, a smile of triumph seemed to play. He looked again, and the horizon gleamed brighter and brighter, until a fiery redness rose above its dark outline, while heavy, slow moving masses of cloud curled upward above it. It was evidently the intense reflection, and the voluminous smoke, of a vast fire. In another moment the blaze itself appeared, first shooting up at one spot, and then at another, and advancing, until the whole line of horizon was clothed with flames, that rolled around, and curled, and dashed upward, like the angry waves of a burning ocean. The simple Frenchman had never heard of the fires that swept over our wide prairies in the autumn, nor did it enter into his head that a natural cause could produce an effect so terrific. The whole western horizon was clad in fire, and, as far as the eye could see, to the right and left, was one vast conflagration, having the appearance of angry billows of a fiery liquid, dashing against each other, and foaming, and throwing flakes of burning spray into the air. There was a roaring sound like that caused by the conflict of waves. A more terrific sight could scarcely be conceived; nor was it singular that an unpractised eye should behold in the scene a wide sea of flame, lashed into fury by some internal commotion."

We take leave of these 'Border Tales,' with this cursory notice,—assuring the reader that their merits are unquestionable.

FORMS. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. One vol. pp. 238. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

THERE are some occasions in reviewing, where the language of praise is so incontestably true, as to appear useless. Thus, to say that Mrs. Sigourney's poetry is touching and beautiful, is to say what most persons are aware of, and what all who read may know. She has

filled the poet's niche, many a time, in almost every newspaper throughout the republic. Her melodious numbers have thrilled many a bosom, and watered many an eye. She has that lyric power which can smite the heart, as the rod of the Patriarch smote the rock of old, and bid the wells of affection stir to their depths. Of the domestic loves,—the duties, feelings, and cares of maternal tenderness,—the sweet charities that make fire-sides happy, and lend a greenness to the bower of Home,—of these she is the Expositor and the Advocate. We have reason to be proud of Mrs. Sigourney: and though we know several fair contemporaries who excel her in prose, and some whose literary attainments are much greater,—yet for the production of pure, pathetic, and simple, but deep, verse, we certainly deem her the Autocratix of the band. In the choice of her themes, she is neither learned nor discursive: yet what she touches, she ornaments. Her inspiration seems to be derived from the contemplation of her God and her Country,—sublime and noble sources of thought.

This volume is executed in that tasteful manner which distinguishes nearly all the works of Messrs. Key and Biddle. It lacks correctness, however. The list of errata is quite too long, for so short and plain a book.

TYLNEY HALL. By THOMAS HOOD, author of the 'Comic Annual,' the 'Dream of Eugene Aram,' etc. In two vols. pp. 427. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

HERE, now, is a novel which comes to us almost unheralded: yet we hesitate not to say, after a thorough perusal, that it possesses ten times the merit of most modern romances, and is second to none but those of Bulwer. Thomas Hood, as an author, is by no means sufficiently appreciated. He is considered a wit,—a Swift alone,—but he is more,—he is a Goldsmith, or a M'Kenzie. The author of Pelham did him only justice when he remarked of his splendid poem of Eugene Aram,—'The *mens divini* breathes in every line.' This, moreover, is a poem of power,—not of humor: but it is difficult for one who has established his pre-eminence as a wit, to make good his claim to excellence in other departments of composition. Washington Irving, if we mistake not, laments this propensity of readers, in one of the preliminary or valedictory papers of the Sketch Book. The public cannot easily conceive that solemnity and humor may be coëxistent in the same intellect,—and there is a dignity about Sobriety or Sorrow, to which Wit can never attain. Yet in the mind of man,—except in the misanthrope,—they are as inseparable as the smiles and tears of an April morning.

In the work before us, Mr. Hood has fairly established his right to the titles of humorist, novelist, and lyricist,—for he has passages of irresistible wit, unadulterated pathos, and pure poetry. In his versatility, he reminds us forcibly of Scott. His preface, for instance, is equal to the sagest letter of Dryasdust of Gandercleugh. In his

exordium, he introduces two persons, connected with the proof-reading department of his publisher. One is a short, jolly individual,—the other, a long-sided personification of solemnity, and a stranger to a smile. These imaginary persons besiege the remnant of a bottle of port wine to which the author had treated himself after the completion of his work; and he says, that 'the only point on which the two agreed, was a relish for the wine, which they evidently thought good; for they kept pulling proofs of it, with the perseverance of pressmen.' The colloquy between these characters, is amusing in the extreme. Jolly laughs, even at the sad parts of the novel; but Solemnity is saddened by every thing. The former complains that the author indulges quite too sparingly in his humor, and declares that 'he draws almost as little from his jocular vein, as his jugular;' the latter deems him too jocose, and is ready to weep over his pet catastrophe.

In Tylney Hall, the author has managed to please both these imaginary personages,—the creatures, by the way, of a siesta-dream. We can only allude to the drift of the story. It turns upon the loves, hates, and vicissitudes of the younger members of a family at Tylney Hall, some of whom are connected with mysterious personages, from whose history tales of fearful import are suspended. The passionate parts of the work are most creditably done; the descriptive could hardly be surpassed; and the language is every where appropriate, and often supremely beautiful. The wit of Hood is acknowledged. It is never forced,—'it ambles well,'—when you meet it, gravity vanishes, and the 'power of face' is a forgotten prerogative. We have long esteemed him no common poet,—but we did not expect to find him so good a novelist. As a punster, he is peerless. His hits are always natural, for he never strains a point. He is not one of those costive jokers, who deliver themselves hourly of some vapid witticism, or diluted Joe Miller,—baptize it with a grin, and purse up their mouths in disappointment, if you have not a gratis guffaw in return for their abortions. Persons like these, always think hard of those who are obliged to think soft of them.

In commending 'Tylney Hall' to our readers, we can truly say, that it is superior in all respects. The author has his prejudices; and liberal notions, perhaps beyond the line of common opinion; but his mind is clear, and his designs cordial and humane.

LETTERS TO ADA, FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW. By the author of 'Father Rowland,' 'Pleasures of Religion,' etc. 18mo. pp. 190. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is no less remarkable, than pleasing, to observe the difference in the tone of controversial reasoning, adopted by the Catholic church in our times, and in our country, as compared with that which it was of old accustomed to use, and which is still not entirely thrown aside in those parts of the Old World, in which it is the religion of the State.

In the *United States*, where every one is free to follow the directions of conscience, without the dread of either the secular or the spiritual arm, and without the fear that the religion he professes shall militate against either his temporal interests, or his advancement to honorable station, it must be evident, that the arguments which are intended to convert, *must be* those that will convince. The mere voice of authority cannot be heard,—and we remain steadfast in the faith in which we have been bred,—unless doctrines which reach the heart through the judgment, find their way to our contemplation.

The present is a work written by a Catholic, or as he would be called by those without the pale of his church, a Roman Catholic; and is intended to be a brief and familiar exposition of the doctrines peculiar to that denomination. It is, likewise, a modest defence of those tenets; and, as far as it is addressed to members of that church, perhaps sufficient for the purpose of confirming their principles. It is certainly without arrogance,—save that the voice of ‘authority’ is somewhat too loud,—and endeavors with considerable skill, to explain away certain doctrines, against which other denominations most strongly protest. But, as a work of controversy, it is far too brief. The points are so numerous, that there is only opportunity to touch each, and then away to something else. The book exhibits some research, and convinces us that the writer knows how to handle his arms. Whether taken up by Catholic or Protestant, we feel assured that much useful information may be found; and, at least, it will tend to make those who peruse it, look somewhat more closely into the grounds of their belief,—an examination which must either strengthen their faith, or compel them to salutary reflection upon their spiritual condition. We therefore commend it, cheerfully, to general attention.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL. By GEORGE BURGESS, A. M., Minister of Christ-church, Hartford, Conn. One vol. pp. 48. Providence: MARSHALL AND COMPANY.

THERE is an evident unfairness in judging of the actual powers of a writer from a production suddenly suggested, and prepared in haste for delivery before a literary association. The volume before us is of this class,—and we presume that the writer, in presenting it to the public, had no expectation that it would invite a large amount of criticism. The poem was recited before the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. University Addresses are usually published with disclaimers of elaborate merit. The brevity of the notice, and the multiplicity of other avocations, are nearly always cited by the favored alumnus, and with reason too, as apologies for the hasty performance. In such cases, criticism is disarmed; and it is only the invidious or the stupid, who can proceed to an after-judgment.

The ‘Martyrdom of St. Peter, and St. Paul,’ is briefly but judi-

ciously treated by Mr. Burgess, with much harmony of versification, beauty of diction, and poetic imagery. We learn from a prefatory letter, that the poem was projected and begun during a short residence at Rome. 'Around that mighty metropolis of the earth,' says the author, 'the history of all ages seems to have revolved; and one is there continually discovering some link of connection between the ancient and the modern, the Pagan and the Christian World. Such a link I thought I saw in the tradition of the martyrdom of St. Peter and St. Paul: and this was the foundation of the Poem.'

We subjoin a few of the opening lines, as a favorable specimen of the whole:

'THE morn was high in heav'n, the morn of spring;
Bask'd in its joyous blaze each living thing;
Through bow'r and grove came down the golden beam,
It bath'd the hills, it glittered on the stream;
Just breath'd a wind, the olive's leaves to stir,
And touch on high the crests of northern fir:
'Mid laurel walks the budding orange hung,—
Round the young holm the vines' soft promise clung;
Loud was the voice of song from bush and tree,—
On his blithe errand hied the wakeful bee;
The sportive lamb, leap'd lighter on the plain,—
Strong trode the ox beneath the massy wain:
Laugh'd the gay boy, he knew not wherefore gay,
Shook his bright locks, and ran to merrier play.
And bending age, amidst some sunny spot,
Laid by its staff, and half its woes forgot:
Smiling on all, the gorgeous morn arose,
All but the victim, woke from brief repose,
O'er the fair scene to fling a parting eye,
And then in torture and in shame to die!'

ANCIENT MINERALOGY: of an Enquiry respecting Mineral Substances mentioned by the Ancients; with occasional remarks on the uses to which they were applied. By N. F. MOORE, LL. D., Professor of Greek and Latin in Columbia College, New-York. 12mo. pp. 192. New-York: G. C. AND H. CARVILL.

As PRACTICAL analysis, and indeed Chemistry generally, was almost entirely unknown to the ancients, it may well be imagined that the properties of mineral substances would be in a great measure hid from them. Accordingly, we find that only the more obvious ones were called into action, and that many of the hypothetical properties ascribed to minerals have subsequently been proved to be very erroneous. Yet the subject itself is far from being uninteresting. There is no science which has burst at once from darkness and obscurity into meridian brightness and splendor: therefore it is useful to observe the early dawn, to watch the gradual unfoldings, and to admire the final lustre with which a valuable science is invested, when once it has proceeded to free elucidation. It is useful, likewise, to perceive the sagacity of the early discoverers, and to note the alacrity with which they turned the few characteristics which they were enabled to strike out, to practical advantage. It in this part of his treatise, that Dr.

Moore has been most eminently successful, and for this reason. his work is truly valuable. The important office which he holds in the scholastic world, entitles his production to great respect; and if it were necessary to require further proofs of its authenticity, he has abundantly given them, by quoting his authority upon all occasions; thus stamping his book with the seal of truth and research, and causing it to become a valuable accessory in the study of ancient history and philosophy.

The work commends itself no less to the general scholar than to the chemist or the mineralogist. The style is perspicuous and pure; and its general effect will probably be to raise the ancients considerably in our estimation,—particularly when we consider how defective were their modes of prosecuting an analysis, and still more, how confined were their means of communicating and comparing with each other.

MEN AND MANNERS IN BRITAIN; or, a bone to gnaw for the TROLLOPES', FIDLENS', etc. Being Notes from a Journal on Sea and Land, in 1833-4. By GRANT THORNBURN, Seedsman. One vol. pp. 187. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

Laurie Todd is certainly an independent thinker and writer. Sometimes, indeed, he is independent of common grammatical rules; but with him, 'that's not much,'—and the reader is never at a loss in coming at his meaning. The egotism which now and then peeps broadly out, does not detract from the merits of the work. It is harmless and pardonable. The author observes in his preface, that 'there is so many kinds of pride, that a body can hardly tell which to choose.' There is no evidence of the existence of this dilemma, in his own case. The reader of his volume will soon perceive that he considers that a proud day, which placed him before the world as Laurie Todd. Galt has bestowed upon him a celebrity which has often stood him in wondrous stead. Hence we find him, in a visit to the Tower of London, surrounded by the Duke of Wellington and numbers of fair ladies. He 'had written his name in the Guard-house,' as he entered! It was to Laurie Todd that his female companion gave her hand, in a public stage-coach, with the assurance, 'that she would have traveled a hundred miles out of her way, to look upon him!' It was Galt's hero who gained admission to the presence of the celebrated Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, Scotland, at an unusual and early period of the morning. He had sent up *his name*, and '*that* was a passport at *any hour*!' But the Seedsman has higher claims to general regard, although they are less often thrust forward. He has been a hard-working citizen,—has often been plunged into the depths of misfortune, but never was in despair; ever relying upon the justice and goodness of an over-ruling Providence, and maintaining a firm belief in the truth of the trite sentence, '*Whatever is, is right.*'

We are pleased with the little volume before us, despite its reckless

negligence of style, and the occasional introduction of topics of equivocal and minor significance. What Laurie sees he sees clearly, and what he feels, he feels honestly; and this is more than can be said of the larger portion of travelers who cross the Atlantic, and publish their 'tours.' His pictures are often times laughably graphic. Take the British House of Commons, for example. He tells us that it is just such a looking room, gallery and all, as the Scotch Presbyterian Church, in Cedar-street. In place of the pulpit, there is a throne, gilded and grand enough, in front of which sits the speaker, with a great wig on his head, having two tails, as large as the tail of a merino sheep, hanging over each shoulder, and resting upon his breast. Two clerks, stationed at the table before the speaker, have similar wigs and tails, though plainer and shorter. Our author thought 'the House of Commons common enough.' The members were standing about in little bevys, jabbering and talking, during debate, with their hats on. Speaking of the monument erected in Hyde-Park, in honour of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Todd remarks: '*They say it represents Achilles, but it looked to me like a great big black man, with the lid of a soup-pot in his hand!*' Doubtless this eloquent criticism will be quoted with due terms of horror, by the London press, as a specimen of American taste for the arts!

There are many racy passages, and much entertainment, in Laurie's 'Men and Manners,' which will repay perusal. Now and then, too,—as in the account of the burial at sea,—the visit to, and reflections at, the grave of the author's mother,—and in the meeting and parting with his aged father,—there are really charming touches of natural pathos. He has drawn, we remark, somewhat largely upon his contributions to this Magazine, in making up his volume. We commend his labors to the attention of such of our readers as are not particular in regard to the manner in which their mental dishes are served up, provided the *matériel* be good, wholesome, and palatable.

HAMLET: A DRAMATIC PRELUDE: In five acts. By JAMES RUSH, M. D., author of 'The Philosophy of the Human Voice.' One vol. pp. 122. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

THOSE of our readers who have done us the honor to peruse the number of this Magazine for November, have been acquainted with what we conceive to be the very great merits of Dr. Rush's work on the Philosophy of the Voice. The little volume before us is by the same hand; but really, if it were not for the annunciation to that effect in the title page, we should be dubious as to the fact. No two things can be more dissimilar, to our apprehension, than these two books. The first work, for example, shows the author to have the finest and most delicate perception of harmony; in the second, we find a dramatic Prelude, mainly in the form of blank verse, with an *acknowledged* neglect of all measure and cadence. We are at a loss to conceive how our learned friend reconciles in his own mind, this

departure in practice, from a book of precept which is not more beautiful than true. To us it is incomprehensible. We suspect, however, that this little tome was not 'writ for the million.' It is a covert satire, of a professional drift, and has doubtless *hit* where it was intended,—for we learn that the edition has decreased with no common rapidity. But beyond the pale in which it is designed to *tell*, it will be like Byron's Heaven and Earth,—*'A Mystery.'* We ought to add, however, that there is no limited degree of ingenuity in the arrangement and conduct of this *'Prelude.'* The language, in several instances, is, for quaintness and sententious pith, exceedingly *unique*. These are qualities which even the uninitiated can discern and commend.

LETTERS TO A GENTLEMAN IN GERMANY. Written after a trip from Philadelphia to Niagara. One vol. pp. 356. Edited by FRANCIS LEISER. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THE editor of this volume is generally recognized as the author; and in our humble view, it is no great distinction. The matter is a curious *olla podridra*, relating principally to this country, but containing scraps connected with almost every thing else. We look upon it as a literary job, conceived in some luminous moment of enterprize, and executed at a John Gilpin pace. The author has sketched some scenes and some features in our institutions with a master-hand; but he often borders on the broad empire of 'T'waddle, and sometimes he falsifies,—unwittingly, no doubt. On the whole, the volume is no very astounding affair. It has quite the due proportion of common place, and displays, in more than one instance, a want of knowledge of the subject in hand.

But the work is well executed;—and we of the United States occupy a position so commanding, just now, that we verily believe, if a statistical exposé of the poultry markets in our Atlantic cities, or the pork-bazaars of the West were imprinted in a book, it would have a rapid sale.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A HOUSEKEEPER. BY MRS. CLARISSA PACKARD. One vol. pp. 156. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A DUCAT on the wide popularity of this little volume, in the brief space of two or three months. Would the reader learn all the perplexities, mishaps, and accidents, incident to a house-keeper,—the trouble of obtaining and retaining 'helps,'—the vexations attendant upon a lack of education in the useful matters of household management and economy,—this is the book, for the purpose. Easy in its style, as a conversation with a familiar friend, it gains at once upon our attention and regard.

There are dashes, too, of pure sentiment, and touches of pathos,—as in the affecting story of Lucy Cooledge,—and a general felicity of description, about the work, that have rarely been surpassed. The writer has that peculiar and most essential requisite of a popular author: she makes the reader see what she beholds, and feel all that she herself enjoys or suffers. Sadness and humor,—tears and broad grins,—are sprinkled, in ludicrous juxtaposition, throughout the whole volume. We would commend it to public acceptance,—but it requires no such superfluous kindness at our hands. The writer, we are enabled to state, is *not* 'Mrs. Packard.' The real author is a gifted lady of South Carolina, who has won many laurels in the 'Rose-Bud,' and who is now endeavouring to acquire them, 'under the rose.'

THE RETICULE AND POCKET COMPANION: or, Miniature Lexicon of the English Language. By LYMAN COBB. pp. 818. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Truly a pocket edition,—since it can well nigh be clasped and covered by an ordinary sized hand,—and yet it contains upwards of eight hundred pages! It is as valuable as it is portable. Although we cannot always coincide in the author's system of orthography, we can bear cordial testimony to the convenience and excellence of his verbal distinctions, which are divided into six classes, namely: Words differently spelled, and defined, but pronounced exactly alike,—words differently spelled and defined, but pronounced nearly alike,—words spelled alike, but differently pronounced and defined,—words spelled and pronounced exactly alike, but differing widely in signification,—words of similar orthography, but of which the part of speech is changed by the change of accent,—and lastly, words accented on the same syllable, but whose orthography and pronunciation are changed by a change of the part of speech. The reader will perceive the great value of this classification. All the words, likewise, are systematically divided, accented, and defined. Each page containing the verbal distinctions has two examples of false grammar in the margin, with the corrected sentences added. On every side, also, of each page in the book, are maxims,—all of a correct moral or religious tendency. The work is beautifully printed, in a style which will remind the reader of some of Didot's choice Parisian editions.

THE AMERICAN POPULAR LIBRARY. Conducted by an Association of Gentlemen. Boston: JOHN ALLEN AND COMPANY. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

We think we are enabled to see, in the few works which have been issued under this title, the commencement of one of the most popular and valuable series of publications, ever attempted in

this country. They are to be so varied, as to interest and instruct every class of the community. Foreign and domestic works of *permanent* value, are to be sedulously sought. The design of the Editors to 'promote the union of polite literature, sound learning, and Christian morals,' is truly a noble one,—and we have every reason to believe that it will be carried into full effect. The first number of the series is entitled 'Leisure Hours,—a collection of essays and tales of interest, from English publications, which have not obtained general publicity in this country. They form a volume calculated to enliven the family circle, or to fill up the vacant hours of the student or man of business, with profitable entertainment. In addition to this, we have, already, in the juvenile department, 'The Sabbath Day Book for Boys and Girls,' intended and adapted to furnish interesting and useful reading for children on the Sabbath day, comprising illustrations of the moral and religious duties of children, etc.,—and 'Adam the Gardener,' a little book suited to the inculcation of useful knowledge upon agricultural topics, of common interest. The volumes are neatly executed, and illustrated with cuts and engravings. Care should be taken, however, that these be creditable,—a term that would scarcely apply to the frontispiece of 'The Gardener.' But this is an exception.

WALDIMAR. A Tragedy, in five acts. By JOHN J. BAILEY. 8vo. pp. 124. New-York : Published for the Author.

THE late hour at which this production reached us, must constitute our apology for the brevity of a notice, that can scarcely be expected to do it justice. We well remember visiting the younger KEAN, in his dressing-room at the theatre, soon after the close of this Tragedy, on the evening of its first representation. The enthusiastic spirit of the young actor was alive with the excellencies of the play, in which he had borne so conspicuous a part, and which had been received with unwonted approbation by a crowded audience. He pronounced encomiums upon its merits fully equal to those which had been manifested by the assembly before whom he had moved in triumph, while embodying the conceptions of the author. The value of such criticism is undeniable. An actor cannot bring himself to applaud with enthusiasm a play into which he is unable to enter with spirit, and a feeling of nature. There must be nature and spirit in the production itself.

A perusal of *Waldimar*,—which was subsequently much amended and improved,—will confirm and fortify the favorable impressions that were elicited by its representation. The character and the plot are fictitious,—but the massacre, a prominent feature, is a historical fact. The scene is laid principally at Thessalonica, at the close of the fourth century, during the reign of Theodosius the Great. The unities are carefully preserved, and the individuality of the several characters is maintained with good judgment and success. The lan-

guage is stirring, without rant, and easy, without dilution or affectation. There is little of intricacy, and nothing of stage-trick, or clap-trap, in its whole compass. The whole is honorable to the talents, skill, and judgment of the author,—(one of our most reputable merchants,)—and creditable to the dramatic literature of the country. The prologue, by the lamented Sands, and the epilogue, by Theodore S. Fay, Esq., are such as might be anticipated from the repute of these popular writers. It is proper to add, that *Waldimar* is *not published*. It is issued for private circulation, only, among the author's friends. The production is dedicated to the Hon. Lewis Cass, and is executed with unusual neatness.

STEPHEN MORELAND. A Novel. In two vols. pp. 500. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

IN the days of St. Paul there was one Stephen, a martyr: and the Jew of Tarsus took part with them that slew him. We fear that the public will sustain the critic for perpetrating the same act upon Stephen Moreland; and the patient reader who gets through the work, will not be backward in 'consenting unto his death.' Not but that Stephen, *per se*, has some good points about him, and delivers himself of many respectable conceits; yet he is, for the most part, in very tedious company.

To be serious, the descriptive parts of this novel are much the best. The reflections which occasionally happen in the episodes, are also commendable; but the incidents lack interest. The work proves the possession of a cultivated understanding on the part of the author; but it contains few evidences of fancy or skill.

FIRST GUIDE TO THE ITALIAN LANGUAGE. By LORENZO DAPONTE, Professor of the Italian Language and Literature, in the University of New-York. pp. 36. CHARLES DE BENE.

A CONDENSED and useful little treatise, for which the writer deserves the thanks of every student of Italian. The arrangement and simplification of the rules are invaluable to new beginners. There are works extant, for the furtherance of the study of this charming language, in which an hundred or more dry pages are devoted to an exposition of matters which Mr. Daponte renders entirely familiar, in half a dozen. His is the work of a scholar, well acquainted with the great art of divesting the acquisition of a language of all useless rubbish. It is entitled to, and cannot fail to command, the favor of the public.

EDITORS' TABLE.

READER, we crave your eye. We desire you to extend your kindest optic to the visnomy of the old Dutch gentleman on the cover hereof,—now, for the first time, commended to your vision. Permit us to ask you,—Is it not like? Of course you have read Washington Irving, and you remember the venerable KNICKERBOCKER, 'who arrived in the autumn of 1808, at the Columbian Hotel, in Mulberry-street, and took the best chamber in that establishment, looking out upon the new grounds on the Collect, the rear of the Poor House and Bridewell, and the front of the Hospital,—the cheerfulest room in the house.' This is the man. He is trying to grasp a stray remembrance, that an incursion of the landlady, on a dunning expedition, has just dispersed. Her broad insinuation, that it 'was high time somebody had a sight of somebody's money,' has wrought all his embarrassment. You may perceive the steadfast earnestness wherewith he looks up from that incipient history which has since enveloped his name in the lustre of renown; you must observe the anxiety that sits upon that care-worn brow. Well, he has gone,—and Heaven rest his soul;—but his works and his memory remain, with the counterfeit presentment, which, on the epidermis of this work, perpetuates his name. There he sits, as in days of yore, when frolicksome calves or sheep disported over the verdant knolls of Broadway, and when cows wended leisurely among the sinuosities of Pearl street, with habits similar, no doubt, to those of modern cattle, which, in their quotidian wanderings through lanes and by-places, do still

——— 'those green-sour circles make,
Whereof the ewe not bites.'

Well,—*fait non est*,—but his pictorial fetch is extant. That excellent portrait is the work of ADAMS,—the faithfulest wood artist alive. How the likeness was gotten,—whether by magic or by steam,—we cannot tell,—and in sooth, it matters not. It shall be sufficient that it is true. Perhaps the ancient Author appeared to the Engraver, as he did erewhile at the Irving dinner,—walking in gracious condescension, distinct to every eye,—yet impalpable, and alone. At all events, we have his visage. There rests the patient annalist, striving to recal his Lost Idea. His countenance is impartially disposed 'betwixt a tear and smile.' You see the visions of the historian struggling with the perplexities of the Man: you may discern the map of Nieuw Amsterdam, and the old Dutch chest, where, perchance, a part of his annals may repose. The visions of futurity are in his soul,—but the querulous dun of the landlady is in his ear,—and hence the perplexity of his features. The odorous pipe rests idly on his thigh, and its fumid bowl salutes his nose in vain. But we will not dwell on these momentary infelicities of the American Thucydides,—the Tacitus of his age. He has gone to the place of his rest,—his beloved Manahatta is the Queen of the Republic,—and he is immortal!

In tendering the best compliments of the season to the descendants of his contem-

poraries, and the denizens of this his beloved metropolis, we solicit their good will to us-ward. We propagate his visage,—we bear his name. Let us receive the prescriptive respect which can no longer be tendered to the departed. The voice of praise falls tuneless on the ashes of the dead: and while human applause can no longer please his heart, as he rests from his labors,—why, let it descend upon the work that succeeds him on the earth, asking a generous patronage, as a tribute to its own merit, and his renown.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—This is undoubtedly a stirring season at the Park Theatre, and well does the manager redeem the pledge implied by his office, of being attentive to the public delectation. The predominating spirits have, for some time, however, been those of the lovely sex. The gentlemen may be able to succumb to them, perhaps, with a better grace than they would to rival actors; but, feel it as they may, the fact is certain. WALLACK, indeed, is pure in his reading, and chaste in his acting,—but he could never achieve the heights of his profession. POWER stands without a rival in his department; but that is where the mind relaxes from intensity of thought or feeling,—and of KNOWLES we are compelled to say,—after attentive attendance upon his personations,—that, however elevated his pretensions in the field of poetry, he rises but little above mediocrity, as a performer,—always excepting his *Master Walter*, in the *Hunchback*, to which we have heretofore awarded just praise. There are many things which militate against him. The tones of his voice,—his dialect,—his jesticulation,—all are unfitted for that range of the drama in which he has thought proper to move. The very circumstance of his performing the popular characters of his own creation, is against him,—since the expectations of the audience are raised to a higher pitch than might otherwise have been the case,—higher than is reasonable, we may admit, oftentimes,—but that does not alter the fact, nor its effects. With all our respect for Mr. Knowles, as a dramatic writer,—and it has been fully and freely expressed, in these pages,—we cannot add thereto our admiration of him as a general performer.

But to return to the ladies,—and this we do with the most unqualified pleasure: When shall we see *woman*, undisguised by artificial declamation, and the skill of the actress,—*woman*, in all her most trying situations, whether of virtue or of abhorrence,—whether calling forth our sympathies, or our detestation,—more chastely or more perfectly delineated, than in the performances of Miss PHILLIPS? Her *Lady Macbeth*, *Marianna*, *Mrs. Beverley*,—but above all, her *Jane Shore*,—are specimens upon which the mind loves to dwell,—and as we recal them back, we feel again awakened to the same sensations which were produced by that excellent performer, at the moments when she was before us. It would be invidious to form comparisons between Miss Phillips and others who have played the same cast of characters before her. Suffice it to say, that in all respects she is original, and never fails to elicit beauties even from the most trivial parts,—as the bee extracts honey from the most insignificant flower. Her *Jane Shore*, in particular, will ever be remembered by those who have seen it represented by her. The delicate tact,—the perfect *embodying* of that character,—is beyond description; and whether we view her as the repentant sinner, the meek

sufferer, or the loyal subject, we are equally constrained to regret, that such an one could ever transgress the laws of nature,—become the wretched object of mistaken jealousy and demoniac hatred, or the poor victim of despotic cruelty and oppression. At whatever point we pause to reflect upon that character, so represented, we cannot help feeling our virtuous principles encouraged, and experiencing a warmth of sensibility, entirely in harmony with those principles. Miss Phillips has, therefore, done good to our drama, by proving that there may be exquisite pathos, without overstrained declamation, and that the minds of the audience can be finely moved, without the actors' having resort to rant, and hyperbolic gesture.

But that the genius of Shakspeare, and other first rate dramatists, may be fully understood, we have the good fortune to obtain a variety of readings. Among them, that of Miss JARMAN (*soit-disant*) takes a deservedly high stand. Her *Juliet*, which was her first representation here, was a beautiful piece of acting,—and we know not whether most to applaud, the grace and delicacy of her performance, or the musically-sweet voice with which her part was delivered. The confiding, ardent, yet chastened love which she expresses to *Romeo* in the balcony scene, was delightfully done; the morning parting was heart-felt, and the horrors which she experienced, whilst contemplating the possible scenes of a charnel-house, were moving, in the highest degree. Perhaps the most defective point, was where she is under the mistaken notion that *Romeo* is slain by *Tybalt*. It wanted vigor, but was lost in the brightness of the general performance.

But if *Romeo* and *Juliet* be correspondent characters of this drama, as it is generally understood, allowing for the difference of sex and deportment, how wretched was the *Romeo* to whom this *Juliet* had to be a counterpart! Where was the bold, eager, ardent love, which contemned all obstacles, and which but lived for, and in, her's? The hero of the night seemed to us tame and declamatory,—the very antipodes of Italian love, and Italian passion. His warmest speeches were uttered in a tone and manner that might have done honor, indeed, to one of Massillon's sermons, but were quite unfitted for one whose life hung on the accents and countenance of 'so fair a she.' Our *Romeo*, however, made one good hit, and it would perhaps be disengenuous to suffer it to pass unnoticed. We allude to his *rencontre* with *Tybalt*, which was exceedingly well performed,—and the stupor which immediately followed, seemed more 'in character,'—in good conception, and well executed. Mr. TERNAN should, among other things, eschew the practice,—inexcusable in a gentleman of his intelligence and experience,—of gazing around, ever and anon, upon the audience, as if to gather the current opinion of his qualities. The custom is 'villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in him that uses it.' Mr. TERNAN lacks an expressive countenance, and a commanding person,—but he evidently adds to a thorough knowledge of the business of the stage, good sense, and a respectable conception of the characters which he assumes. His *Master Walter* was a creditable personation,—and we have witnessed so much of his apparent capability, that we shall be glad to see him improve in those points wherein his warmest friends cannot fail to perceive, that he is particularly vulnerable.

THE ITALIAN OPERA has closed, for the want of patronage. The performances, on the last night, for the benefit of the Company, were of superior merit, and witnessed by a large and fashionable audience. So much favorable enthusiasm was manifested, that it is believed the Opera House may yet be re-opened, for a brief period.

THE FINE ARTS.

HYALOCAUSTICS.—The three truly splendid specimens of painting upon glass, recently brought from London, and now exhibiting in this city, are worthy the attention of every lover of exquisite art. The largest is a copy of Martin's noted picture of 'Belshazzar's Feast,'—and the others, 'Love among the Roses,' by the same artist, and a group of figures representing Charity, designed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the window of New College Chapel, at Oxford, England. The first named picture is immeasurably beyond any thing we have ever witnessed. It is so well known, from the prints of the original, that it is unnecessary to describe it,—farther than to say, that here the lights blaze upon the beholder with an almost startling brilliancy, and the depth and repose of the shadow is little short of sublime. The composition is full, but not crowded,—the figures are finished with the minute beauty of the softest miniature,—and the perspective is nature itself. The whole is faultless. The artist has, indeed, caught *a something*, until now beyond the reach of art. The distinctness, the singleness of the different foliage, and the perfect relief of the flowers, in 'Love among the Roses,' will attract every eye. The figures, however, seem to us somewhat deficient, and to stand in too garish a light. The group emblematic of Charity, is peculiar for its soft repose,—the admirable blending of demi-tints,—the infantine roundness and tender fleshiness of the children,—and the air of placid affection, in the countenance of the mother. The art of painting on glass, it should be observed, is distinct from, and in all respects superior to, the common art of staining the material with brilliant dyes. In the first case, the colors are placed upon the surface, and *burned in*, at five or six successive periods, in a furnace, and the whole is subject at any moment, to destruction, from cracking, or breaking. The colors are obtained from oxides, and are all mineral.

OUTRE-MER.—The Messrs. Harper's have in press, and will publish in February, *Outre-Mer*, in two volumes. The public have had a foretaste of the work, in two brief numbers, published by Messrs. Lilly, Wait and Company, Boston, which have been already mentioned in this Magazine: but these will form only a small portion of the forthcoming volumes. We have no hesitation in asserting, that no work has been presented to the American public, since the *Sketch Book* of Washington Irving, that combines more of the peculiar attributes of that *chef-d'œuvre* of our American Goldsmith, than *Outre-Mer*.

WORDS, — WORDS.—We have often laughed at the tautology of legal phrases, and the extraneous profundity of modern counsellors at law. The trial of the convent rioters at Boston, has recently developed some of these professional characteristics in no small degree, especially in the matter of cross-questioning. But the evil is not indigenous. The useless verbosity of law formula, has existed more or less, ever since the adoption of the British Magna Charta, and from the pertinacity with which the profession cling to it, there is little likelihood that it will ever be dispensed with. The logic of lawyers is sometimes quite as notable. The subjoined specimen of a

learned judge's charge, is quoted in England, from the *Sterling Chronicle*. It places the celebrated plea of *Bullum vs. Boatum*, immeasurably in the shade: 'Murder, gentlemen, is where a man is murderously killed. The killer, in such a case, is a murderer. Now, murder by poison, is as much murder, as murder with a gun. It is the murdering that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. You will bear in mind that murder is one thing, and manslaughter is another; therefore, if it is not manslaughter, it must be murder; and, if it be not murder, it must be manslaughter. Self murder has nothing to do in this case: one man cannot commit *felo de se* on another: that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, I think you can have no difficulty. Murder, I say, is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; but it is not fratricide if a man murders his mother. You will make up your minds. You know what murder is, and I need not tell you what it is not. I repeat, murder is murder. You can retire upon it if you like.'

A CORRECTION.—It would be a fruitful work, if some patient and studious reader were to peer with a critical eye over the pages of those foreign reviews, which are looked up to on this side of the Atlantic with such devoted reverence. Even that magnate of its tribe, the *Edinburgh*, may sometimes be caught napping. Thus, in one of the late numbers, in an article on the *Autobiography* of Sir Egerton Brydges, we perceive that the Reviewer has made no small ado in the way of argument, about a passage which he traces to the prose works of Milton, and quotes it as a defence of the vanity of that sublime author, and as a comprehensive apology for the existence of such sentiments in the minds of most writers. But the passage is *not* from Milton. It is from Sir Thomas Brown, and may be found in the volume containing his beautiful *Religio Medici*. There is a world of thought in the extract; and, therefore, we think the honor of it should pertain to the memory of one of the most learned and elegant writers of his time.

Mrs. HEMANS.—We are sorry to learn, that the health of this gifted lady was, early in November, in a very delicate and declining state. She had been for some weeks so ill, as to be in no condition to make any efforts in her favourite pursuit of poetry. A few scriptural illustrations, in the measure of sonnets, comprise all the effusions that have for several months past proceeded from her pen. Pure as her writings always are, her later effusions seem steeped in unwonted spirituality and tenderness. Her harp catches more frequently 'a wandering breath of that high melody,' whose source is in heaven, and whose vibrations are eternal.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARNS.—Such is the title of a work now passing through the press of Mr. Dearborn, of this city. It is by the author of 'Mariner's Sketches,'—a volume which excited general attention in this country, and was highly spoken of

abroad. From our knowledge of the intellectual endowments of the writer,—who is a gentleman of liberal education, and genuine original humor,—we venture to predict, that the 'Yarns' will prove a most entertaining publication. It will be issued, we learn, in January.

THE WEST.—We have been gratified and instructed by the perusal of an excellent Discourse, delivered before the Union Literary Society of Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, by DANIEL DRAKE, M.D., of Cincinnati. Our eyes, here at the east, are beginning to open to the abundant spirit of enterprise, physical and mental, which is pervading that boundless region,—the Great West. We propose, hereafter, to avail ourselves of leisure that we cannot now command, to advert to this production of Dr. Drake, since it is fruitful in themes of interest to every liberal-minded American, whose love of country is not confined within local or sectional limits. In the meantime, we cannot forbear presenting, from the December number of the *Western Monthly Magazine*, a brief but graphic picture of the tide of emigration now 'rolling onward to the occident.' In an able review,—doubtless from the pen of the Editor,—of Mrs. Holley's work on Texas, it is remarked: 'We see the business of emigration going forward, not only with unexampled rapidity, but with a steady action, which continues from year to year; and while every part of the West is increasing in population, some favorite portions are receiving vast accessions. One current is pouring in upon Michigan its crowds from New England and New York,—another is filling Alabama with planters from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Carolinas. A stream of New Englanders is entering Illinois from the North, and another from the South brings its thousands of emigrants from Tennessee and Kentucky. Indiana and Missouri are receiving their portions of this great flood, which, like the inundations of the Mississippi, deposits some of its particles upon every land over which it flows; while a kind of under current, a sort of supplementary emigration, is carrying off from all the western states, crowds of people, who are destined for Arkansas, and for the boundless regions lying along the whole western frontier.

'Wherever the traveler chances to wander over the wide West, he encounters the stragglers of this army, moving toward the setting sun. 'The cry is still, *they come*.' Along the whole chain of the Alleghany ridge, they may be seen crossing into our valley, by every pass which nature or art has rendered practicable—they are thrown in shoals upon all the shores of the northern lakes—they ascend in steamboats from New Orleans—and whenever the art of flying shall be discovered, which in the natural order of things must be soon, they will be wafted by every western wind, and darken the air like flights of pigeons. And let them come. There is room enough for all, and they can never eat us out of house and home. The universal Yankee nation might be conveniently settled upon the plains of Illinois, and all the free whites that can be spared from the South, would find elbow room in Missouri.'

The description which succeeds, embodying the distinguishing characteristics of the emigrants from the different states, is to the life, and as happy a specimen of grouping as we have met for many a day. But we must content ourselves with a single extract, which will be found to illustrate the remarks of a correspondent, the writer of the article entitled 'Our Country,' in the present number of this work,—an AMERICAN, heart and soul: 'Thus they are filling up the West from abroad, and thus they are moving, and circulating, and changing places within the West. But

our broad valley is not wide enough for the operation of this enterprising spirit, and there are Alexanders among us, who, having overrun every known field of ambition, are sighing for new worlds to conquer. The thousands of square miles that lie yet unbroken by the plough, the league after league of forest which remains unviolated by the axe of the backwoodsman, are insufficient. Our steamboats have ascended the Mississippi to the falls of St. Anthony; they have traced the meanders of the Missouri to a still more distant region; our traders pass annually over vast deserts to Santa Fe, and the adventurous trapper has sought the haunts of the beaver beyond the Rocky mountains; and yet the lust for newer lands, and for novel scenes of commercial enterprise, is undiminished.'

THE INFLUENCE OF MORAL CAUSES ON OPINIONS, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.—Such is the caption of a Discourse delivered at Amherst College, August 27th, 1834, at the request of the Literary Societies of that Institution, by GULIAN C. VERPLANCK, Esq. MR. VERPLANCK never addresses himself to any task, without bringing the best powers of his mind, and the stores of his learning, to bear upon his subject. In this Address, he has exhibited his usual soundness of intellect, in strong connection with his natural facility of making history and the lessons which it inculcates, subsidiary to that best of ends,—the moral improvement of man. We look upon this modest effort as an addition to the numerous claims which the author is continually exhibiting, in some shape or other, to the admiration and respect of his countrymen.

HOURS OF DEVOTION.—The present is the second American from the thirteenth German edition of this volume. The translator, Mr. MORRIS MATSON, has rendered a service to the public, which we are pleased to observe has been properly appreciated. The necessity of a second edition to supply the demand, is a good commentary upon the worth of the volume, and a satisfactory proof that it has been rendered with skill from the popular original. The matter of the book is such that it may be recommended with confidence to all sober minds, of every sect. It provokes good thoughts and pure desires; and, like the devotional writings of A'Kempis, finds favor with all who love to walk uprightly, and to lead others in ways which they deem paths of peace. Messrs. KEY AND BIDDLE are the publishers.

CORRECTION, ETC.—A friend, writing from London, corrects the impression conveyed in the September number of the Knickerbocker, (gathered, we may add, from London journals,) that SHERIDAN KNOWLES was the author of the 'Diary of a London Physician.' The real writer is a MR. WALKER. Our correspondent adds: 'T. K. HERVEY, the poet, announces 'The Autobiography of Jack Ketch, the Newgate Hangman!'

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W. L. Mitchell
LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY,' 'MOLECULAR ATTRACTIONS,' ETC.

'If from great Nature's, or our own abyss
Of thought, we could but snatch a certainty,
Perhaps mankind might find the path they miss,—
But then 'twould spoil much good philosophy.'

BYRON.

NEARLY all false theories in medicine and physics, have arisen from partial and limited views of Nature. In proportion as our knowledge of her operations is enlarged, will the difficulty of comprehending them be diminished. Could we embrace at one glance, the whole mechanism of creation, we should be struck with astonishment at its simplicity. Could we enter the secret recesses of life, and behold the sublime regularity with which all its movements and combinations are carried on, we should be overpowered with the conviction of SUPREME INTELLIGENCE,—and exclaim with the Prophet King, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty!'

When treating of molecular attractions, we endeavored to prove, that every motion of the smallest atom is the result of a single power which pervades the universe,—that the atomic constitution of matter, is the foundation of physical science,—that the whole frame of nature is made up of atoms, which are endowed with the power of motion, and change, by a subtile, active, invisible agent, which causes all the dissolutions and affinities of ponderable matter.

Many experiments were performed about fifty years ago by Bonneet, Spallanzani, and Saussure, which clearly demonstrate the agency of heat in dissolving the atoms of matter, and of re-combining them into organic forms of animalcule existence.

Spallanzani boiled the seeds of different vegetables, such as corn, barley, wheat, beans, vetches, mallows, and beets, for one, two, and three hours,—after which they were set aside for eight days in different vessels, which were all found to contain animalcules,—and that the number was in proportion to the time of boiling the seeds. He also found, that each of the vegetable infusions produced different species of animalcules. When produced from maceration, without boiling the seeds, their number was in proportion to the temperature of the atmosphere. He afterwards submitted the same species of seeds to the intense heat

of burning coals, red hot iron, and even of the blow pipe, until they were converted into powder, and as many infusions formed as there were seeds, which did not diminish the number of animalcules.

The obvious inference from these experiments, is, that a high temperature separates the molecules of matter, and prepares them for entering into new combinations, under the influence of a lower temperature, which assume definite forms of organization, with vitality, etc.

Spallanzani further ascertained, by a series of the most accurate experiments, that all species of animalcules were destroyed by cold, some at one temperature, and some at another,—that some were destroyed at 108° Fahrenheit, while others endured a temperature of 212°,—that the eggs of silk-worms produced the greatest number of worms at 88°, while at 144°, not one was fertile,—that the eggs of toads may be hatched at 45°, while those of birds require 104°.

In all our reasonings concerning cold, it must be understood, that we mean by it, simply the absence or diminution of heat: for it would be totally unphilosophical, to call the absence of that principle which is the cause of motion, sensation, and life, a stimulant, as some modern physiologists have done. The entire absence of heat, if such a condition were possible, would be the negation of all chemical and mechanical power, to say nothing of contractility, sensation, and perception. If a cold, dense atmosphere is bracing, it is because it supplies to the system a large proportion of oxygen, and yields more vital heat by respiration than a warm, rarefied atmosphere,—as we shall prove hereafter. We shall now proceed to take a general view of the agency of caloric in the functions of breathing, sentient life.

It has been long known that there is a constant production or disengagement of heat in breathing animals,—that one of the leading characteristics of the higher orders of animals is, that they are warm blooded,—that they have a power of preserving their *temperature* for a long time, when exposed to great cold. Yet, among all the numerous modern works on physiology, we have never met with any satisfactory explanation of the use of heat in the animal economy. The common sense of mankind has been diverted from the simplicity of nature, by vague and unmeaning speculations about the 'unknown vital principle,' until the whole science of life has become involved in the deepest obscurity. The precious time of youth has been wasted in poring over hundreds of volumes, to obtain what might be embraced in half a dozen, if stripped of useless verbiage, and reduced to established principles. Without stopping, at present, to examine the various systems of the day, we shall proceed to prove, that *caloric is the proximate cause of all vital functions*,—that it is received into the system from the atmosphere, by respiration,—that without caloric, there can be no irritability of the heart and arteries,—no circulation, secretion, or nutrition,—no digestion or absorption,—no muscular or nervous power,—and, consequently, no sensation, perception, and intelligence.

We shall first treat of the function of respiration.

In the oldest record we have of the creation of man, we are informed that '*God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and he became*

a living soul.' To breathe, and to live, are synonymous terms among all nations. No one has ever doubted that the vital principle is derived from the atmosphere, and imparted to the system by respiration. Since the discoveries of Black, Priestly, and Lavoisier, it has been known to all philosophers, that oxygen is the grand supporter of combustion throughout nature,—that iron and other metals burn vividly in pure oxygen gas,—that heat causes it to combine rapidly with other elements, and that, during this union, its latent caloric is given out, in the form of sensible heat. It was also demonstrated that the amount of heat evolved, was in proportion to the amount of oxydation, or combination of oxygen with other elements. These facts led Lavoisier and Crawford to inquire into the source of *animal heat*. They found by various experiments, that a portion of atmospheric oxygen was consumed by respiration,—that it united with carbon excreted from the lungs, forming carbonic acid gas,—and that the heat of animals was in proportion to the amount of oxygen consumed. More extended researches of numerous philosophers have farther ascertained, that oxygen is indispensable to the life of *all animals*, and even vegetables,—that if worms and insects be closely confined in small vessels, filled with atmospheric air, its oxygen is slowly consumed, and carbonic acid formed. When treating of galvanic heat, we observed, that the quantity evolved was in proportion to the extent of oxydation, as in ordinary combustion,—that when only two large plates or coils of zinc and copper were immersed in an acid or alkali, *heat* was evolved; but that when the size of the plates was *diminished*, and their number *increased*, the latent caloric of the combining elements was given out in the more active form of electricity,—in short, that the latent caloric of all bodies is given out in the form of sensible heat, or electricity, according to the mode of its disengagement from other matter.

So in living animals, we shall find, that their heat is in proportion to the size and activity of their respirable organs,—and that it may be drawn off in the form of *electricity*, by a common electrical machine. If the living body be brought into communication with a prime conductor, when the cylinder is turning, the animal heat is withdrawn from it, and furnishes a copious supply of *electricity* which is conducted to the Leyden jar, which animal heat was originally derived from the atmosphere.

According to the late experiments of Dr. Edwards, 15,500 grains of oxygen are consumed by a healthy man every twenty-four hours; and 13,392 grains are expired in combination with carbon, making carbonic acid gas,—while other experimenters maintain that the same amount of oxygen is expired in combination with carbon that is inspired. Whether a portion of atmospheric oxygen be absorbed into the circulation by respiration, or not, it cannot be the animating principle independent of caloric: it is too gross and ponderable. The truth is, that nearly all the most distinguished writers from Stahl, Hoffman, and Linnæus, to Cullen, Hunter, and Cuvier, have considered the vital principle a *subtile, imponderable*, and active fluid, united in some way with the elements of common matter. If we say that oxygen is the living prin-

ciple, we fall into the error of Lucretius, who maintained that it was a compound of different gases; *for oxygen is not a simple substance, but is always found in a state of combination with caloric.* Lucretius himself has demonstrated, that whatever is compound is mutable and perishable, passing into new forms and modes of existence,—while we maintain that elementary caloric is a simple and refined essence, derived from the great ocean of power which pervades and surrounds all things, and that if it be really a *simple essence*, it cannot be destructible, even according to the reasoning of the materialists. In what manner the sentient principle preserves its identity, after the dissolution of the body, philosophy fails to inform us. Whether it is resorbed into the great fountain of life from which it sprung, or moves in a separate sphere of existence, *per se*, it is an indestructible, and therefore immortal essence.

Thus we avoid the extremes of a gross materialism on the one hand; and the unintelligible doctrine of an *immaterial, sentient principle*, on the other. Descartes, and the great body of metaphysicians after him, denied that the sentient principle, or mind, had any one property in common with matter,—in which doctrine, they appear to have mistaken the *effects*, or operations of the mind,—such as perception, thought, and feeling,—for the sentient principle itself; whereas they are mere affections, or states of the mind, and not a distinct essence. The same mistake is constantly made in physics, by those who consider attraction, magnetism, etc., as distinct essences, whereas, they are only the *effects* of an invisible agent, or essence.

To those philosophers who maintain, that the vital principle is something still more refined than caloric, we may adduce the accurate experiments of Nieuwentyt, who computed, that a cubic inch of candle when converted into light, becomes divided into 269,617,040 atoms, with 40 cyphers annexed. It has also been estimated that a single grain of the matter of a candle may be so diffused or expanded in the form of light, as to fill a circular space of four miles in diameter, making 2000 millions of millions of millions of rays, each of which must consist of streams or successions of atoms.* Yet must *caloric*, which is the *diffusing agent*, be far more subtle than light. Can any one imagine that the *materia vita* is more spiritual and refined than this ethereal essence? The immaterialist means only, that gross and ponderable matter, alone, is incapable of sensation, perception and thought,—which all must admit,—for it cannot be supposed for a moment, that the living principle possesses the properties of solidity or gravity, in the same manner as ponderable matter.

When the immaterialist is asked what he means by the sentient principle, he replies that he has no knowledge of its nature or essence, and that he knows its existence only by its effects: such as sensation, perception, imagination, and intelligence. But if it can be shown that a continual supply of caloric, by respiration, endows the brain and nervous system with the power of sensation and intelligence, and that when the supply is arrested, torpor, insensibility, and death immedi-

* Mason Good's Commentaries on Lucretius.

ately follow, we are compelled to admit, that *caloric is the proximate cause of cerebral and nervous power.*

The first effect of respiration is calorification of the *blood*, which is forced by the right ventricle of the heart throughout the lungs. The color, which was of a dark modena, becomes changed to a bright red, and its temperature is elevated one or two degrees. If it does not undergo this change, it fails to excite the heart, and all the movements of the machine are at an end. It loses the power of producing those vital capillary actions, on which depend all the secretory and nutrient functions of the body. Moreover, if the system be deprived of heat more rapidly than it is supplied by respiration, torpor, insensibility, and death ensue. In hybernating animals, the *temperature* is low in proportion to the diminished activity of their respiration. Their arterial blood loses its scarlet color, their circulation becomes languid, and all the functions of life are reduced to a death-like torpor.

The bat, the dor mouse, the marmot squirrel, hedge-hog and all other hybernating animals, have feeble powers of respiration, while cold blooded animals, which have still more imperfect organs of respiration, become totally lifeless when exposed to great cold,—such as fish, reptiles, worms, and insects.

In the young of warm blooded animals, according to the experiments of Dr. Edwards, respiration is feeble, and their temperature proportionally less. It is stated by Spallanzani, and other naturalists, that swallows have been found in the hollows of trees in a state of hybernation, and afterwards revived by the application of warmth. He produced the same effect on martens, by confining them in an ice house, and by freezing mixtures. Sheep have remained for several months in a state of torpor, under banks of snow,—and we are informed by Mason Good, that a farmer's wife, near Cambridge, on returning from market, lost her way, and was buried under drifts of snow for eleven days, who was then rescued and restored to health and activity. He relates the case of another woman near Litchfield, who remained in the same situation for fifteen days, without sustaining any permanent injury from her long torpor.

When the surface of the living body is exposed to a low temperature, it loses its bright red color, and assumes a purple hue, which proves that the *abstraction of heat from the cutaneous capillaries, changes their blood from the arterial to the venous state.* They become torpid; the skin loses its sensibility; the blood retreats; and the vessels contract.

Mr. Hunter found, by experiment, that arterial blood may be converted into venous blood, by tying an artery so as to prevent its free circulation,—and Hassenfratz did the same, by confining arterial blood in glass tubes, hermetically sealed.

In accordance with the above facts, the color of the circulating fluids, in cold blooded animals, is much less vivid, and has fewer red globules, than in warm blooded animals,—while, in the lower orders of animals, which breathe by means of spiracles, the blood is white. Moreover, the amount of red blood in man, and other warm

blooded animals, is in proportion to their health and vigor,—and the quantity of red globules is greater in arterial, than in venous blood.

It has long been considered a mystery among physiologists, how warm blooded animals preserve nearly a uniform temperature, when exposed to great cold. That it is owing simply to the supply which is afforded by respiration, is obvious from the following facts :

1. That given volumes of cold air contain a much larger quantity of oxygen than warm air, which is rarefied in proportion to its temperature.

2. It has been demonstrated, by the experiments of Crawford, Jurine, Lavoisier, and Delaroche, that more oxygen is consumed by respiration during cold, than warm weather,—more carbonic acid formed,—and more heat disengaged. The consumption of oxygen by respiration, has been found to be 1345 cubic inches per hour, in a temperature of 54° Fahrenheit,—while at 79° 1210 cubic inches were consumed. It is probable that double the quantity would be consumed at zero, as at 100° : the quantity however, varies according to the activity and size of the lungs, muscular exertion, etc.

3. Birds, which have large and extensive organs of respiration, possess a higher temperature than man, and other warm blooded animals, ranging from 102°, to 107° Fahrenheit,—and even to 130°, according to some physiologists.

4. If a healthy man be closely enveloped by a thick covering of furs, silk, or wool, so as to retain all his animal heat, it very soon becomes insupportable by its accumulation.

5. The atmosphere, when condensed by cold, as in winter, is a much better supporter of combustion, than during summer. Fuel burns more rapidly, and much more heat is given out. So great is the difference, that smelters of iron ore, find their business much less profitable during summer than winter. Sometimes, it is difficult in the United States, to create heat enough to carry on the process of roasting, etc., during warm weather.

6. When animals are deprived of atmospheric oxygen, they become cold, torpid and insensible, and death very soon ensues,—from which it is evident, that caloric is the proximate cause of vital motion. It is disengaged from the atmosphere in the lungs, in proportion to the amount of oxygen, which combines with the carbon excreted from them. It warms and vivifies the blood, stimulates the heart to contract, by which the living fluid is forced throughout the arteries into the capillary vessels. The capillaries are excited, by arterial blood, to increased action, by which the living fluid is conveyed to every part of the system. A portion of it is retained by vital affinity, and thus converted into the structure of the various tissues and organs through which it is distributed by capillary circulation, constituting nutrition and growth. During this beautiful process, a portion of the vital heat of arterial blood is combined with the organs, supplying the waste occasioned by their action, by which means, arterial becomes venous blood. Without this supply of vital heat, irritability and sensibility fail, as in drowning, hanging, or suffocation from breathing nitrogen, hydrogen, and carbonic

acid gases. But why should we multiply words,—since it is admitted by every intelligent physiologist, that in warm blooded animals, even the whale and porpoise,—respiration of oxygen is indispensable to life,—that when it is interrupted, the supply of animal heat fails, when they become cold and dead. It is not a little surprising, that the doctrine of calorification by respiration, fortified as it was by such a mass of evidence, should have been called in question by the partial experiments of Brodie, Earle, and Dr. Young,—and especially that Dr. Jackson, of Philadelphia, should have rejected it, merely because the experiments of Delaroche and Berard, Clement and Desormes, differed from those of Crawford on the relative specific heats of oxygen and carbonic acid gas. It is highly probable that Crawford's estimate was incorrect,—but is that any reason why heat should not be evolved, by the union of oxygen with carbon? If this mode of reasoning be admitted as conclusive, Lavoisier's theory of *combustion*, which has been received by all philosophers as a perfect demonstration, must fall to the ground. But we have proved, that heat is always evolved by the union of oxygen with carbon, and other elements. Dr. Jackson maintains with Richerand and other physiologists, that *life is the result of organic action*. He also maintains that *animal heat is the result of organic action*. He has not, however, informed us what causes organic action. When treating of irritability, or the vital force, he seems to have approached the true theory of life, by making electro-galvanism, the proximate cause of vital affinity,—*under the agency of the unknown vital principle*. It is probable that by electro-galvanism, he means electricity; but he has not indicated its origin, or relation to caloric, which has been the cause of much error and inconsistency throughout his otherwise valuable work. He attributes lymphatic absorption to the agency of electricity; but denies the existence of capillary attraction and vascular action, both in the circulation of lymph and the juices of plants.* It is difficult to conceive how Dr. Jackson produced so good a book, while wandering in a labyrinth of conjecture and doubt, in relation to the cause of organic force. It would be a useless waste of time to dwell on the opinions of those writers who maintain that animal heat is generated by the brain and nerves. The gradual destruction of the brain and spinal marrow does not destroy the contraction of the heart if the vessels be tied, and artificial respiration kept up,—and we have numerous accounts of monsters being born with a heart and circulations, but destitute of brain and spinal marrow. Sir Wilson Phillip rendered rabbits insensible by a blow on the occiput; the spinal marrow and brain were then removed, and respiration kept up by artificial means,—when the motion of the heart and the circulation were carried on as usual. Besides, vegetables, and many of the lower orders of animals, are without brain and nerves. The doctrine that animal heat results from the conversion of fluids into solids is also fallacious, because the solids are as constantly converted into fluids, by lymphatic absorption. The hypothesis that heat is generated in the stomach, is

equally without foundation. All such opinions have been formed from an imperfect survey of the animal economy,—the nature and source of heat,—and its influence on organic life. The stomach can no more secrete the gastric fluid, or execute the process of digestion, without vital heat received into the blood by respiration, than the brain can think, the muscles contract, or the glands secrete their respective fluids. Nothing could be more unphilosophical than to suppose that animal heat is *generated de novo*, by the action of the organs.

Many theories have been invented by physiologists, to explain the cause of capillary circulation.

We have already demonstrated, that caloric is the cause of capillary attraction in inorganic matter,—that the fluid contains caloric plus, while porous solids, and capillary tubes are minus,—and that the nutritive juices of plants are circulated by vital capillary attraction. The capillary circulation in animals, is owing to a modification of the same cause. The blood, which is kept in a state of fluidity by heat, is plus, and the solids are minus, while the attraction between them, forces the blood through the capillary vessels.

It is calculated by physiologists that all the blood in the human system,—averaging about twenty-five pounds,—passethrough the lungs and general system, twenty-eight times per hour. By what power is all this mass of fluid carried with such velocity through the capillary arteries and veins, and forced up the ascending cava to the right side of the heart? We answer, the attraction of solids and fluids for each other, is the cause of all vital motion, secretion, nutrition, lymphatic and chylous absorption, etc.—in reality, that all the powers, motions, and changes which take place throughout nature, organic and inorganic, are resolvable into the attraction of caloric for ponderable matter, and repulsion of its own particles. All the organs are composed of fluids and solids, which have a reciprocal action upon each other.* Every thing which is appropriated by the organs for their nutrition and growth, must be in a fluid state,—and the solids must be converted into fluids, before they are removed by absorption. Thus solids are formed from fluids, and fluids from solids, as in the departments of inorganic nature. Numerous facts might be adduced, which clearly establish, that the heart is not the proximate cause of *arterial capillary circulation*, but that it is owing to an attraction between fluids and solids.

1. If an artery be tied in a living dog, the portion beyond the ligature soon becomes empty, when its sides collapse.

2. Local inflammations, by which arterial blood is accumulated in the different organs, are independent of the heart's contraction.

3. After death from ordinary disease, the arteries are found empty, and the blood accumulated in the veins; proving that it has been removed by arterial and capillary action after the heart ceased to contract.

* The celebrated John Hunter, who has added so much to our knowledge of the animal economy, supposed that the 'solids and fluids were brought together by motion;' but he has not explained the *cause* of this motion; for the same reason that Natural Philosophers have not explained the cause of attraction—viz. that they did not know.

4. Local inflammations are removed after death, showing that the capillaries continue their action for some time after the heart becomes quiescent. They continue to act, and the muscles to contract, until the arterial blood has lost its vital heat. It is for the same reason that the nails and hair remain growing for some time after death. When the body is destroyed by lightning, the affinities of life are suddenly dissolved. Both solids and fluids are reduced to the condition of dead matter, and the arteries are not emptied by capillary attraction. Mr. Hunter found that when stags and bullocks were hunted to death, the same dissolution of the blood and solids was produced. Their flesh became tender, and their blood did not coagulate. In all similar cases of death from over-exertion, the affinities of life are destroyed by an expenditure of the vital fluid, which is indispensable to the maintenance of all organic action. It is the exhaustion of vital energy by over-exertion in the hot sun, which renders a draught of cold water so often fatal among laborers. It suddenly paralyzes the stomach and heart, by abstracting the remaining vital fluid, when death immediately follows.

Without attempting to explain the *cause* of capillary circulation, Dr. Arnott demonstrated, that it was independent of the heart's contraction. He completely refuted the hypothesis of a 'suction power of the heart,' in promoting the venous circulation, by a very simple experiment. He filled an eel skin with water, and introduced the pipe of a small pump or syringe into it, when on drawing up the fluid from its mouth, its sides immediately collapsed, making an end of the experiment. The agency of atmospheric and muscular pressure in causing venous circulation, has been renounced by nearly all enlightened physiologists of the present day. We have before stated, that the capillary circulation in a vigorous grape vine was equal to a pressure of thirty inches of mercury, and that heat is the cause of all capillary circulation in vegetables. If, then, the moving power, or cause of life, be the same in plants and animals, it is a fair conclusion that the aggregate action of all the venous capillaries is adequate to force the blood up the ascending cava, into the right auricle of the heart, independent of any other cause. The aggregate power of the venous and lacteal *capillaries* constitutes the '*vis a tergo*' of the veins and thoracic duct.'

It is worthy of observation, that blood does not coagulate or contract, when exposed to a temperature below 38° Fahrenheit, and that its coagulation is promoted by moderate heat. At 160° Fahrenheit, the serum of the blood is converted into a white and opaque substance, like the white of a boiled egg,—from which it is clear, that heat is the cause of irritability and coagulation of the blood; while all physiologists agree, that the contractile power of the muscular fibre, is the same which causes the coagulation of blood. The contractility of the muscular fibre remains after death, until the body becomes cold, when it ceases. Mr. Hunter took from the neck of a newly killed sheep, three square pieces of muscle, and put them into water of different temperatures, from 55° to 125°. The piece put in the warmest water contracted speedily; while the one in the coldest water contracted very slowly.

It cannot be denied, that heat, and heat alone, is the agent by which the semi-transparent albuminous germ of an egg, is converted into an organized being,—and that the heat of living bodies is the cause of organization in blood which is poured out from a wound,—causing ‘union by the first intention,’ and the reproduction of lost parts. Blood vessels, nerves, muscle, bone, and cartilage are organized in the effused blood, just as they are formed in the chick *in ovo*, which demonstrates that *caloric is the proximate cause of organic reproduction*. It has been proved by the microscopical observations of Home, Brodie, Dumas, Dutrochet, and Edwards, that animal fibres are formed of globules, consecutively arranged and derived from the blood,—and are the same as the globules of the blood. They are held together by an invisible, imponderable fluid, like the links of a magnetic chain. We have shown that caloric is intimately combined with all matter. The principle difference between living and dead matter, is, that the former is furnished with a larger quantity of caloric, by which it is endowed with more active powers of attraction. There is obviously a much larger quantity of heat in a *living*, than in a dead man, which is constantly renewed by respiration, and expended by organic action. All the animated beings which have ever inhabited the earth, must have previously existed in the state of inorganic matter. The aliment of which our bodies is composed, is dead matter, until organized and kindled into life by that invisible fire which pervades the universe.

M.

STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ‘MAN’S LOVE’ AND ‘WOMAN’S LOVE.’

Yes,—I can bear to see thee now,
 With quiet lip, and placid brow;
 Thine eyes may watch me as they will,
 They cannot make one heart-string thrill:
 I’ve known thee fickle, known my peace
 The sport of thy most cold caprice;
 Now sue,—now woo,—I’ve snapt the chain,—
 I cannot be thy slave again.

There was a time, when I for thee
 Looked with all love’s anxiety:
 When sitting breathless,—feverish,—mute,
 I’ve listened, trembling for thy foot:
 Thy presence was as if I quaffed
 From Life’s rich fount a daily draught;
 Thy parting dimmed, yet fed the flame,—
 Now, come or go,—’tis all the same!

’Tis over,—I have flung thee off,
 With careless heart, and bitter scoff,—
 Thou! who didst *dare*,—fool that thou wert,
 To trifle with a trusting heart!
 Though thou didst know how deep and true
 My feelings were in root and hue.
 Oh, search this world,—a firmer mind,
 Or fonder heart, thou wilt not find!

Farewell!—I cannot mourn the hour
That breaks, for aye, thy spell of power :
I cannot mourn, that from such clay
The idol robes are torn away.
If ever blush at feelings weak,
For thee, again may tinge my cheek,
For very shame that blush will be,
That I *could* dream of loving thee!

M. A. BROWNE.

London, December, 1834.

CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MUTINY,' 'MY FIRST AND LAST FLOGGING,' ETC.

CONCLUDED.

By the time our mirth had subsided, the English frigates were out of sight, having doubled the northern point of the bay. Seymour having satisfied himself of this fact, said to me :

'All hands up anchor! Mr. Garnet, this bay is no place for us.'

Having given the requisite orders, in preparation, I desired to know for what purpose he weighed, and whither we were bound.

'We are going up the river, to be sure,' he replied, 'in order to get our live lumber aboard.'

'I see no river,' said I, looking carefully around the bay.

'I will show it to you in fifteen minutes,' answered Seymour : 'so now up anchor, for the wind is fair, and we've no time to lose.'

The anchor was soon at the bows, and sail being made, we stood for the head of the bay, which, as I have already said, was quite small,—about three miles in length, and one in width at the mouth,—narrowing, of course, towards the head. The land around it was considerably elevated, and densely covered with tall mangroves,—and no where could I see the least indication of a river,—the coast of the bay being of an uniform elevation. We went on, however, with all sail set,—and as we neared the head of the bay, I observed that the water did not shoal so much as usual, but still I saw nothing of the river. When about a cable's length from the beach, Seymour sung out :

'Man the starboard braces,—slack the larboard ones,—square away!'

We continued our course an instant longer, and then putting up the helm, doubled a point, and entered an inlet, which stretched inland towards the north-east, while our course from the mouth of the bay had been due east. It was exceedingly narrow,—so much so, indeed, that it seemed impossible for two large ships to lie abreast in any part of it, and especially at the entrance. The tide was now coming in, and the wind being fair, we sailed quietly along, and were about half way through the channel, when the leadsman in the chains, who had been

lazily reporting five, and four and a half fathom, suddenly came out with 'A quarter-less-three,' and an instant after, 'A half-two.'

'Well, Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, smiling at my sudden start, caused by this announcement, 'do you think we are aground? This channel above us carries fifteen feet water to the bank on both sides, and is perfectly clear. There you see Jimmy Flatfoot again,—for a line-of-battle ship could come into it easy enough, but the next thing they knew they would be fast in the mud, while we, drawing less than fifteen feet, slip along unhurt. You had better have your eyes about you now, for we may be obliged to fight our way out of here, yet.'

For half a mile, the narrow channel was perfectly straight, but at the end of that distance, it formed an angle of forty-five degrees, and on doubling the point, we found ourselves in a fine, wide river, which stretched away to the eastward, as far as the eye could reach.

'Now, John Garnet,' said Seymour, 'here is a river for you, which would not suffer much alongside of the Hudson,—and moreover,—Main chains there! What water have you?'

The leadsman hove, and sung out: 'By the mark, five.'

'Do you hear that?' continued Seymour: 'you see there is no want of water here.'

'Yes,' I replied, 'and I am now convinced that your friend blocked out this place, for our especial benefit.'

'Shortly after, we came to anchor near the north bank of the river, and about two miles from the last angle. On this bank was a collection of miserable mud huts, called a town; and firing a gun to awake them, we soon had the governor thereof on board, an unforgotten mortal, who, after confabulating awhile with Seymour, promised him that our freight should 'have quick despatch,' as he had half a cargo in store, and knew where to catch the rest. Then, being a large man in his way, he 'punished' a quart of half-and-half, and, undisturbed by the trifling potation, took a ten gallon keg,—jumped into his canoe, and went on his errand of love.

About noon of the fourth day after our arrival, as we lay quietly at anchor waiting our cargo, Seymour, who had been ashore, returned aboard in great haste, and ordered me to call all hands up anchor, which being done we were towed down stream, and anchored again just above the angle in the river.

'Now then, Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, 'get a spring on the cable, and slew us round, so that our starboard battery will command that entrance, for I have just been informed that three English men-of-war, a ship of the line, and two frigates, are entering the bay.'

'If it be so,' said I, 'they cannot get more than half way up the narrow channel, as you well know.'

'Ay,' he replied, 'but their boats, my man,—their boats can come up.'

The spring was accordingly applied to the cable, and our broadside brought to bear upon the entrance of the before-mentioned channel. We lay about two hundred yards due east from it, so that anything coming up it could not see us, until they doubled the point, for the intervening land was high, and thickly wooded. Our guns were then

examined, an extra stand of canister put into each, and the starboard battery depressed and pointed at the angle of the river. We had scarcely finished our preparations, when a six oared cutter shot out from behind the point, steering up stream.

'I give you fair warning,' shouted Seymour: 'bout ship, or I'll blow you out of water.'

'Ay, ay, my fine fellow,' said the English lieutenant, coolly,—ordering his men to lie on their oars,—'of what nation are you,—where from,—where bound,—and what are you doing here?'

'There,' said Seymour, pointing to our black flag, which was at this instant run up at the peak,—'there is my flag,—the rest of me you'll find out, if you come so near again. Now I advise you to pull back to your ship, otherwise,—— All ready, starboard battery!'

'Thank you for the hint, friend,' said the English lieutenant, 'and in return I'll inform you that an English seventy-four, and and two frigates are at anchor in the bay.'

'I knew all that before,' replied Seymour, unconcernedly.

'Well,' said the Englishman, putting his boat about, 'it's my opinion you'll know it again,—so, good bye, so long:!' and his men slowly giving way, he quietly doubled the point, and pulled down the river.

'Now, Garnet,' said Seymour, 'we'll have some fighting shortly, for I can't afford to be blocked up here, and must, and will be at sea, in eight-and-forty hours, come what may.'

'That's easier said than done,' I replied,—'for that liner's broadside would be no child's play.'

'Poh!' said he, contemptuously, 'I see you don't understand all the tricks of the trade yet. Take our third cutter, and pull down that channel, as far as is safe, keeping close in shore, and then take to the bushes, and find out what those Englishmen are doing, and return quickly. Meanwhile I will send ashore for my slaves.'

I pulled down stream accordingly, but seeing nothing, I left the boat in care of the crew, and went on through the forest alone, down to the hill, overlooking the bay. I then saw that the frigates were the same we had sent to sea after the pirate, and the liner was a heavy one, carrying an hundred guns. They had anchored at first in the centre of the bay, but now all had weighed again. The frigates stood down the bay, and anchored, one on each side of the mouth, athwart-ships of the channel outside, while the line-of-battle sailed up to the head of the bay, put her helm down, and bringing every thing flat aback, shoved herself into the narrow channel her own length, stern foremost, and then anchored head and stern in the middle of it.

'Pretty good *seamanship*, Mr. Bull,' thought I, as I observed this plugging-up manœuvre,—for there seemed to be scarcely room for her boats to pull alongside of her, much less for a ship to pass,—'it will not be so easy to run by a fellow as wide awake as you are.'

I had now ascertained all that was needful,—so I returned to my boat, which had lain snug under the bushes, about half way down the channel. As the Englishman's guns commanded the whole of it, we were obliged to unship our oars, and scull up stream, keeping well

under the banks,—and it was well we did so, for just before we reached the angle in the river, we carelessly shot into the middle of the stream, when, quicker than thought, six thirty-two pound shot whistled over our heads, followed by a roar of genuine English thunder. We were not desirous of any more such, and took to our oars: giving way strongly, we doubled the point just as six more round shot kicked up the water astern of us.

‘Pretty good *gunnery*, Mr. Bull,’ thought I, as I pulled along side the brig, and made report to Seymour,—‘I have no desire to play at short bowls with you.’

I had scarcely gained the vessel, when the Englishman began to fire his stern chasers, one a minute, up the channel, and the thirty-two pound shot skipped along over the water, and dashed through the forest, knocking trees and earth about, in every direction,—and, of course, completely commanding the whole length of the channel. We were at first at a loss for a reason for this firing, but when night came on, and a palpable darkness fell upon us, and the Englishman commenced a rapid fire of round shot, grape, and canister, we knew at once that his object was to prevent our playing any ‘Yankee shine’ upon him. He had obtained the proper range before dark, and as his shot swept the eastern channel, we were glad to keep very clear of it.

About midnight, however, Seymour determined to try his hand at the game, and ordered me to take fifty men, armed with cutlasses, pistols and muskets, and go down through the woods as near to the Englishman as was prudent, and then sweep his decks with musketry. Being landed on the left bank of the river, we silently wound our way through the forest, and approached to within half musket shot of him unheard, and each taking a tree for a screen, according to old Kentuck principles, we opened upon him in fine style, directed by the flashes of his stern chasers, with which he was still sweeping the channel. Although the Englishman was evidently surprised by our sudden attack, he took it very coolly, and without knocking off from his stern chasers a moment, the marines, and small-arm-men, were summoned to their stations, according to the regular routine of nautical war, and in five minutes his ship was one entire blaze of musketry, fore and aft. Here, however, we had all the advantage, being considerably elevated, and entirely protected by the trees, the flashes of our guns, (their only guide,) being of course small, while the broad sheets of flame from her stern-chasers, completely illuminated her decks, affording us every facility for accurate shooting.

The Englishman soon found that this method of procedure would not *do*, but from our peculiar situation, it was somewhat difficult to tell what *would* do. The banks of the channel were quite bold, rising at an angle of sixty degrees, and the place we occupied was so much elevated, that the guns of her larboard battery could not be brought to bear upon us at all. While I was congratulating myself on the advantage we evidently had over them, their fire of musketry, which had been unintermitted, suddenly ceased,—and the next instant, a lot of thirty-two pound shot were tossed at us, informing us that John Bull had slewed

round his starboard spar-deck-battery. This however did not trouble me at all,—for carronades are clumsy things, and their shot never hit ‘once in a place,’ and moreover, are thrown with so little force, that a fellow with stout ribs may laugh at them. Finding that this did not trouble us, they changed to grape, and canister,—but we, still protected by our trees, kept up our fire, not being so easily scared.

When the failure of this experiment became apparent, the increased bustle on the Englishman's decks, showed that now he was going about flogging us according to science,—and a few minutes after, his stern-chasers, which till now had been steadily sweeping the channel, suddenly ceased firing. Thinking that something was now coming, I gave orders to change ground, and the word being silently passed from one to another, we moved a couple of hundred yards to the eastward,—and it was well we did so, for the next instant, fire-balls were thrown by the dozens into our former ground, followed by a shower of round, grape, and canister, from the long thirty-two-pound stern chasers, which kicked up a row among the trees, in fine style. An instant after, a few dozen congreve rockets were thrown into the bushes, in every direction, and some of them chancing to alight in our vicinity, dispelled my doubts as to the propriety of a retreat, and instantly tackling ship, we were off at ten knots an hour.

‘Well, Mr. Garnet,’ said Seymour, when I had reported progress on board, ‘it is very plain that this Englishman won't budge tack nor sheet for all we can do : so since he won't go away, we must. I shall go to sea to-day, in spite of every thing,—therefore make your will, and holy-stone your conscience,—for though I shall certainly succeed, who will live to tell of it, is another question. We must get the rest of our cargo elsewhere, for we are not more than two-thirds full.’

I admired Seymour's resolution, but although he had heretofore been astonishingly successful, I did not think that this plan was among the possibilities, and began to cudgel invention for a yarn to spin in case of a capture. Now, for the first time, I began to have some compunctious visitings, as to the lawfulness of my present employment, and I began to debate with myself how far my forcible entry into the trade, would excuse my remaining in it,—and finally came to the conclusion, as most men would, to stand by and see what would turn up.

When day dawned, the English ceased firing, and were evidently waiting for some of their small craft to come in, so that they could come up and attack us on terms of equality,—knowing full well, that to attempt to carry us in boats would be madness. All the morning business went on as usual, and except receiving slaves on board, we made no apparent preparation for sea, lest the English should learn it from the natives, who we well knew always actually served the strongest party. But in reality, every preparation was made, and by four bells in the forenoon watch, we were completely ready for sea.

At seven bells, (half-past eleven,) Seymour, who had been ashore, deliberately returned aboard.

‘Mr. Carline,’ said he to the second lieutenant, ‘jump into that canoe alongside, with a couple of men, and pull to the turn in the river.

Wave your handkerchief when the English liner pipes to dinner, and then pull for us. Mr. Garnet, hoist in all the boats, and stow the quarter boats amid-ships in the launch, instead of running them up at the davits.'

As I proceeded to put his command in force, a trifle quicker than lightning, I rather wondered what all this should mean.

'Now, Sir,' said Seymour, 'pipe down hammocks.'

'Down hammocks, indeed,' thought I, as I repeated the order: pretty well done for seven bells, A. M. Captain Seymour,' said I, 'it strikes me you are getting sleepy.'

'You will find I am wide awake, I *guess*,' replied Seymour. Now then, John Garnet, unshackle the cable abaft the bitts, and stand by to slip it. Loose all sail, and hoist away every thing. Brace up sharp on the larboard tack. Man sheets and tacks, and stand by to sheet home. Clear away both batteries, and run them in,'—(the guns were double-shotted, with grape and canister,) 'and now Mr. Garnet, we are ready to run by them.'

'*The-e-e Devil!*' said I, as I walked away, thunderstruck at the madness of his plan: 'hark you, Captain Seymour, if that's your scheme, we are candidates for immortality, as true as I'm a sinner.'

'Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, angrily, 'I beg you will remember that I command this vessel.'

'Ay,' said I, 'and you will please remember that I am a pressed man. But this is no time for quarrelling,—so we'll be friends for the present. By and by, I promise myself the gratification of shooting you at ten paces.'

'Do,' he replied, coolly.

The wind was now blowing fresh from the north-east,—the tide was running down at four knots,—and we rode head to the wind by the larboard-bower, with a kedge astern. Seymour stood upon the poop, watch in hand.

'It keeps English time,' said he, 'for I set it by their bell this morning. It now wants one minute of twelve. Mr. Garnet, slip the chain-cable,—we'll ride by the kedge.'

It was slipped accordingly, and the brig swinging round, was brought up by the kedge, though it seemed as if the hawser would part with the strain. A carpenter's mate stood by, axe in hand, ready to cut, and Seymour watched Carline for the signal. An instant after, he waved his handkerchief, and struck out for us.

'Sheet home!—cut away!' shouted Seymour.

It was done,—in an instant we were under way,—and Carline and his men jumped aboard, leaving the canoe adrift.

'Now,' said Seymour, 'go below, every man of you, except those at the wheel, and stay there 'till you are called. I will shoot the first man that puts his head above the combings of the hatches. Mr. Garnet, you had better go below too,—you can do nothing on deck.'

'I am greatly obliged to you, Sir,' said I, 'but I'll stay on deck and see the fun.'

We shortly doubled the point, and with wind and tide, shot rapidly

down the stream. We were not observed, and approached nearer and nearer to the liner, undiscovered, until our flying jib-boom was nearly over her taffrail.

'Port!' whispered Seymour.

The helm was shifted accordingly, and we passed the starboard side of the seventy-four so closely, that her main-deck battery swept our larboard-hammock-netting off clear, while our starboard-bulwarks almost touched the bank of the river. Knocking the ashes from the cigar which was accidentally in my mouth, I fired the aftermost gun of the larboard-battery plump into the liner, just as her crew, aroused by the concussion, dropped their cans,—(it being grog-time,) manned their starboard-battery, and let drive. They were a little behind time, however, for we had that instant shot past them, and all their guns threw their iron harmlessly astern of us, while we, doubling the point, were soon out of their reach.

'All hands make sail!' shouted Seymour,—'round in the larboard-braces. Stand by to set the starboard studdin'-sails.'

With such government, we were under all sail, in less than no time, and with studdin'-sails, and sky-sails, the wind on the starboard-quarter, we dashed down the bay.

'Pretty well done, Captain Seymour,' said I: 'but you are not safe yet. Do you hear that?'

The English frigates, awakened by the liner's broadside, were beating to quarters, and as they lay across the channel, on each side of the mouth of the bay, I thought our final escape was yet a question. Not so, Seymour,—for, rubbing his hands in irrepressible glee, he walked about the poop, giving his orders, almost beside himself with joy.

'Hillo, Signal quarter-master:' said he,—'we won't mince matters! send up our black ensign at the main. We'll give Jonny Bull a target for his shot.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a storm of iron rushed past us, and looking astern, we saw that the liner, having slipped her cables and fired a broadside, was coming after us, making all sail.

'Very good oysters,' said Seymour, with a grimace that a baboon might have envied: 'Mr. Garnet, poke at him with our stern-chasers, and make him a 'candidate for immortality,' while I try my hand at *guessing* with these fellows ahead.'

We accordingly blazed away with our stern-chasers, to injure him if possible, and to cover ourselves with smoke. We soon reached the mouth of the bay, and just before we passed the points which would bring us within range of the frigates, Seymour sung out:

'Man both batteries! Straight as you go, Quarter-master.'

We passed the capes, steering right on for the reef, which, as I mentioned in the last chapter, ran across the mouth of the bay,—and as soon as our guns came to bear, we gave each frigate a broadside, and our aim being true, and the guns double shot, they made a crashing. They reserved their fire, thinking that as we should be obliged to pass near one or the other, they would then give it to us solidly.

We continued our fire, and Seymour, standing upon the poop, began to cun the brig himself; and although the smoke was so dense that we could not see a fathom, he gave his orders as promptly, as if it were clear day, and plain channel.

'Blaze away, my lads,' said he, 'we'll *do* Jonny Bull, all we can.'

An instant after he sung out:

'Knock off firing! Hold on, every body!'

The order was obeyed, and the next moment we struck heavily on the reef.

'Very good,' said Seymour,—'once more, you beauty.'

We struck again, and then slipped over the reef into deep water.

'All hands cheer ship!' he shouted. We sent up the English ensign at the fore, gave it three cheers, and went on our course under all sail. The English could not follow us over the reef, as they drew too much water: but they slipped their cables, fired their broadsides at us in spite, and then stood through the channel,—but before they were clear of it, we were hull-down in the south-west.

Take it as a whole, our escape was really a master-piece of daring and nautical skill. It required the mind of a *man*, to conceive the plan of running past a line-of-battle-ship in broad daylight, and in such a channel, and indomitable resolution to put that plan into effect; for had we been discovered *two minutes* sooner, one broadside would have totally annihilated us. The attempt was made when the English piped to dinner and grog, because they would naturally be remiss in their look-out at this time,—thinking more of the grog-tub than of us. Hammocks were piped down, because Seymour knew that the liner's main deckers would just sweep the netting. Yards were braced sharp, because, if square, they would lock in the Englishman's rigging. Boats were stowed amid-ships, because there was no room for them on the quarter. Guns were run in for the same reason,—and he steered across the reef, knowing that there was one place where we should touch-and-go, without injury. Such seamanship deserved success, whatever were the cause,—and it obtained it, for at sunset we were clear of land, and the English fleet out of sight astern.

'Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, as soon as it was dark, 'we'll haul our wind, and stand south-east for the land, because I have no idea of going to Brazil half loaded.'

We altered our course accordingly, and stood for the shore. The former part of the night was quite dark, but about four bells in the mid-watch it cleared up a little. I was accidentally on deck at the time, and sweeping the horizon with my night glass, I discovered a strange sail on the starboard-bow, distant about three miles. Reporting it to Seymour, I received orders to give chase, and putting up the helm, and crowding all sail, we were after her as fast as a six-knot breeze would carry us. The stranger perceiving us, made all sail to escape, but it was in vain,—for at daylight, we were within half a mile. She was evidently a Guinea-man, being a long, low, suspicious looking schooner, and we ranged up within pistol-shot, without firing a gun,—so that we should not break any of her *crockery*, and ordered her captain to come

on board. He came accordingly, and Seymour receiving him on the quarter-deck, being moved by virtuous indignation no doubt, began to read him a furious lecture on the enormities of the slave trade.

'Why,' said he in astonishment, pointing to the woolly pates lying about our decks, 'you are a slaver too.'

But Seymour only lectured the harder, and wound up as regular-built a preachment, as any chaplain ever spun, by ordering him, at his peril, to send all his slaves on board of us instantly. He did not dare to disobey,—and when the transfer was completed, Seymour quietly said to him:

'Now, Sir, you may go back to Africa and get as many more as you like, for these just complete my cargo. There, Mr. Garnet,' he continued, as we filled and stood away to the westward, 'that's what we slavers call *borrowing*.'

Having nothing now to detain us, we cracked away merrily for the south'ard and west'ard, and about noon of the eighteenth day after leaving the coast of Guinea, the look-out aloft reported a sail, on the starboard-bow. The wind being the south-east trade, and blowing fresh we instantly up-helm, made all sail, and gave chase, and by four bells in the afternoon watch, we could see with our glasses, that she was a large ship on the larboard-tack, heading west, and sailing lazily along under topsails and courses. One thing was very plain: the stranger was in no kind of haste, and being led by this fact to examine her more closely, I became convinced that she was a man-of-war, and accordingly remarked to Seymour, that perhaps she would be a Scotch prize.

But he replied, that having the weather-gage, we could sail as near as we liked, with perfect safety, and therefore cracked away. As we sailed very fast, we were within four or five miles of her at seven bells in the afternoon watch, and then saw plainly that she was a frigate. She showed English colors, and fired a gun to attract our observation, but we took no notice of either.

'Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour, 'I believe that is one of the English frigates we choused so neatly a fortnight since, and we'll run down to them, so that we may know them, and they us.'

We accordingly approached to within two miles of her, keeping well to windward, and then fired our long forty-two *at* her, and sent up our black flag at the main. That rather provoked Mr. Bull,—the shot happening to hit him, and he let drive at us, the whole of his larboard-battery, hauled close on the wind on the larboard-tack, and as quick as thought, was under all sail. His shot did us no essential harm, and giving him our starboard-battery in return, we changed our course from west to south-west, crowded every-thing, and ran across his fore-foot unhurt. He instantly up-helm and gave chase, and the breeze being a stiff one, we were both off at a fine rate. For two hours he lost considerably, but about sunset, it began to breeze up, and threaten a gale.

'Now, Captain Seymour,' said I coolly, 'you understand, we shall catch a gale of wind shortly, and the English being the heaviest, will catch us.'

'Don't chuckle too soon, Lieutenant Garnet,' he replied, 'we'll escape this fellow easy enough.'

'That remains to be seen,' was my brief rejoinder, as I squinted to windward.

The wind now increased rapidly,—so much so indeed, that at eight bells in the second dog-watch, we were obliged to take in all our studdin' sails,—but the Englishman kept his fast, and, although eight or nine miles astern, evidently gained on us. Seymour, however, was not at all disturbed, but gave orders and cracked jokes as cheerfully as ever. With the gale, clouds came on, and it grew quite dark, not so much so however, as to prevent our seeing each other, while we cracked on, shortening sail only when absolutely requisite, as the English gained upon us slowly but surely.

About midnight, Seymour, who had been coolly walking about the poop, suddenly stopped, and after thinking a moment, ordered a reef to call the master.

'Mr. Quadrant,' said Seymour, as soon as he came upon deck, 'work up your reckoning, and tell me where we are now, and bear a hand about it.'

Quadrant dived, and in an instant returning, said:

'By dead reckoning, sir, we are now in Latitude $20^{\circ} 25'$ N. Longitude, $28^{\circ} 12'$ W., now standing west-by-south.'

'Bring me the chart,' said Seymour. It was brought, and after studying it a moment, he threw it by and said to me:

'Mr. Garnet, we are not far from Martin Vas and Trinidad. Take your post, Sir, on the to'-gallan' forecastle, and keep a bright look-out ahead. If you see *any thing*, or *think* you see any thing, sing out to the wheel, and men whom I shall station along the gangway will pass the word.'

I took my station accordingly, and 'gazed into dim futurity.' Martin Vas and Trinidad, are two small islands in the South Atlantic, not far from the coast of Brazil, which rise precipitously from the sea to the height of three or four hundred feet, nearly, or totally inaccessible. They are both exceedingly small,—the largest not exceeding five hundred yards across,—and this fact, added to their abrupt sides, has entirely preserved them from the polluting tread of man. Here in the solemn solitudes of the ocean, they silently sit, uninhabited and alone. Ages upon ages have rolled over them, and they are still the same, as on that day, when the morning stars sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy, in view of the fair handiwork of the Almighty. The ocean, lashed into fury in ten thousand tempests, has dashed against their rocky bulwarks, in impotent wrath,—for they stand 'steadfast and sure,' far removed from the noise and turmoil of man, clothed in quietness, they slumber on, lulled by the murmurs of the deep. Confident in their rocky foundations, they laugh at the roar of the storm. Though the waters of the troubled sea chafe their sides, their summits are visited only by the pure radiance of the luminaries of heaven.

The water does not shoal as you approach them, and being composed of dark rock, there is nothing about them to warn the careless mariner of his danger. Hence our unusual caution.

'How far astern are the English now?' I inquired, about four bells in the mid-watch. The man passed aft, and returning, said,—'About a mile, Sir.'

As the wind now blew a gale, this was as I expected,—and shrugging my shoulders at the prospect astern, I turned my attention to the prospect ahead. It had now become quite dark, I could scarcely see at all, and was about to relinquish my look-out as useless, when I saw ahead the dim outline of an object resembling a large ship before the wind.

'Mr. Jones,' said I to a reefer near me, 'go aft, Sir, and report to Captain Seymour a sail right ahead, and be quiet about it.'

Seymour came forward, and after examining the object a moment, said:

'Mr. Garnet, that is not a sail: it is the bluff which rises from the sea, half way between Martin Vas and Trinidad. It is nearly two hundred feet in height, entirely precipitous on every side, not more than an hundred feet in diameter at the base, and slightly conical. That is what you suppose to be a ship, and in the dark it might readily be mistaken for one,—and if we manœuvre rightly, it will ensure our escape, and put a stop to our pursuers.'

He then proceeded to give me my orders, and returned to his station upon the poop.

'Starboard a little,' was my first hail to the wheel. It was obeyed, and produced just enough alteration in our course, to bring the bluff one point on our starboard-bow, which, wishing to screen it from the view of the English, was just what I wanted. When very near the island, distant, say, two hundred yards, just as I had repeated my order to the wheel, the English frigate being only a quarter of a mile astern, fell off a point or two from the wind, and a thirty-two pound shot, from her bow-chaser, carried away our main-top-mast. This accident, apparently so disastrous, was our salvation.

'Starboard a little,' I repeated.

We were now about a ship's length from the island, and the English not more than three or four, astern. At this instant they fired at us again. The shot raked us fore-and-aft, but it was their destruction. Their vision was obscured by its smoke, and, mistaking the island for us, a loud voice from her forecastle, which we knew to be her first lieutenant, hailed:

'Port the helm! We'll run her down!'

We slipped past the pillar-island so closely, that our starboard-main yard-arm grazed its precipitous side, and the next instant, the Englishman's flying-jib-boom, jib-boom, and bow-sprit, successively struck against the immovable rock, and were driven in upon the hull by the violence of the collision. A moment more, and the hull itself dashed against the fatal barrier, crushing her bulwarks, and making a fearful breach for the entering waves. A frigate, however, is too substantial a craft to be destroyed by, perhaps, any one blow that she can receive; and in this instance, the strength of her bows sufficed to resist instantaneous destruction. She recoiled, accordingly, a few fathoms, and her first lieutenant, in terror, shouted:—

'Starboard-the-helm!—hard-a-starboard!'

It was too late! Recovering from the recoil of the first shock, the frigate struck again so violently, that her bow was totally demolished. Meanwhile, we had hove-to, and now could hear the water rush into our antagonist with a roar, which plainly showed that her last hour was come. She rolled heavily to windward once, and then went down, and her crew heard, amid the roar of the tempest, the *cheers* which Seymour, with his usual cold-blooded ferocity, ordered us to give them, sounding in their ears like the laugh of the fiends of hell!

THE gale had now abated, and we, having repaired damages, and rigged new spars aloft, crowded all sail for the west'ard and south'ard, and at noon of the fourth day, with Spanish colors at the peak, we entered the harbor of Rio Janeiro.

As we neared the anchorage of men-of-war, I observed among them the United States' frigate *Constellation*, (the one with which we had a brush in leaving New-York,) and perceiving, as we approached, that her quarter-deck was crowded with officers, Seymour altered our course so as to pass across her stern,—as we were now in a neutral-port, and had nothing to fear from her. Commodore Montague was standing upon the signal-locker, and as we passed under his stern, Seymour, pointing to the slaves who were lying about our decks, hailed him with:

'Friend Montague, I'll pick out a dozen of the prettiest, and send them aboard of you, shortly, for your own peculiar.'

It was beneath the dignity of a Captain of the United States' Navy to bandy defiance, or deal in blackguardism, with a slaver,—and, accordingly, Montague pretended not to hear what Seymour said,—but the blood mounting to his face, showed plainly that the taunt *was* heard, and felt. To carry out his system of bravado, Seymour ordered to let go the anchor, about three hundred yards from the *Constellation*, and veering away cable, we lay precisely parallel with her, broadside to broadside. The weather now being awfully hot, we were of course desirous to land our slaves as quickly as possible, and having made the necessary arrangements with the authorities of the port, we commenced discharging cargo at four P. M., and used such dispatch, that before seven that evening, not one remained aboard. This operation being completed, Seymour turned his attention to his small warfare with the *Constellation*, and mustering our band,—a strong one by the way,—upon the poop, he saluted Montague's ears with 'Hail Columbia,' and 'Yankee Doodle,'—and when eight-bells came, it was 'made' in true man-o'-war style,—two eighteen-pounders, and a full band, announcing to all in port in general, and the *Constellation* in particular, that our watch was set.

The next morning, about ten o'clock, having performed my usual duties, I went down into the ward-room, and shortly re-appeared on deck in the same dress I wore the day we left New-York:

'What now! Mr. Garnet,' said Seymour in surprise, as I walked aft upon the poop.

'I come, Sir, to request a boat,' I replied.

'As First-lieutenant of this vessel, Sir,' answered Seymour, still more surprised, 'you need not ask that as a favor. It is your right.'

'I hold rank here no longer, Sir,' said I. 'I was kidnapped by you, and have participated in your infamous atrocities thus long, only because I have had no opportunity to leave you. While you were in danger and difficulty, I scorned to quit you: it would have seemed like fear, to which I am a stranger. But now, assuring you that a viler scoundrel than yourself never crossed my hause, I inform you that I am about to surrender myself to Commodore Montague, aboard the *Constellation*.'

'My respects, and a pleasant voyage, to you, Sir,' said Seymour,—for he saw it was useless to remonstrate, and his pride was mortally piqued, at my unexpected personal denunciation,—'boatswain's-mate, call away the first-cutter. I hope, Sir, you will do me the favor, to take your pay, due for services rendered. Sam,' (to his steward,) 'bring me a bag of guineas.'

Not being disposed to prolong the interview, or accept his insulting offer, I walked to the starboard-gangway, without reply, and entering the first-cutter, pulled for the *Constellation*. The moment I reached her deck, I ordered the boat to shove off, and return to the brig, and then walked aft to meet the Commodore.

I proceeded at once to detail my adventures, so far as was necessary to explain my appearance in his vessel, and concluded by surrendering myself a prisoner. He heard me through, patiently and courteously, and then, pursuing his own investigation, inquired all the particulars of Seymour's conduct and cruise. When I had finished a brief sketch of the same, he abruptly asked, if all her slaves were then ashore, and all hands, and Seymour aboard. I told him they were.

'Mr. Roberts,' said he to his fourth-lieutenant, 'take ten men, and board the ship which has just anchored between us and the slaver: she has a long range of cable out: present my respects to her commander, and request him to heave-short: assist him with your men, and remain on board of her till re-called. Mr. Thompson,' (first lieutenant,) 'clear away and man the starboard-battery,—load with round, grape, and canister, and order the gunner to open the magazine, and stand by to pass up powder.'

By the time these orders were obeyed, the merchantman had hove-short, and the brig lay exposed to view.

'Take good aim, my lads,' said Montague, '*at the slaver*. All ready? Fire!'

At the word, the whole of the *Constellation*'s starboard-broadside was poured into the brig, tearing open her bulwarks, and dismounting her guns. For five minutes, the frigate continued a most terrible battery, and Montague then perceiving that the brig was totally a wreck, ceased firing, and ordered the boats to be manned to board her. As the men were jumping into the boats, I observed that the brig was evidently beginning to sink, and was communicating that fact to an officer near me, when an explosion, louder than thunder, rent the heavens, and

the slaver, blown into ten thousand fragments, flew into the air. For an instant there was a dead silence, which was followed by the falling of the shattered masts, spars, and planks of the brig, mingled with the dead bodies of her men. And thus, *as it ought*, ends the 'CRUISE OF A GUINEA-MAN.'

J. G.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY A BUST OF MADAME DE STAEL.

'Madame de Staël was not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman who can claim an admission to the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired, as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared; and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted, by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.'

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THERE was no beauty on thy brow,
 No brightness in thine eye,—
 Thy cheek wore not the rose's glow,
 Thy lip the ruby's dye;
 The charms that make a woman's pride
 Have never been thine own,—
 Heaven had to thee those gifts denied,
 In which earth's bright ones shone.

Far higher, holier gifts were thine,—
 Mind, intellect, were given,
 Till thou wert as a holy shrine,
 Where men might worship heaven.
 Yes,—woman as thou wert, thy word
 Could make the strong man start,
 And thy lip's magic power has stirred
 Ambition's iron heart.

The charm of eloquence,—the skill
 To wake each secret string,
 And from the bosom's chords at will
 Life's mournful music bring,—
 The o'ermastering strength of mind, which sways
 The haughty and the free,
 Whose might earth's mightiest one obeys,
 These,—these were given to thee.

Thou hadst a prophet's eye, to pierce
 The depths of man's dark soul,
 And bring back tales of passions fierce
 O'er which its dim waves roll;
 And all too deeply hadst thou learned
 The lore of woman's heart,—
 The thoughts in thine own breast that burned,
 Taught thee that mournful part.

Thine never was a woman's dower
 Of tenderness and love;
 Thou couldst tame down the eagle's power,
 But couldst not chain the dove;

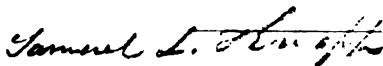
Oh, love is not for such as thee,
 The gentle and the mild:
 The beautiful thus blest may be,
 But never Fame's proud child.

When, 'mid the halls of state alone,
 In queenly 'pride of place,'
 The majesty of mind thy throne,
 Thy sceptre, mental grace,—
 Then was thy glory felt, and thou
 Didst triumph in that hour,
 When men could turn from Beauty's brow,
 In tribute to thy power.

And yet a woman's heart was thine :
 No dream of fame can fill
 The bosom which must vainly pine
 For sweet Affection's thrill ;
 And oh ! what pangs thy spirit wrung
 E'en in thine hour of pride,
 When all could list Love's wooing tongue
 Save thee, bright Glory's bride.

Corinna ! thine own hand hath traced
 Thy melancholy fate ;
 Though by earth's noblest triumphs graced,
 Bliss waits not on the great :
 Only in lowly places sleep
 Life's flowers of sweet perfume,
 And they who climb Fame's mountain-steep,
 Must mourn their own high doom.

E. C. E.

Brooklyn, (New-York.)


OUR STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

* Without an indigenous Literature, a people is only a colony, or a conquered province.*

SIR THOMAS MOORE.

THE character of a people, in every age, is to be found in their language and literature. When William of Normandy, in 1066, invaded and conquered England, he was fearful of trusting the people with their own Saxon language, which they had inherited from their northern ancestors, and which contained all the appropriate terms of a love of liberty, and unequivocal expressions in asserting the rights of man. William at once ordered all the conversation at Court to be in the French language, and the records of courts of law and legislation to be kept in it, also. He enlisted fashion to aid his views, by making it a mark of vulgarity to hold a conversation in the Saxon language. But while patriots were deploring this conquest over their arms, their territory, and their laws, they considered the victory over their mother tongue the most degrading. They felt that man at once becomes a slave, who is forbidden to speak the language he first lisped in the cradle, and the nursery. The learned men of England hid their deep chagrin at the loss of the Saxon in the use of the Latin, which, although called a dead, was a universal language. The great mass of the people

were indignant at this change, and used the Norman French, reluctantly. While they bowed to the mandates of successive kings from fear, a redeeming spirit was constantly at work among them,—and in less than a century from the conquest, completed a triumph over their oppressors. At this period, the foundation of the English language was laid,—formed almost entirely of their native Saxon, using only a few words from the French, which had been found appropriate and expressive. In less than three centuries, they had so far perfected their labors, that learned men began to write in the English language.

A scholar of the two universities, Geoffry Chaucer, in the latter part of the fourteenth century, wrote tales in English verse. He has been hailed as the day star and the father of English poetry. From his time to that of Spencer, the language continued to improve,—its beauties were developed, and its boundaries, in a measure, fixed by him and his successors, Sir Thomas Moore, Shakspeare, Gower, and Milton. It was through the medium of this indigenous literature, that the people became enlightened and began to understand their natural rights. The Puritans pushed their inquiries into religious matters, and opposed the arbitrary canons of the church, while they partially supported its doctrines. Political freedom is intimately connected with religious liberty, and discussions on the natural rights of man superseded those upon the divine rights of kings. This struggle for mental independence, passed from England, spread through Germany, and swept along with it potentates as well as people.

From Germany and England this spirit of independence crossed to the wilds of America. Here they exercised the rights of private judgment, and supported their independence by arguments of their own making. Here they founded colleges, and schools, to instruct their children in human learning, making literature the basis of all their religious and civil hopes. They established presses to give wings to their thoughts, and published nothing of consequence of which they were not the authors. Sermons, 'bodies of liberties,' codes of laws, Indian tracts, and Bibles, all came rapidly from their industrious presses. They had brought with them the classics, well printed in Holland, and the Bible in their vernacular. They had light enough from abroad to know how to use their own understandings, when they began this great work of independence, to which all the efforts of their descendants must yield the palm. They had scarcely trodden upon this new world, when they sent the school-master abroad to visit every log hut in the wilderness. The germs of knowledge they cultivated, were native, vigorous, and full of branches. By nurturing independence of mind, they secured to themselves independence of empire. They judged of the talents and merits of their own people, and put each one in his proper place. *Their opinions of themselves were formed among themselves.* They never waited for a foreign Review to find out what they should think of the compositions of their own writers. They followed no political or religious leader, without asking a reason for what he said or did,—and of its force and soundness, they constituted themselves sole judges. In the midst of war, famine, and pestilence, they steadily pur-

sued their course, and were ultimately rewarded for their perseverance. It will always be found, that men who poise themselves on their own judgments, will possess a hardihood of character that seldom exists among those who take their tone from the more refined or fashionable portions of society.

When the hand of arbitrary power was stretched across the Atlantic to bend the proud spirit of independence to the will of the mother country, or to crush us if any resistance should be made, our fathers not only fought their own martial, but also their own intellectual battles. They imported no English or French hack writers, to make arguments for them in their defence, when attacked, but trusted to their own sense of justice for succor. They had proper feelings on great occasions, and called on their own master spirits to come to the support of their cause. In later times, it was the indigenous literature of the country that roused the sleeping Sampsons among us, and cheered the good soldier in the cause of freedom. Lee, Dickenson, Dayton, Jay, Otis, Quincy, Webster, and a host of others, poured upon the active, the luke-warm, and the doubtful, a flood of light, national, political, and invigorating. We then had no foreign writers to aid us. The arguments were from our own pens and tongues. We looked for no models from abroad—but made our own arguments to meet the exigencies of the times. They came from heads all clear and hearts all warm in the cause in which they had embarked. These labors will remain as precedents for others who may be embarked in a similar course, as long as man has any rights to maintain. Our petitions, remonstrances, and memorials to the kings, parliaments, and people of Great Britain, were taken from no record or city register,—were not hunted up from Greek or Roman models,—but were the spontaneous bursts of loyal, suffering, indignant freemen, engaged to martyrdom, in the great cause of independence. Our Declaration of Independence was as *sui generis* as our grievances were *unique*. They were not the sufferings of whip-galled slaves, but were from the wounded honor of free-born Englishmen. The officers and statesmen of our revolution spake and wrote their mother tongue as if a miracle on the pentecost of liberty had been vouchsafed them in the great cause they had espoused. Examine the letters of Washington, Green, and other officers of the revolution, and mark with what freshness, boldness, and clearness, they exhibited their thoughts on the duties they had to perform, and the events they were called to pass through. They fully expressed themselves,

‘In thoughts that breathe and words that burn.’

These men were independent, in the proper sense of the word, and our national character was formed from their thinking and acting. When the peace of 1783 was established, we then thought that we had unequivocally become a nation, and should be so taken and accepted, throughout the whole world; but it so happened that then commenced our great danger of thralldom. Our manufactures were at once neglected, our statesmen hardly listened to, for a moment. Each one sprang to gather all he could from a trade with other nations. Goods of

all kinds were crowded into the country, until every class, but that of the importers', was impoverished, and the domestic spinning wheel and shuttle, were still, in every part of our country. This was not all. Instead of turning to our own sound indigenous literature, a crude mass of the sweepings of the shelves of the London book-sellers, was poured in upon us without mercy, commingled with a few good works only, to redeem the injury done to our nation. These were,—good, bad, and indifferent,—swallowed with avidity. Then came upon us, a thistle-harvest of sparkling, furious, political writers, and poisoned the honest minds of our countrymen, and with these came also, a swarm of namby-pamby poets, who changed the wholesome taste of their fathers. The publishers in this country were, indeed, with a few honorable exceptions, a feeble race, who pertinaciously adhered,—without regard to national literature,—to that which they knew would in some measure be profitable. There was, now and then, at that period, a good standard English classic issued from the press of this country; but these instances were rare, and the sale of the work limited. The community was a reading one, and devoured whatever floated along. The trashy productions, of course, had the best chance of being perused. Some few, who deservedly stood high in the literary circles, made solemn appeals to their countrymen against this cormorant appetite for wonders which had seized them; but the tide was running too high to be resisted, and we were forced to wait until it had swept over us. This age of false taste would have been insupportable, if we had not been sustained by such wholesome works as those of Cowper, Gifford, Burns, the author of 'the Pursuits of Literature,' and several others. Had these not occasionally appeared, we should have thought the Muse of England had gone on a journey, or was reposing in the sleep of ages. In these days we had a few spirited writers,—but there was a sort of helotism in American literature at that time, in the minds of the great mass of readers, that made it unfashionable to acknowledge an acquaintance with it. A blue-stocking, on being asked if she had read any of Charles Brockden Brown's novels, absolutely laughed in the inquirer's face, and replied: 'I never read American works: I am sorry that you think my taste so plebeian, as to read any thing written in this country.' 'Have you never read,' said her interrogator, 'Dr. Belknap's historical, and biographical work, or Dr. Ramsay's and Mrs. Warren's History of the Revolutionary War?' 'No!' was the answer,—'there are no wonders to excite one in those dull books,—no elegant French and Italian quotations to puzzle one. Who could leave the pages of Rosa Matilda, and Della Crusca, for such stupid books,—about common things?' This 'swarm of flies,' was swept away, by the strong hand of the satirist, and a new era of literature commenced. The dawn of it was ushered in by the appearance of the Edinburgh Review. It was full of party, it must be acknowledged, but it was rich in talent, and abounded in rare learning. The Quarterly followed, and it was found that the world of science could bear more than one sun. We, on this side the water, were aroused by their great intellectual light, and notwithstanding one held us in courteous contempt, and the other treated

us with superciliousness and malignity, they did us much good, by showing us of how little value were many works written among them, which we had read and admired. The Quarterly was politically opposed to our government, but knowing the cause of their rancor, it was not very annoying to us. This periodical assisted to bring on hostilities between this country and England. War was declared in 1812. By some it was called the second war of independence,—but it should not take that rank. It was only one in the long series that we had waged for our independence. It was fought with various success, but was, most propitious in its results. It raised the glories of our navy, and, at the same time, took from our officers all sense of inferiority. But this was not all. It removed the workshops of Europe into our country, and we were no longer dependent on them 'for a coat to our backs, or a hob nail for our shoes,' as was tauntingly observed by a speaker in the House of Commons, not many years before.

This war being over, England again met us in another form; fairly, we cannot deny it,—but then this fairness was more injurious than their enmity. They unquestionably were not aware of their own course, nor the effects it had produced. The peace of 1815 threw the whole world open to us. We traded with whom we pleased, and rambled where we would,—making an interchange of commercial commodities. We met their tariff by our own, in all the articles of merchandize,—but we could not manage thus wisely with our literature. As soon as this peace was made, the English book-sellers swept their shelves again, for the American market. They not only gave us their own works, but all they had either from France and Italy, and even Germany. The latter was in a good measure novel to us. It was a new-born literature, brought forth and cherished in their wizzard cells, where science, letters, poetry, ethics, criticism, prophesy,—all lived together, with 'gorgons and chimeras dire.' All this nearly smothered us, but we could easily, have got along, with a good share of perseverance, if we had only these common foes to contend with. But to these were added a mightier one, who had nearly turned us back again to claim allegiance to our ancestors, and give up our independence altogether. This was a modern school of writers. Sir Walter Scott exercised the power of a necromancer, and threw over us an enchanter's spell, which operated wonderfully upon our pin-feathered race of writers, a thousand of whom started up at once, and like the butterfly of a season, most of them died before they had been wafted on the gale of popular applause, or had basked in the sun-shine of public favor. They stayed but a short time on earth, doubtful as they departed, whether they, like their prototypes, were emblems of immortality.

The butterfly never feeds,—and surely their imitators never could find food, however sharp their appetites. It is painful to look back upon the generations of literary aspirants, who have passed away, half fledged, and distressed during the whole of their existence. The tale is solemn;—no staunch imitator ever lived out a season. Some attempted to trace their origin to some noted laird, and others had a limping gait, to resemble the mighty magician of Abbotsford. Heaven only knows

how long this would have lasted, for his empire was over a wilderness of free minds, if another, and a greater soothsayer and magician in the literary world had not arisen, in the person of Lord Byron. If he did not break the wand of the first enchanter, he divided his empire, and in fact, gained the ascendancy. He conquered minds as Tamerlane did nations, by wholesale. Every poetaster in our country imitated Byron. Byron, the rocks,—Byron, the woods,—the fauns,—the dryads, the mountain nymphs, and even our Apollos themselves re-echoed. All the race of our poets who had contemplated writing a line of verse, long before they had caught a spark of his inspiration, learned to lisp his blasphemies, and to imitate his profligacy. Those were ignorant of the genius he possessed, that could wash by floods of light, the stains from the asbestos of his soul. It is the fate of genius to be degraded by imitators. With him came Moore,—less exceptionable, but even more fascinating. He threw the world into a Harem,—but he asked for no favors that his muse could not fairly demand. He claimed no control but what the talisman of his genius could give. His was the language of paradise infused with the passions of this world. The reader must be callous, cold, and rude, who would not acknowledge the witcheries in all the outpourings of his song. We were content to do honor to the mighty geniuses of this age,—and thought after our long adoration, that we should at length be at ease. But this was not our fate. A wild, erratic spirit arose in Bulwer, and embalmed, for a while, unsound sentiments, and made us in love with wayward conduct. His works swept over us like a flood, and loosened a thousand moral ties, without strengthening a single moral principle. His gorgeous language and vivid pictures were full of fascination,—and men, women, and children, from the Rocky mountains to Machias, repeated his sententious remarks, and glorified his illustrations. This we could contend with, and still be in the way of maintaining our independence. But in addition to these, we must swallow all the productions of infant minds, and receive the puny offspring of English wittlings and sciolists, poured upon us by teeming presses in our own country. In a cursory view of the subject, these facts are truly overwhelming. But there is, we trust, a brighter day yet to come for American literature. We have several champions in the field. The North American and United States' Reviews have done well. Some few may have reason to complain, but most have been satisfied. Many quarterly, monthly, and weekly journals have gained high honors in their attempts to bring out our own literature, and to stem the flood that has so long deluged the land.

Those who love their country, and feel a desire to see her rise in arts, sciences, and letters, as well as in arms, will hold forth inducements to bring out the talents we possess in abundance, and frown on those who fill the country, cities, villages, and scattered habitations, with foreign trash, from the pens of disappointed knaves or aspiring fools. We are so *mighty* candid, that we pass over the lies of Ashe, Fidler, Trollope, and all that swarm of buzzing, stinging insects, because, forsooth, we find now and then a remark in them that has the semblance of justice. Every patriot should keep constantly in mind, and endeavor to

impress the truth on the minds of rising generations, that our fathers have been engaged in the war of independence, for two centuries, and that there never was a greater call for valiant exertion than at the present day. We have just commenced the measuring of the height of our mountains, the depth of our rivers,—of ascertaining the capacities of our soil, and forming charts for our harbors, but we have not yet paid much attention to our capacities for literature, nor taken pains to compare our mental standard with that of other men. We have too often considered those who throw their shadows across the water, as great in their own land, while they are frequently of only moderate size, and of no great regard at home. He who pays too much reverence to others, seldom duly values himself, but he who is *true to himself, does wrong to no one*. The higher we raise our own literature, the better judgment shall we form of that of other nations. Let not our readers think that we have been croaking on the loft. Far from it. We have watched the offering at the altar,—inspected the entrails,—and declare the omens to be favorable, for the literary exertions now making in this country.

S. L. K.

B. B. Thacker

THE SEAMAN'S DAUGHTER.

SUGGESTED BY FISHER'S 'PORTRAIT OF A GIRL,' AT A LATE FAIR IN BOSTON.

Bless thee, bless thee, breathing vision !
 For thy looks of sunny glee
 Wake again the blooms, that faded,
 Of the bliss of memory,—
 Rosy blooms of boyhood,—bless thee,
 O thou Daughter of the Sea !

Bless thee for the silvery voices,
 Sounding far from days of yore,
 As the sailor, on the surges,
 Hears the vespers from the shore :—
 Welcome, welcome, vesper voices,
 To my lonely life once more !

Bless thee for the radiant faces ;
 Bless thee for the kindly eyes,—
 Eyes, like thine, that o'er my slumbers,
 Starlike, brightly, sadly rise ;
 And the haunts of happy childhood,
 And the hues of vernal skies !

Bless thee for the joys, and sorrows,
 Mirthful, mournful luxury !—
 Bring the dead and bring the distant,
 Bring the lost *all* back to me,—
 Living, loving !—bless thee, bless thee,
 O thou Daughter of the Sea !

B. B. T.

Boston, January, 1835.

ODDS AND ENDS.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF 'A PENNY-A-LINER.'

I LIKE New-York. I like it for the very points of difference which distinguish it from all other cities in the Union,—its noise,—its hurry, its bustle,—its mixed population, and the Babel-like confusion of tongues which it inherits. One may walk through Wall-street or Broadway, and hear French, Spanish, Italian, English, German, Turkish, and almost every other language used in the known world, spoken in the same moment. The haste with which every body moves, and acts, and speaks, is another characteristic of New-York, that I admire. It is contagious, and it has a good effect upon the spirits and health of an idle man. I have strolled into Wall-street, so very lazy and listless, that I had hardly energy enough to move one foot past the other, and in fifteen minutes thereafter, I found myself tearing up and down the street, through Pearl, into Water, up Front-street, skipping over barrels, and boxes, and crates, as if the sailing of an Indiaman, or the credit of a dozen houses, all depended upon the celerity of my movements. The same effects produced by the same causes, I have remarked in others. I have a country friend, a retail trader, who visits the city once a year to pay his debts, and lay in a new stock of goods. He only trades at two houses, and generally has but two notes to pay, and as for his purchases,—he can make them in a couple of hours. I have seen this quiet, steady, slow-and-easy old gentleman, saunter out of the Ohio Hotel into the street, of a Monday morning, and after carefully perusing all the sign-boards in his immediate vicinity, move along at the grave and judicious pace peculiar to himself. Anon a young clerk would flash by him, and before he could distinguish the precise color of his coat, be out of sight. A countryman would pass him, with the speed of a steam-engine. 'Why!' the old man would exclaim, 'Why, that's neighbor Wilson! Neighbor, neighbor! Mr. Wilson! Lord, how he walks! He's out of sight already!' By this time, his own step would be quickened. A little before him, he observes the principal of the house with which he transacts his business. He increases his pace. It is in vain. He cannot overtake him. Merchants, clerks, porters, horses, carts, wheel-barrows, whiz past him. His brain becomes confused, his feet begin to fly, and in ten minutes more, I have marked the old man, striding along the street, under full headway—the long skirts of his coat fluttering and flapping in the wind, his hair streaming out from under his hat, drops of perspiration coursing each other down his cheeks,—the very picture of a fugitive from justice.

I like New-York, because it is the greatest and richest city, and in the greatest and richest state in the Union. I like it, because there are so many strangers,—because all foreigners, whether merchants, travellers, play-actors, rope-dancers, elephants, lions, rhinoceroses, paupers, pick-pockets, thieves, or swindlers, make it their first resting place in the new world. I like it for its splendor, its wretchedness, its selfish-

ness, its style, its fashion,—in short,—to complete this sentence, and to save trouble and accumulation of epithets,—I like it, because it is *what it is*.

There is no kind of being, that cannot find something here congenial with his feelings. The stoic, the anchorite, the man of pleasure,—but why attempt to enumerate,—all seek and find happiness here in their own way. 'Tis true, that in the impunity with which a man, unobserved and unnoticed, may accomplish his ends, there is mingled a feeling of his insignificance; and that his vanity may be touched by the little consequence his neighbors attach to his movements. But in the independence with which an honorable man can act, move, and speak, unawed by fear of misconstruction, and unrestrained by the criticism of narrow minds, there is a luxury far surpassing the petty gratification, of being 'the observed of all observers.'

Life, in such hot-beds as this, appears to take a new form,—to have a ranker growth,—and it is to me a continual source of pleasure and instruction, to seek it out, and observe it in every shade. It is not the growth of vice alone, that is here luxuriant. The same soil from which it springs, also gives existence and nourishment to that plant of heavenly growth, virtue; and the same causes which invigorate and strengthen one, also perfect the other. Both will occasionally furnish materials for these hasty sketches.

I HAVE a very strong propensity for making myself the hero of my own tales: so strong, indeed, that it is with very great reluctance I ever drop the personal pronoun, *I*. There is something to me so inexpressibly soothing, in telling the public how *I* felt, how *I* thought, how *I* looked, and how *I* spoke, that I often resort to the most ingenious shifts, to bring this important part of speech before them. And then, again, it is so pleasant, to see myself performing great actions, and heroic deeds, even though it be in fiction!—so flattering to my vanity, to be the beloved of some beautiful girl, to press her hand, kiss her lips, and may hap, in cases of accident or mishap, or at the winding up of a 'thrilling story,' 'clasp her graceful form in my arms,'—even though it be only on paper! It is a great gratification to a timid, modest man, like myself, who never expects to do any thing of the kind otherwise than in his 'mind's eye.'

This infirmity has often caused me entirely to lose sight of the 'unities,' and has been the occasion of much inconsistency in my public character. I find, on accurate calculation, that I am the printed and published husband of seventeen women and girls, and the betrothed of three widows! I am, (in print, remember, reader,) a member of all the different learned professions, a merchant, and an author, besides being several gentlemen of fortune. I am a grey-headed patriarch, the sire of a numerous progeny, and I am also one snarling, shriveled and shrunken, and two pleasant, happy, elderly bachelors. I am rich, and I am poor, and I am in middling circumstances. I am a 'child of genius,' struggling with misfortune and want, and toiling for 'a glorious future renown,' and I am also a proud and spoiled 'child of fortune.'

These are but few of the contradictions into which my egotism has led me. But the illusion is so pleasant, that although it generally lasts but for an evening, I never have been able to summon up moral strength sufficient to part with it. It is a great comfort to me, in a city like this, where I am but about the two hundred and fifty thousandth part of the population, to sit down for an hour or two, and write about myself. I rise from my table after such an occupation with enlarged ideas of my own consequence. With elongated limbs, I stride across my room, at every lengthening step, elevating my head, losing the consciousness of my real insignificance, and forgetting that I am but one atom of the great mass of humanity around me,—one ant in the mole-hill. A city is a sad place for one who entertains such an affectionate regard for himself as I do. Alas! there is no one here to abuse me, to spy out my actions, to censure me when I do wrong, or misrepresent me when I do right. I cannot even get up a report that I am about to be married! or that I have been rejected, or that I have been paying particular attention to Miss —, or that I am rather cooling in my attachment to Miss Somebody-else. My out-goings and my in-comings are alike unnoticed and unknown. Every body attends to his own business, and lets every body else, and every body else's business, and me and my business among the rest, alone. This is a dreadful state of society. I cannot abide it. Here we all are, two hundred and fifty-odd thousand of us, just like so many Robinson Crusoe's, doing nothing but taking care of ourselves, and suffering our neighbors to be rich, or handsome, or fortunate, or happy, without any interference, or attempt at detraction.

THE coal will not burn!—and the thermometer fifteen degrees below zero! This is horrible weather! I have been trying to keep myself warm, by calling to mind some of the hot days of last summer, but my teeth still chatter, and my hand still trembles. We do not properly appreciate warm weather until mid-winter. For my own part, although I have felt more comfortable than I did the last season, when the thermometer was at ninety-six degrees, I am free to say, that even that height is preferable to its present depression. There are always some mitigatory attendants on hot weather. If we have warm days, we have cool evenings, and pleasant walks on the Battery.

The Battery! What a spot in a moon-lit summer evening, for young men and women of sensibility! It was ten o'clock when we reached it, and could look upon the waters of our beautiful bay as they lay glistening in the moon's silver rays. When I had taken off my hat, and let the fresh ocean breeze fan my forehead, and play in the 'tangles of my hair,' I began to grow loving and sentimental. I believe I was eloquent, for the liquid-blue eyes of my companion were fixed on me with an expression of surpassing tenderness,—her sweet kiss-loving lips were parted,—and, pardon me, most decorous reader, if I tell you, that I closed them with my own! Would it have been strange, if at such a moment I had been guilty of some indiscreet speech,—if I had made a tender of my affections? Certainly not; and yet I cannot reproach

and in the sense of enjoyment that speaks in every look and movement, and yet how different, in their style of beauty! 'Thou wilt see few like them to night,—but, we must pass on.

Let us see who is the centre of that circle, a little to our left. Can it be possible? A man? Happy fellow! Let me count—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Yes, seven ladies, talking to him at the same time! And observe, too, the inimitable composure with which he wears his honors. Not a feature is disturbed,—not a muscle moves. That expression of imperturbable gravity is unchanged. His form is erect and unbending; and if it were not for the slow and contemplative manner in which the fore and middle fingers of his left hand are pressed upon his upper lip, smoothing down the thriving mustaches which flourish there, one might take him for a statue. He is the personification of egotism, a *nonchalant*, of the first water. Oh! the fervor, the intensity, the idolatry of his self-love! The feelings of a mother for her first born,—of a husband for his young and blushing bride,—of a father for the boy of his hope and pride,—of a brother for an only and confiding sister, are all cold, all weak, in comparison with his love of *self*. He is the sole object of all his thoughts, and hopes, and fears—the subject of his waking fancy and night dreams; and if, perchance, a thought of the existence of others obtrudes itself upon his wrapt mind, it is connected only with the idea of the extended appreciation of his own perfections.

Observe that young man standing by the window, talking to that fine, matronly-looking lady. What a striking contrast to the person we have just left. How respectful, yet animated is his address,—how expressive his fine features! What intelligence beams from his dark eye;—and mark with what pleased attention the lady listens to him. Dost thou not recognise him, reader? He is my friend B——; and now he is moving from the lady. But who is he approaching? All my readers have not seen the publication, called the 'Gallery of the Graces'—and those who have, may not have dwelt with particular attention on an engraving in it, called 'The Fair Patrician.' If they had, instead of a description of Emma St. John, I should only have to observe, that the engraving is so like her, that I at first supposed it to have been taken from the portrait which adorns her mother's drawing room. It has the same faultless features,—the same beautiful, but haughty expression,—the same proud neck,—the calm, full eye,—the dark, luxuriant, and flowing hair,—and if the face be an index of the mind, it promises the same clear intellect, lofty imagination, and flashing wit, with Emma St. John.

'Come, dearest,' said B——, in an under tone, as he approached her, 'have we not wasted time enough here. Let us go.'

'I have been ready this half hour,' she replied. 'I hardly know why it is, but I take less pleasure than I once did, in such scenes as these. I can no longer laugh at the folly of your sex, or the vanity of my own. I think that I have grown benevolent since I have known you, and that now, the extravagance and absurdity I witness around me, amuse me, less than they excite my pity.'

They made their adieus, and retired. Let us follow them.

'But one week more, Emma, and this will be mine, mine for ever!' said my friend, hiding her little white hand in his own, as they entered her mother's parlor.

'Is it indeed, so soon?' was the lady's response, as her eyes turned from the warm glance of her lover's. And then there was a reply—and then followed a rejoinder, and then another, and another, and another, which for special reasons of my own, I shall not here detail.

Both were so young, 'so loving and lovely,' that Envy herself could not have looked upon them without pleasure.

'— Oh! it was sweet to see her delicate hand,
Pressed 'gainst his parted lips, as tho' to check,
In mimic anger, all those whispers bland
He knew so well to use, and on his neck
Her round arm hung; while, half as in command
And half entreaty, did her swimming eye
Speak of forbearance, till ———'

I have been sick of poetry, since I saw the Vermont editor's quotation from Shakspeare. Speaking of the free negroes in New-York, and their depredations on society, he says, that during the fervors of the summer solstice, they come,

———'from the sweet South,
Stealing, and giving odour.'

but more especially, since a friend of mine travestied a noble line of Byron's, by applying it,—while riding along a road which commanded a view of Wethersfield, Connecticut,—to that place of onions, tears, and pretty maidens:

'The Niobe of Nations,—there she stands!'

M.

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCA.

How oft, retiring to this soft retreat,
From man, and e'en myself I steal away
To bathe in tears the herbage at my feet,
And load with sighs the gales that round me play.
How oft alone to harrowing doubts a prey—
In search of life's lost charm,—my anxious mind
Leads me through lonely tracts, obscure to day,
And vainly pours her name to every wind.
Now, like a nymph, from Sorgia's sparkling wave,
She seeks the shelter of yon spreading tree,—
Now, where the green the passing waters lave
She treads the yielding flower with footstep free,
As if escaped the thralldom of the grave,—
Yet bearing on her cheek, the tears that flow for me.

G. W. G.

AN EVENING ODE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CALAVAR, A TALE OF MEXICO,' 'THE GLADIATOR,' ETC.

O MELANCHOLY moon,
 Queen of the midnight, though thou palest away,
 Far in the dusky West, to vanish soon
 Under the hills that catch thy waning ray,
 Still thou art beautiful beyond all spheres,—
 The friend of grief, and confidant of tears.

Mine earliest friend wert thou :
 My boyhood's passion was to stretch me under
 The locust tree, and through the chequered bough,
 Watch thy far pathway in the clouds, and wonder
 At thy strange loveliness, and wish to be
 The nearest star, to roam the heavens with thee.

Youth grew ; but as it came,
 And sadness with it, still, with joy I stole
 To gaze, and dream, and breathe, perchance, the name
 That was the early music of my soul,—
 And seemed upon thy pictured disk, to trace
 Remembered features of a radiant face.

And manhood, though it bring
 A winter to my bosom, cannot turn
 Mine eyes from thy lone loveliness : still spring
 My tears to meet thee, and the spirit stern
 Falters in secret with the ancient thrill,—
 The boyish yearning to be with thee still.

Would it were so ! for earth
 Grows shadowy, and her fairest planets fail ;
 And her sweet chimes, that once awoke to mirth,
 Turn to a moody melody of wail ;
 And through her starry throngs I go alone,
 Even with the heart I cannot turn to stone.

Would it were so, for still
 Thou art mine only counsellor, with whom
 Mine eyes can have no bitter shame to fill,
 Nor my weak lips to murmur at the doom
 Of solitude, which is so sad and sore,—
 Weighing like lead upon my bosom's core.

A boyish thought, and weak :
 I shall look up to thee from the heaving sea,
 And in the Land of Palma, and on the peak
 Of her wild hills, still turn mine eyes to thee,
 And then, perhaps, lie down in solemn rest,
 With naught but thy pale beams upon my breast.

Let it be so, indeed !
 Earth hath a peace beneath the trampled stone :
 And let me perish where no heart shall bleed,
 And naught, save passing winds, shall make my moan ;
 No tears, save Night's, to wash my humble shrine,
 And watching o'er me, no pale face but thine.

R. M. B.

Philadelphia.

AN HISTORICAL NOTICE OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

Among the public institutions in the city of New-York, there is, perhaps, none more interesting and valuable than COLUMBIA COLLEGE. As a seminary of sound, useful, and elegant learning, in every department of literature and science, it ranks second to no other in the Union; while from its local situation, and internal organization, it possesses advantages which, probably, are not enjoyed to the same extent, by any similar institution in the country.

To say nothing of the qualifications and merits of the Professors in this college,—which may safely be asserted to be at least equal to those of the Faculty of any other,—the circumstance of their discharging in person, all the duties of instruction, without delegating or entrusting any part of them to *tutors*,—must of itself be productive of the most beneficial results, in regard both to the progress and conduct of the students. Another advantage held forth by this institution, is, the opportunity to parents residing in the city, of educating their sons under their own eyes, and retaining them under their own roofs,—without the hazard of estranging them from their families, and weaning them from their homes. This peculiarity not only secures to the parent the inspection and control of the religious and moral education of his child, but enables him, by occasional interpositions of his authority, to aid most essentially, the really *parental* discipline of the college. It moreover exempts the professors from the anxious and perplexing duties of domestic detail, and police, incident to an establishment within whose walls the students as well as the faculty reside,—and thereby, enables the latter to devote their time and attention, more exclusively, to the business of instruction, and to direct the discipline of the college almost entirely to that object.

As the Knickerbocker Magazine numbers among its readers many of the graduates of this venerable institution, it has been thought that a brief retrospect of some of the principal events which mark its history, together with a summary view of its present condition, would be gratifying to them, and at the same time, acceptable, as well as useful, to the public at large.*

It appears from the records of Trinity Church, in this city, that as far back as the year 1703, its rector and wardens were directed to wait on Lord Cornbury, then governor of the province, 'to know what part of the *King's Farm*, then vested in the church, had been intended for the college, which he designed to have built.' No steps, however, were taken, for many years, towards the execution of that design,—and it was not till after the establishment of an university in Philadelphia, that a

* The writer has been materially aided, by an Address delivered in May, 1828, before the association of the Alumni of Columbia College, at their first anniversary celebration, by CLEMENT C. MOORE, Esq. LL. D., one of the most distinguished of their number,—a trustee of the college, and professor of the Oriental languages, in the General Theological Seminary, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to which institution he presented the grounds occupied by the Seminary, and renders his services gratuitously.

number of gentlemen in New-York, animated by the example of their neighbors, undertook to found a college in the latter city. Early in the year 1753, an act of Assembly, was obtained, appointing James Delancey and others, of different religious denominations, trustees for carrying their design into execution, and providing for a fund, by a succession of lotteries.

In the year 1754, these trustees chose Dr. Samuel Johnson of Connecticut, to be president of the intended college; but he would not absolutely accept the office, until the charter had been obtained from the crown. He removed, however, to New-York, and in July of that year, commenced the instruction of a class, consisting of ten students, in the vestry room of Trinity Church.

On the 31st of October, of the same year, the royal charter was granted; and from that time the existence of the college is properly to be dated. This charter sets forth, among other things, that divers sums of money had been raised by lottery, and appropriated for the founding of a college, and that the rector and inhabitants of the city of New-York, in communion with the Church of England, had set apart a parcel of ground on the west side of Broadway, and had declared themselves ready and desirous to convey the said land in fee for the use of a college, to be established upon the terms mentioned in their declaration,—and it therefore *ordains*, that the college shall be known by the name of King's College, and shall be for the instruction, and education of youth, in the learned languages, and liberal arts and sciences, and that in consideration of the grant to be made by Trinity Church, the president of the college shall always be a member of the Church of England. The governors of the college, named in the charter, were the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the first Lord Commissioner for trade and plantations, both empowered to act by proxies. The Governor, Lieutenant Governor, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the Secretary, the Attorney General, the President of the Council, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and the Treasurer of the Province, the Mayor of the city of New-York, the Rector of Trinity Church, the Senior Pastor of the Dutch Church, the Pastor of the Lutheran Church, and the President of the College, together with twenty-four of the principal persons of the city and province,—and the style of their incorporation, was declared to be, 'The Governors of the College, of the Province of New-York, in the City of New-York.'

The governors were empowered to make such laws and ordinances for the regulation of the college, as they should think best, so that they were not repugnant to the laws of England, nor to those of the province of New-York, and did not exclude any person of any religious denomination whatever, from equal liberty and advantage of education, or from any degrees, liberties, privileges, benefits, or immunities of the college, on account of his particular tenets in matters of religion. It was also ordained, that there should be public morning and evening service in the college, according to the liturgy of the Church of England, or a collection of prayers drawn from the liturgy, with a particular collect for the college,—and the Reverend Samuel Johnson, D. D.,

was named in the charter as the first President.* The grant of land, above alluded to, was executed by Trinity Church, the release therefor expressing it to be made for the purpose of encouraging and promoting the founding, erecting, and establishing a college, in the province of New-York, for the education and instruction of youth in the liberal arts and sciences,—and it contains provisions with respect to the president and the prayers to be used in the college, similar to those contained in the charter.

The governors of the new college held their first meeting on the 7th of May, 1755, and its funds were subsequently augmented by the voluntary contributions of the founders, named in the charter, and of a number of other individuals, among whom the honorable Joseph Murray deserves to be particularly mentioned. This gentleman, who was an eminent lawyer of this city, and a member of the legislative council of the province, devised to the college nearly the whole of his estate, amounting to about twenty-five thousand dollars, which was expended chiefly, in the erection of suitable buildings for the institution. It was not however until May, of the year 1760,† that the college buildings began to be occupied, and, notwithstanding all the exertions of its friends, the funds of the institution were by no means adequate to its wants. Addresses were drawn up, and forwarded to the English universities, and other public societies, and to individuals abroad, eminent for their rank and station,—soliciting their aid. The success of this appeal does not appear; but toward the end of the year 1762, the Reverend Myles Cooper, A. M. and Fellow of Queen's College, in the University of Oxford, was elected a Fellow of King's College New-York, Professor of Moral Philosophy therein, and assistant to the President. Soon after his appointment, a new plan of education, remarkable for the extent and variety of the classical studies which it enjoined, was adopted, and new laws were passed for the government of the institution.

In March, 1763, Dr. Johnson resigned his office of president, and shortly afterward, Mr. Cooper, who had been created a Doctor of Laws, by the college, was elected to supply his place. From this period the affairs of the college seem to have gone on regularly and prosperously.‡ In the year 1767, a grant of land was obtained, under the government of Sir Henry Moore, of twenty-four thousand acres, situate in the northern parts of the province; but this accession to the property of the institution,—which, in the course of time, would have become very valuable, proved of no avail, as the tract in question, eventually fell within the boundary of the state of Vermont, and was lost to New-York, and to the College. In the course

* The first instructors under the charter, were, besides the president, his son, William Samuel Johnson, A. M., of Yale College, and Leonard Cutting A. B., of Pembroke College, Oxford, as *Tutors*.

† In the mean time, Daniel Treadwell, A. M. of Harvard, and Robert Harper A. M., of Glasgow, had been successively appointed to the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy.

‡ In 1765, the professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy was established, and Samuel Clossy, M. D., of Trinity College, Dublin, was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy.

of the same year, an application was made to the governors of the college, by several eminent physicians of the city of New-York, for permission to deliver courses of lectures, in the several departments of Medicine, in consequence of which, a regular Medical School was established in the college.*

The institution continued to flourish until the commencement of the Revolution, and a summary of its history to that period, found among the papers, left in this country by Dr. Cooper, and supposed to have been written by him, gives a view of the state of the college at the time probably, when it was most flourishing under his superintendence. After stating the manner in which the college was founded and the endowments it had received, Dr. Cooper proceeds to say, that 'by means of these and other benefactions, the governors have been enabled to extend their plan of education almost as diffusely as any college in Europe, herein being taught by proper Masters and Professors, who are chosen by the governors and President, Divinity, Natural Law, Physic, Logic, Ethics, Metaphysics, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Geography, History, Chronology, Rhetoric, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Modern Languages, and whatever else of literature may tend to accomplish the pupils, both as scholars and gentlemen. To the college is also annexed a grammar school for the due preparation of those who propose to complete their education, with the arts and sciences.†

When the disputes with the parent country assumed a serious aspect, President Cooper was under the necessity of returning to England. He appears to have intended his absence to be only temporary, for the Reverend Benjamin Moore, an *Alumnus* of the institution, was appointed President *pro tem.* to act during the absence of Dr. Cooper. But the latter never returned to this country, and after his departure, no public commencements were held until peace was re-established. Several new students, however, were admitted during the year 1775, and degrees were conferred; and in the year following, although there were no admissions, the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on six candidates.‡

In the spring of 1776, the college building was converted by order of the *Committee of Safety*, into a military hospital. The Professors and students were consequently dislodged, and the library and philosophical apparatus were removed to the City Hall, from whence very few of

* The Faculty of Medicine under the royal charter, consisted of Samuel Clossy M. D., Professor of Anatomy; Peter Middleton, M. D., Professor of Pathology and Physiology; John Jones M. D., Professor of Surgery; James Smith, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and *Materia Medica*; Samuel Bard M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine; and John Tenant M. D., Professor of Midwifery.

† In 1773, the Rev. John Vardill, A. M., was appointed a Fellow of the college, and Professor of Natural Law, of History, and of Languages.

‡ Among the graduates of the college, before the Revolution, were Samuel Provoost, the first Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in this state, Philip Livingston, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, JOHN JAY, RICHARD HARRISON, EGBERT BENSON, ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, BISHOP MOORE, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, PETER VAN SCHAICK, ROBERT TROUP, and MARINUS WILLETT. General Hamilton left the college without a degree, to join the army. The surviving *Alumni* of this period, are John Watts, of this city, and John Stevens of Hoboken.

the books, and a very small part of the apparatus, ever found their way back to the college. Although the public course of instruction did not re-commence until after the close of the Revolutionary war, the course of tuition was for a short time carried on without the walls of the building; and two admissions are noted in the old matriculation book under the year 1777;* after which no trace is found for several years of the continuance of any of the collegial courses. The governors, however, appear to have held occasional meetings during the remainder of the war, and upon the restoration of peace, the college again assumed the character of a public institution.

In the year 1784, all the seminaries of learning in the State were, by an act of the Legislature, subjected to the authority of 'the Regents of the University,' who immediately entered upon the regulation of the affairs of 'Columbia College,' to which the name of the institution was now changed; and in the course of a short time new Professors were appointed,† a grammar school, and a medical department‡ were established—several candidates presented themselves and were entered as students, and a literary society, composed of students and others, was admitted within the walls of the college.

The views of the regents appear to have been much enlarged by the new station which the country had taken among the nations of the civilized world, for before the end of the year, they determined upon the establishment of Professorships on a much more extensive plan than had ever before been adopted, or than ever has since been realized. But a small part of this plan could be carried into effect, as at the time it was adopted, the annual income of the college was estimated at only two thousand five hundred dollars. The college remained under the immediate superintendence of the regents of the university, until April 1787, when by an act of the legislature, the original charter, with necessary alterations, was confirmed, and the college placed under the care of twenty-nine trustees, who were to exercise their functions until their number should be reduced by death, resignation, or removal, to twenty-four; after which all vacancies in their number were to be filled by their own choice.§

In May 1787, William Samuel Johnson, LL. D., son of the first President, and at that time a member of the convention which formed

* William Walton and James Delancy Walton.

† The new Faculty of Arts consisted of the Rev. William Cochran, D. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin languages; the Rev. Benjamin Moore, D. D., Professor of Rhetoric and Logic; the Rev. John P. Tetard, Professor of the French language; the Rev. John C. Kunze, D. D., Professor of Oriental languages; the Rev. John D. Gross, D. D. Professor of the German language and of Geography; Samuel Bard, M. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Astronomy; Henry Moyes, LL. D., Professor of Natural History and Chemistry; and John Kemp, Mathematical Tutor.

‡ The Medical Faculty appointed, were, Samuel Bard, M. D., Professor of Chemistry; Benjamin Kissam, M.D. Professor of the Institutes of Medicine; Charles McKnight, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery; Ebenezer Crosby, M. D., Professor of Midwifery; and Nicholas Romaine, M. D., Professor of the Practice of Medicine.

§ The first student graduated after the Revolution, and while the college remained under the government of the Regents, was the late Dr WIRT CLINTON, and among the first after the restoration of the charter, was the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D.

the Constitution of the United States, from the State of Connecticut, was elected President of Columbia College; and continued to execute the duties of that office, after being chosen by the same State one of its Senators in the first Congress under the Federal Constitution, and during the term of his election to the Senate. At the time he entered upon the duties of his academical office, which was in the November subsequent to his appointment, there were in the Faculty of Arts, three Professors, the same number in the Medical department, and a Professor of the German language.* The number of students was thirty-nine, of whom five boarded and lodged in the college, and five others occupied rooms, and studied there. The affairs of the college appear to have proceeded from that time without experiencing any material change,† until the beginning of the year 1792, when the Medical school was placed upon a more respectable and efficient footing. A *Dean of the Faculty*, and eight Professors were appointed; and their duties and powers defined; apartments in the college were appropriated to their use, and such alterations made as were requisite for their accommodation.‡

For some years after this, the proceedings of the trustees indicate that the institution was in a state of increasing prosperity. In addition to the former Professorships, they appointed a Professor of the Oriental languages;§ one of Natural History, Chemistry, etc.;|| one of the Practice of Medicine; one of Law;¶ and one of Rhetoric and *Belles Lettres*.** But in the year 1798, the number of distinct Professorships was diminished, by uniting different branches in the same department, and by abolishing such as had been found unnecessary.

In July, 1800, the venerable Dr. Johnson resigned the office of President, after having held it upwards of thirteen years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Charles Wharton, D. D., who held the office with the Professorships of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric then annexed to it, only about seven months. Upon his resignation, these Professorships were again detached from the Presidency, and the Rt. Rev. Benjamin Moore, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the State of New-York, was appointed to that office, twenty-six years after his first tempo-

* Dr. Cochran, Professor of the Latin and Greek languages; Dr. Gros, Professor of Moral Philosophy and of the German language; and James Kemp, LL. D., Professor of Mathematics. The duties of the Rhetorical chair were, in consequence of the resignation of Dr. Moore, assigned to the President. The remaining members of the Medical Faculty were, Drs. Kissam, McKnight, and Crosby.

† Excepting the appointment of Peter Wilson, A. M., of Aberdeen, Professor of the Greek and Latin languages.

‡ The appointments were, Samuel Bard, M. D., *Dean of the Faculty*; Richard Bayley, M. D. *Professor of Anatomy*; Samuel Nicoll, M. D., *Professor of Chemistry*; John R. B. Rodgers, M. D., *Professor of Midwifery*; William S. Smith, M. D., *Professor of Materia Medica*; Wright Post, M. D. *Professor of Surgery*; William Hamersley, M. D., *Professor of the Institutes of Medicine*; and Richard S. Kissam, M. D., *Professor of Botany*.

§ The Rev. John C. Kunze, D. D.

|| Samuel L. Mitchell, LL. D.

¶ James Kent, LL. D.

** The Rev. John Bisett, A. M., Aberdeen; The Rev. John McKnight, D. D. at the same time succeeded Dr. Gros, as Professor of Moral Philosophy.

rary appointment to fill it in Dr. Cooper's absence, and a distinct Professor of Moral Philosophy, Rhetoric, etc., was also chosen.*

The new President did not reside in the college, and having ecclesiastical duties to perform,—of which the claims upon his time and attention were paramount to all others,—he was charged only with a general superintendence of the college, including attendance at the public examinations, and at commencements—and was not expected to take an active part in its discipline and instruction, the chief management of these devolved, therefore, on the Professors; and although the affairs of the institution could not be conducted in this way with the same vigor and efficacy as under the supervision of a single head, exclusively devoted to its service, and always present to watch over its welfare, yet the college may be considered, even during this period, as continually gaining ground. The course of instruction was carried on by highly respectable Professors, and the classes increased in numbers. The funds of the institution were also somewhat augmented by grants of land and money from the legislature; while its real estate in the city became daily more valuable.

From this time the affairs of the college present nothing remarkable until the middle of the year 1809, when an important change was begun in the system of instruction, which may be considered as the commencement of a new era in the literary character of the institution. By an ordinance of the Board of Trustees, to take effect the following year, the requisites for entrance into the college were raised much higher than they had ever previously stood, and a new course of study and system of discipline were established, forming, with the new regulation as to admission, an admirable plan for elevating the standard, and extending the course of college education. This has since undergone some important modifications, but it still remains the basis of the existing plan of study and system of discipline. After this spirit of improvement had been thus awakened, Bishop Moore resigned the office of President, in May 1811, with the view of making room for some other person, who might devote his whole time and attention to the concerns of the college. In the June following it was thought expedient to divide the duties and powers of the President between that officer and another, to be called *the Provost*; and the statutes were altered accordingly. In the absence of the President, his place was to be filled by the Provost, who, besides the like general superintendence with the President, was to conduct the classical studies of the senior class; and shortly after this alteration, the Rev. William Harris, D. D., was elected President; and the Rev. John M. Mason, D. D., was chosen to fill the new office of Provost.†

During the progress of these *internal* improvements, the exterior of

* The Rev. John Bowden, D. D.

† By the death of Dr. Kemp in 1812, the Professorship of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy became vacant, and was supplied the next year by the appointment of *Robert Adrain*, LL. D. In the interval, the duties of this chair were discharged by *James Renwick*, A. M., as lecturer in Natural and Experimental Philosophy; and *John Vethake*, A. M., as lecturer in Mathematics and Geography.

the college remained in a very deplorable state, and the want, both of proper accommodation and of a creditable appearance in the edifice, continued for several years longer to embarrass and mortify the trustees and friends of the institution. Various schemes were at different times devised, for a new arrangement of the building, and for raising a greater revenue from the college grounds, and serious thoughts were more than once entertained of removing the college from the city. While these plans were in agitation, and before any had been brought to maturity, the Medical School of Columbia College, was in November 1813, discontinued in consequence of the establishment of the college of Physicians and Surgeons, in this city.

In the year 1816, Dr. Mason, resigned the office of Provost, and a resolution was thereafter passed by the Board of Trustees by which the power and duties of that office, except as to conducting the classical studies of the Senior Class, devolved on the president.

The college buildings still remained in an unsightly and ruinous condition,—and the trustees, after an attentive examination of their funds, found that they might with safety, enter upon a thorough repair of the old edifice, and the erection of additional buildings. In September 1817, the general outlines of the plan, afterward executed, were adopted, and whilst the building was in progress, improvements were also made in the interior concerns of the Seminary. On the election of a new Professor* of Moral Philosophy and Rhetoric, the course of study in that department was extended by the addition of political economy, and the history of ancient and modern literature. An adjunct professor of the Greek and Latin languages,† was appointed to attend exclusively to the Freshman Class. The Professorship of Mathematics, and Natural Philosophy, was divided into two distinct branches,—one consisting of Mathematics and Astronomy, the other of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry,—for which latter department, a new Professor was afterward appointed.‡

Before the expiration of the year 1820, the alterations and improvements of the college buildings and grounds were completed, and the usefulness and respectability of the institution, were afterward further increased by the re-establishment of the Professorships of Law—of the Italian, and of the French languages, and literature. In the year 1827,§ the Grammar School annexed to the college was revived upon an extended and liberal plan, so as not only to render it a preparatory school for the college, but to afford the means of enlarged instruction,

* The Rev. John McVickar A. M., of Columbia College.

† Nathaniel F. Moore, A. M., of Columbia College, and upon the retirement of Dr. Wilson in 1820. Professor Moore, was promoted to the principal Professorship, in that department, and Charles Anthon A. B., of Columbia College, was appointed adjunct Professor of the Latin and Greek Languages.

‡ James Renwick, A. M., of Columbia College.

§ By the re-appointment of the Hon. JAMES KENT, LL. D., who had been first appointed to the professorship thirty years before, and had then held it for five years.

¶ In 1825, Dr. Adrain resigned the Professorship of Mathematics and Astronomy, and Henry J. Anderson, A. M., of Columbia College, and M. D., was elected in his place, from which time the faculty, with the exception of the President, has been composed of Alumni of the College.

to those intended for mercantile pursuits, without entering the college, and within the next two years, a new building was erected in the rear of the college, for the accommodation of this auxiliary establishment, and forming one wing of a large edifice, designed to be completed whenever the college might have need of more numerous apartments.

In October, 1829, the office of President became vacant by the death of Dr. Harris, who had continued to an advanced age, with great zeal and fidelity, to preside over the institution; and early in the following December, the Hon. William A. Duer, then one of the Circuit Judges of this state, was elected to supply the vacancy.

On the first of January, 1830, the new President entered upon the duties of his office, and within the same month, the system of instruction was extended by the establishment of a *Literary and Scientific course*, distinct from the *full course*, in which latter the classical studies are included, and students were allowed to be matriculated for any of the various branches composing the new course, in which also were comprised the Modern Languages of Europe. Free scholarships were established by the bounty of the trustees, the nominations to which were vested in each of the religious denominations in the city, and in its leading institutions for the promotion of knowledge; and the Professors of the college were authorized to deliver Public Lectures at *extra* hours in any of the branches of Literature and Science, falling within their respective departments.

The sub-graduate course of instruction was subsequently enlarged by the addition of lectures on the Evidences of Christianity,—by the extension of the English studies in the younger classes, and enlarging those in the departments of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry. A course of lectures on the Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States has since been added to the studies of the senior class, and directed to be delivered by the President. To enable the Faculty to discharge these increased duties, one hour was added to the daily attendance of the students, so that each class now attends one hour every day in each department of its studies; or four hours daily, exclusive both of the previous religious service and exercises in declamation in the Chapel; and of the subsequent attendance of one hour of those who pursue the study of Hebrew, or of any of the Modern Languages.

The Grammar School of the college was also placed upon a footing which has rendered it more extensively useful, as well as more efficient as a preparatory seminary to the college, and the immediate superintendence of it committed to the *Jay* Professor of the Ancient Languages, as Rector of the Grammar School. A junior department has since been added, and the number of instructors increased to eight in the Classical, Mathematical, and English departments, besides two of Modern Languages; so that a pupil may be received into the minor department of the Grammar School as soon as he can read the English language, and in nine or ten years be conducted upon one uniform system of instruction, through both the preparatory school, and the college, and at the end of that time receive his first degree; or in five or six years he may receive a complete English and Mathematical education, including any

of the modern languages, so as to fit him for business without entering the college; or he may, if duly qualified, enter either the Grammar School or the college at any stage of their respective courses.

As the institution now stands, the Faculty of the college consists of a President and five Professors; all of whom the students of the full sub-graduate course are required to attend, and any of whom, except those of the Greek and Latin languages, students of the Literary or Scientific course, may attend. These form the *Board of the College*, to aid the President in administering its discipline. There are besides, a Professor of Law, Professors of the principal modern languages of Europe, and one of the Hebrew language, upon any of whom the attendance of the students of both courses is voluntary; but these are members of the Board.*

The general course of instruction in the college, may be considered as three fold, viz :

1. *The Full Course*, including every branch of collegial study, and entitling the successful student to the degree of *Bachelor of Arts*.

2. *The Literary and Scientific Course*, which excludes the study of the Ancient Languages, but includes that of the Modern. To the successful student in this course is given, upon a vote of the Board of Trustees, a College Testimonial, differing but in name and extent, from the Academical degree of the *full course*.

3. *The Voluntary Course*, which is intended for graduates and others, who have made some proficiency in learning, and is limited solely by the wishes of parents, or of the applicants themselves, both in regard to extent and duration, and admits, also, of a higher course of instruction in the Greek and Latin languages.

An attendance on the first course requires the student to be matriculated, and forbids all professional studies, and pursuits. An attendance on the second, also requires matriculation, but admits of professional studies at the same time.

An attendance on the third course is altogether voluntary, requiring no matriculation, and capable of being rendered consistent not only with professional pursuits, but even with mercantile and mechanical employments.

No student is admitted into the Freshman, or lowest class of the full course, unless he be accurately acquainted with the Grammar of both

* The Faculty of the College consists at present of :

William Alexander Duer, LL D., President.

The Rev. John McVickar, D. D., Professor of Moral, Intellectual, and Political Philosophy, Rhetoric, and the Belles Lettres.

Nathaniel F. Moore, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages.

Charles Anthon, LL. D., Jay Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages ; and Rector of the Grammar School.

James Renwick, LL. D., Professor of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

Henry J. Anderson, M. D., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy.

James Kent, LL. D., Professor of Law.

Lorenzo L. Da Ponte, Professor of Italian.

The Rev. Antonio Verren, A. M., Professor of French.

Mariano Velasquez de la Cadena, LL. D., Professor of Spanish.

The Rev. Samuel H. Turner, D. D., Professor of Hebrew.

the Greek and Latin tongues, including such rules of Prosody as may be applicable to the Poets he is required to be examined upon. He must be master of the greater part of Cæsar's Commentaries, of the principal Orations of Cicero, of the first eight Books of the *Æneid*, Salust, certain portions of the Greek Testament, Jacob's Greek Reader, and parts of the *Cyropædia* and of the *Iliad*. He must also be able to translate English into grammatical Latin, and be well versed in Arithmetic and Algebra, as far as the end of Simple Equations, and with Modern Geography; and no student is admitted into an upper class without being master of the previous part of the course,—nor are any admitted from other colleges, without being duly qualified, nor without a certificate of good standing.

The full course of studies in the different classes is as follows, viz:

FIRST YEAR. Freshman Class.—Parts of Livy and Horace, Dalzel's *Collectanea Græca Majora*, Latin prose composition, Roman Antiquities, and Ancient Geography, the Elements of Geometry, Algebra, Universal Grammar, English Composition, and outline of Ancient History, with Chronology.

SECOND YEAR. Sophomore Class.—Virgil's *Georgics*, the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace, Cicero, *de Senectute* and *de Amicitia*, parts of Tacitus, Dalzel's and Dunbar's *Collectanea Græca Majora*, Homer's *Iliad*, Latin Composition in prose and verse, Greek and Roman Antiquities, plain Trigonometry and its applications, Algebra, Elementary Chemistry, Elements of Rhetoric and Oratory, English Composition and outline of Modern History with Chronology.

THIRD YEAR. Junior Class.—Cicero *de Oratore* and *de Officiis*, Terence, Horace's *Art of Poetry*, Longinus, Homer's *Iliad*, continued, Latin composition, Greek and Roman Antiquities, Spherical Trigonometry, Conic Sections, Analytic Geometry, Fluxions, Natural Philosophy, including Chemistry, applied to the Arts, Principles of Taste and Criticism, English Composition, Logic, General History of the Literature of Europe, Ancient and Modern, with a Critical History of English Literature.

FOURTH YEAR. Senior Class.—The classical part of the course of this year is conducted in such manner as the Professors of Languages, with the assent of the President, may direct. The Greek Tragedians are the authors principally read. Fluxions, Natural Philosophy, including Mechanics, Astronomy, according to the methods of Newton, La Place and La Grange, History of Philosophy, Intellectual and Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, Evidences of Christianity, Constitutional Jurisprudence of the United States, and English Composition.

All the classes are, moreover, exercised at stated periods in declamation upon subjects connected with their respective courses. There are two public examinations of all the classes every year. The first, or *intermediate* examination, commences on the first Monday in March; and the second or concluding examination on the fourth Monday preceding the vacation, which begins on the first day of August, and ends on the first Monday in October.

An honorary testimonial decorated with suitable devices, and bearing

the seal of the college, is adjudged at the intermediate examinations to the student in each class who is most distinguished for his general merit; and an additional testimonial to the best in each department of study; and at the concluding examination, a gold medal is adjudged to the student of the best general standing in each class, a silver medal in each class to the best, and a bronze medal to the next best in each department; all of which are announced and delivered at the annual commencement, held on the day subsequent to the opening of every term.

Connected with the college, are two societies, composed of students and graduates, who hold weekly meetings at the college for the purposes of improvement in matters relative to their studies, especially in declamation, English composition, and forensic disputations. Each society has its public exhibition annually in the college hall; and an annual address is delivered publicly in the same place, before the two societies, by a member of one of them. Besides which, the *Alumni* of the college have formed an association for promoting the continuance of the friendships formed during their immediate connection with their *Alma Mater*; and this body also holds an annual celebration, at which a public address is delivered by one of the members, succeeded by a dinner, attended by the members of the association, and the Trustees and Faculty of the college.

Such is an outline of the history of this venerable institution, and such the leading and practical features of the liberal and comprehensive scheme of education which has been silently maturing for years within its walls. It was alluded by the President and Professors, in an address to the public in January 1830, to be 'the result of long experience on the part of the Faculty, and of much anxious deliberation on the part of the Trustees. As it has been adopted,' say they, 'with caution, so will it be pursued with firmness, and it may be fearlessly asserted that so long as the public shall continue to demand instruction, so long will Columbia College be found ready to supply it, in whatever manner and to whatever extent, public utility or private convenience may require.' And in proposing, on that occasion, to their fellow-citizens this large and liberal scheme, one so well suited to the growing necessities of our city, so accordant with its increasing wealth and population, and answering so fully to the varied wishes of parents, and the various talents and destinations of their sons, the Faculty of the college pledged themselves, that in the devotion of their time and talents to the improvement of those committed to their charge, there 'should be no partial, injurious distinction known between the classes of students, or the courses they pursue. To awaken talent, in all,—to arouse diligence and reward merit,—to store the mind with knowledge and form the heart to virtue,—to prepare youth for the actual duties of life, by leading them to the principles and practice of all that is virtuous and excellent,—this' they declare, 'shall continue to be, as it ever has been, their ruling aim,—their highest boast,—and, amid the trials and anxieties to which their duties call them, their greatest consolation.'

Thus far has this pledge been faithfully redeemed; and the excellency of the system proved by its results. Besides the illustrious names

which have been already quoted, Columbia College may point to the catalogue of her more recent graduates, and boast, as she mourns their untimely fate, of a Griffin, a Bruen, an Eastburn and a Sands; whilst among her surviving *Alumni* there are, (to use the words of the President at the last anniversary of their Association,) 'sons, whom their *Alma Mater*, like the Roman Matron, may exhibit, when challenged to produce her *JEWELS*.'

SPELLS OF THE HEART.

We wither from our youth, we gasp away,—
Sick, sick : unfound the boon, unlaked the thirst,
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,
Some phantom lures, such as we sought at first,—
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.
Love, fame, ambition, avarice,—'tis the same,
Each kills,—and all ill,—and none the worst :
For all are meteors with a different name
And death the sable smoke, where vanishes the flame.

Byron.

A CHARM from life is gone,—
A spirit pure, that blest my early hours
The gloomy Past has won.
Hues from the stream, and beauty from the flowers,
And brightness from the earth and from the sky,
Are lost, untimely, to my musing eye.

Something there was, that fed
My heart with rich sensations, like the balm
From Summer roses shed,
When western airs are breathing, soft and calm ;
Something, whose absence I can ne'er forget,
Nor fail to mourn, with an untold regret.

A feeling, fraught with love,—
A buoyant happiness,—a peace of mind ;
Hopes, that aspired above,—
A world of pleasant thoughts, serene and kind :
A new delight for each returning day,—
These once my treasures were, and visions gay.

Now, each sweet spell is o'er !
And all the blossoms of my better years
Have paled, to bloom no more,
Nor shine, as once they shone, through dewy tears ;
And many a thrill of memory I feel,
Which my sad spirit cannot all conceal.

Yet, as these faded hours
Through the dim vistas of my life arise,
I feel immortal powers,
And kindling raptures, mixed with fond surprise,—
As fair, in solemn dreams, that realm I view,
Where the free soul its childhood shall renew.

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.

DESPERATION.

A TALE OF WOE AND WEAL.

A GENTLEMAN, whose word, like his penmanship, is straight up and down, and deserving of credit, has sent us the following Tale, which has about it a touch of the Germanic pencil. The discoverer of the narrative says he picked it up in Philadelphia, as he turned from Chestnut street into Ninth, near the University. It is evidently the work of some young student, who is merely auto-biographical. His adventures, which seem to be described in a letter, are not without parallel, and certainly not without warning.

EDITORS KNICKERBOCKER.

THANK HEAVEN, my dear George, I have arrived at home, after a fortnight's mad seige at the Great Metropolis. How curiously inscrutable are the freaks of fortune! Three weeks ago, I could scarcely have met my tailor with a smile, or heard a friend propose an extra bottle of Sillery at dinner, without feeling in my bosom a void similar to that which reigned in my purse. But I am bravely over all these unpleasant sensations. Impudence and stratagem have set me superbly upon my legs. I have made the maxims of Jeremy Diddler my vade mecum: and now, methinks, I could lend a clever chum any given amount of shekels, within the circumscription of an X on the Monster. I am *flushed* by success, and 'my countenance gives out lambent glories.' Every thing needs a preface, and my good fellow, for what is to come, these remarks serve only as a head. I will address myself to my tale.

'Eugene Dallas,' said Tom Edwards to me, as we sat at Parkinson's, on a mild afternoon in December, discussing a delicious punch, *à la Romain*, 'I have just been reading an article at the Athenæum, in a Washington paper, describing the society there,—the beauty,—the brilliancy,—the life. It has made me sick of college and books, and the parties we meet here,—where the music is but so-so,—the ladies clannish,—sometimes dull; and where the young men line the long halls of their entertainers from parlor to kitchen, in order to besiege the first invoice of champagne, unmindful of the fair, who, fatigued with moving in the dance, await with Christian patience their allotment of ice-cream, oysters, and chicken-salad. I say, I begin to tire of these things. I should like to cut the town, 'clandecently,' for a fortnight or so, and go to Washington. Would'nt you?

THE next day, we were warming our feet by the stove in the gentlemen's cabin of the steamboat, and watching through the windows the receding shores of Chesapeake bay. With trunks hastily packed, a confused wardrobe, and only thirty dollars between us, we had entered upon this hair-brained frolic. A hurried letter to one of the Faculty

announced that we should be absent a week or two, and the inference instantly transpired over town, that we had 'gone gunning at each other,'—or in other words, to fight a duel.

Baltimore is an agreeable place. The approach to the city is picturesque; the Cathedral and the Washington Monument, rise magnificently to the view; the principal streets are elegant,—the ladies, petite and pretty. We staid there two days, attended one splendid soirée, smelt the gas foot-lights at Holliday-street Theatre, and then—on, for Washington.

The monumental city fades beautifully on the traveler's eye. The noble statue of the Saviour of his Country, towers, a white and shining column, in the sky,—a pharos of liberty, sending the warm beams of patriotism into every American heart. Its tall form dwindled over the brown landscape, to a slender shaft against a gay host of clouds, as we rolled toward the capitol.

How shall I describe the feelings which animate a young citizen of this great republic, as he approaches the place where the destinies of a confederacy of *nations*, are controlled and guided! Throned on a lofty hill, he sees the domes of the capitol, colored by the sunbeam, and shining amid the striped and starry banners, that roll out, and rustle above them. A flood of historic associations pours upon his mind. He bethinks him of the surmounted perils of the past, and the unrecorded glory of the future, until his heart and his eyes are filled with emotion, and he rises with enthusiasm from his carriage-seat, and waving his hat on high, *hurrahs* for the land of the brave and the free!

Beyond the capitol lies the city, covering ground enough for half a dozen times its houses and inhabitants, yet no inapt emblem of the country itself,—large in plan, and rapidly fulfilling its scope, even beyond all original conjecture.

Drove to Gadsby's. Fine house. Good *table d'hôte*, excellent wines, and a talkative barber, who kills the English language, speaking daggers to it, at every breath. Went to the Capitol. How proudly it rises at the end of the Pennsylvania Avenue! What views from its dome! The gay and winding Potomac,—the out-spread city,—Georgetown, Alexandria,—the gorge near Mount Vernon in the distance,—the solemn burial ground of Congress nearer at hand,—the vast doings below and within! It is a great place, Washington.

TOM EDWARDS had a senatorial uncle at Washington,—but I knew nobody, except a country member of the House from our District. The chances of admission into society, therefore, were good for him, but faint for me. The result of his relationship, was an almost immediate invitation for him, the next evening, to a party at Sir *. *—'s, the Foreign Minister. There was none for me; but my wild chum vowed that I should go, on his introduction, and I assented.

My first movement was to cast about for a *blanchisseuse*. This was easily arranged. But my dismay can better be conceived than described,

when I found that I had left my best coat at home, and brought away a cloth one, of summer-green, somewhat marked by the careless positions of study. It had an unctuous collar, and buttons of disreputable antiquity, singularly rubbed by the finger of Time. What was to be done? I observed from my window a tailor's sign; and thither, after night-fall, I hied. On the 'board,' like a Turk with his pipe and slippers, was seated an old Frenchman, the master of the premises. I produced my garment, and desired to know what the swindle would be for a new set of buttons, a professional renovation of the sleeves, and a banishment of the oil from the collar. I told him the habit was an indifferent one, but that if he would make its amendment cost me only a trifle, he should receive all my future patronage, which I hinted would be pretty extensive. The enterprise of the gallic snip was awakened; and, 'promise-crammed,' he said:

'You shall ax me tree dollar.'

'Cheap enough,' said I, feeling conscious of my ability for the outlay, with a present sufficiency besides, if Edwards made a fair division: 'but mind, my friend, let the thing be nicely done; renew the youth of the garment, and let the buttons be yellow, flashy, and fashionable.'

'*Certainment, Monsieur,*' replied the complaisant artisan, and I took my leave.

THE brilliant apartments of Sir *. *—, never looked *more* brilliant, I am sure, than they did on the next evening after this economical colloquy. Tom bowed me in, but by what species of social smuggling, I am unable to tell. At any rate, *in I was*, elbowing my trembling way through a glittering maze of beauty and fashion, humming with small-talk, and shining in gorgeous apparel. Supposing Edwards at my side, I turned my head to address him. The fellow had gone. It was indispensable to seek him; and, 'all unknowing and unknown,' I attempted an awkward retrogression for the purpose. At that instant, I saw him bowing to a splendid young creature of about sixteen: at the next, they were standing together in a cotillion. I edged my way thither, and gave him a supplicating look which said, '*Do*, my good fellow, introduce me to somebody.' The mischievous wretch glanced at me, with an eye whose oblique winter I shall never forget. He *cut* me dead! He had a malicious smirk on his phiz, which expressed the meditated devilry that was working in his mind. My pride was roused, and I was determined to show him my independence of his protection. Fortunately, I saw close at hand, a young gentleman with whom I had formed a slight dinner-table acquaintance at Gadsby's. I am not ungenteel; the blood of wounded pride was in my cheek,—its fire was in my eyes; and as to dress, thanks to the felicitous metamorphosis of the old tailor, my coat was handsomer than ever. My other appointments were unexceptionable. I tied a good neckcloth,—my buttons shone lustroously, and my linen was fair as the brodered sails of Tyre. Never did I look more like a gallant, *comme il faut*. My mere presence at

the party, established a claim to my new friend's attention; so, stepping up to him, I bowed obsequiously, and said: 'Do you know that beautiful young lady, yonder, whom you are regarding with such devoted attention?' 'No,' said he, politely, 'by Jove, I wish I did.' I touched his arm, and insinuated a white lie into his ear. 'You *shall* know her. I can effect that for you. But first, let me beg you to acquaint me with the lady to whom I saw you just now so courteous and cordial.'

'Certainly,' was the answer,—and it was done.

I flourished like a prince for the remainder of the evening; and through the diplomacy of my first fair partner in the dance, was enabled to perform my promise to my friend, being first introduced myself. The stratagem of that night could not be surpassed. I flirted with bevy of beauty,—and while walking in a general march through the rooms, with the gay daughters of two certain Secretaries in the Department, Tom Edwards passed me: '*Huge*,' said he, (this was his abbreviation for Eugene,) 'you are well supported, eh?' Army and Navy!

'Sir!' I replied, staring at him, 'who are you? You are mistaken.' Tom quailed away, looking daggers at me, which I forgot in a moment. The excitement of wine, the glitter of lights, the sweet gushes of music, thrilled through my nerves; while, amidst the rich odours of scented kid gloves and 'kerchiefs, 'the rustling of silks and the creaking of shoes betrayed my fond heart to woman.' It was an evening, to my apprehension, that might have been stolen, with all its dramatis personæ of the opposite sex, fresh from Paradise.

As the visitors began to lessen, I saw afar the country member from our District. He was obviously out of his element. He moved like a bear among young chickens. His white cravat,—which was tied behind his neck, where the ends projected among his lank and tallowy locks,—awakened a doubt whether it was in use for ornament or strangulation. Had it been a thought tighter, that necessary vessel called the jugular would have been a useless conduit. His face was like to the setting sun, in an Indian summer. He was making towards me, with his broad hands spread on his black tabby-velvet vest, his thumbs inserted in the arm-holes,—whereupon I decamped, for fear of an interview.

I took my *breakfast* the next day at five o'clock, P. M. In my room, I found a note to my address, in Tom's chirography. It discourses to me thus:

Gadsby's, 9 o'clock, A. M.

DEAR HUGE,—

I am gone to spend a fortnight, in a Christmas festival, with some friends in Virginia. I enclose a regular division of our joint funds. I have spoken to my uncle about our hotel bills here, and he will fix them. It is all understood. You can stay a fortnight if you like,—though how you'll get back to Philadelphia, after that, the Lord only knows. Perhaps you may accomplish the transit without trouble: if so, I shall be, (as I was last night, when I *thought* I knew you,)—*mistaken*.

Yours,
TOM.'

Here was a pretty business. He had enclosed me *five dollars*! In my perplexity, I was on the point of descending to book myself to Baltimore, when I remembered that I had received two verbal invitations to parties, early in the ensuing week, and one from my fair, first acquaintance of the preceding evening, to accompany her to church on the morrow, which was Sunday, and hear her favorite parson, 'bray canticles.'

There was no alternative. I must stay a week,—and stay I did. My five dwindled to three. I had glorious times in society, but when I thought of my breeches pocket, my suspense was actually horrid. Could some stout pugilist have knocked me into the middle of the next month, I should have blessed the transportation. The future seemed a blank,—and Philadelphia as inaccessible as Jerusalem.

'ALL settled, Sir,' said the bar-keeper, as I asked him the amount of my bill. I forgave Tom on the instant. I had feared for a week, that it would all be a trick,—though I dared not ask.

'What is the fare to Baltimore, in a private carriage?'

'Five dollars, Sir,—but here is a barouche, about to leave with some passengers, in which you may have a seat for three.'

I paid out the last cash of which I stood possessed, and seeing my trunk properly lashed, embarked. After taking a final look at the city, and the Capitol, as we rolled away from the metropolis, I was in an unbroken reverie, till the domes and pillars of Baltimore rose again to view. We wheeled on, until by the increased rattling, I found we were on the city pavements.

'At what hotel shall I set you down, Sir?' said the driver, touching his hat.

I was in a quandary,—and so I answered his question by asking another. 'Do you know any quiet and fashionable, but retired hotel, near the centre of the town?'

'Oh, yes, Sir,'—and he deposited me accordingly.

I did not put my name on any book, but was shown directly to my room. It was a pleasant one, commanding a distant view of the Great Square and Battle Monument. Here I staid three days,—eating my meals stealthily, and being out nearly all the time. On the afternoon of the third day, I resolved to disclose my condition,—and to nerve myself for the effort, I ordered dinner and wine in my room. I determined if a splendid repast, and sundry bottles of good wine, would screw my courage up, that it should arrive before bed-time at a proper tension. I regret to say, when I had finished my dinner, and punished an unusual quantity of champagne, all alone, that I was, as Southey says of the sky, in Madoc,—

'Most darkly, deeply, beautifully blue!'

At eight o'clock in the evening, I retired to bed, after a lusty pull at the bell. The servant came.

'Ask the landlord to step up to my room, and bring his bill.' He clattered down stairs, giggling,—and shortly thereafter, his master

appeared. He entered with a generous smile, that made me hope for 'the best his house afforded,' and that, just then, was *credit*.

'How much do I owe you?' said I. He handed me the bill, with all the grace of polite expectancy.

'Let me see,—seventeen dollars. How *very* reasonable! But my dear Sir, the most disagreeable part of this matter is now to be disclosed. I grieve to inform you that, at present, I am out of money: but I know, by your philanthropic looks, that you will be satisfied, when I tell you that *if I had it*, I would give it to you with unqualified pleasure. But you see, my not having the change by me, is the reason I can't do it; and I am sure you will let the matter stand, and say no more about it. I am a stranger to you, that's a fact,—but in the place where I came from, all my acquaintances know me, as easy as can be.'

The landlord turned all colors. 'Where *do* you live, any how?'

'In Washing—, I should say, in Philadelphia.'

His eye flashed with angry disappointment. 'I see how it is, Mister: my opinion is, that you are a black-leg. You don't know *where* your home is. You begin with Washington, and then drop it for Philadelphia. You *must* pay your bill.'

'But I can't.'

'Then I'll take your clothes,—if I don't, blow me tight.'

'Scoundrel!' said I rising bolt upright: 'Do it, if you dare!—*do it!*—and leave the rest to me!'

There were no more words. He arose,—deliberately seized my hat, and my *only* inexpressibles, and walked down stairs.

Physicians say that no two excitements can exist at the same time in one system. External circumstances drove away, almost immediately, the confusion of my brain.

I arose and looked out of the window. The snow was descending, as I drummed on the pane. What was I to do? An unhappy wight, *sans culottes*, in a strange city,—no money, and slightly inebriated. A thought struck me. I had a large, full cloak, which, with all my other appointments, save those he took, the landlord had spared. I dressed immediately,—drew on my boots over my fair white drawers, not unlike small clothes,—put on my cravat, vest, and coat,—laid a traveling cap from my trunk, jauntily over my forehead, and flinging my fine long mantle gracefully about me, made my way through the hall into the street.

Attracted by shining lamps in the portico of a new hotel, a few squares from my first lodgings, I entered, recorded *some* name on the books, and bespoke a bed. Every thing was fresh and neat,—every servant attentive,—all augured well. I kept myself closely cloaked,—puffed a cigar, and retired to bed, to mature my plot.

'WAITER, just brush my clothes, well, my fine fellow,' said I, in the morning, as he entered my room. 'Mind the pantaloons,—don't spill any thing from the pockets,—there is money in both.'

'I don't see *no* pantaloons.'

- The devil you don't! Where are they?
- Can't tell, I'm sure: I don't know, s'elp me God.'
- Go down, Sirrah, and tell your master to come up here immediately.'

The publican was with me in a moment.

I had arisen, and worked my face before the glass, into a fiendish look of passion. 'Landlord!' exclaimed I, with a fierce gesture, 'I have been robbed in your house,—robbed Sir, robbed! My pantaloons, and a purse, containing three fifty dollar-notes, are gone. This is a pretty hotel! Is *this* the way that you fulfil the injunctions of Scripture? I am a stranger, and I find myself *taken in*, with a vengeance. I will expose you at once, if I am not recompensed.'

'Pray keep your temper,' said the agitated publican. I have just opened this house, and it is getting a good run: would you *ruin its reputation*, for an accident? I will find out the villain who has robbed you, and I will send for a tailor to measure you for your missing garment. Your money shall be refunded. Do you not see that your anger is useless?

'My dear Sir,' I replied, 'I thank you for your kindness. I did not mean to reproach you. If these trowsers can be done to day, I shall be satisfied,—for time is more precious to me than money. You may keep the others if you find them, and in exchange for the one hundred and fifty dollars which you give me, their contents are yours.'

The next evening, with new inexpressibles, and one hundred and forty dollars in my purse, I called on my guardian in Philadelphia, for sixty dollars. He gave it, with a lecture on collegiate desertion, that I shall not soon forget. I enclosed the money back to my honorable landlord, by the first post, settled my other bill at old Crusty's, the first publican, and got my trunk by mail. I have now a superfluous of thirty dollars; and when Tom Edwards returns, if I can find no other use for it, I will give it to him, for the lesson he has taught me.

If this story has bored you, George, you must forgive it. It is pleasanter to remember, being past, than it is to tell.

Cordially Thine,

EUGENE DALLAS.

A FRAGMENT.

SHE had done weeping,—but her eye-lash yet
Lay silken heavy on her liled cheek,
And on its fringe a tear,—like a lone star
Shining above the hyacinthine skirts
Of the bright clouds that veil an April eve:
The veil rose up, and with it rose the star,
Glittering above the gleam of tender blue,
That widened, as the shower clears from the heavens:
Her beauty woke,—a sudden burst of soul
Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's cheek
Into one crimson, and—exhaled the tear.

P.

NOTES

BY A TRAVELER IN HOLLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BLANK-BOOK OF A COUNTRY SCHOOL-MASTER.'

ROTTERDAM,—a beautiful city, at the junction of the Rotter and the Meuse. Canals, intersecting the city in all directions, and crossed by white draw-bridges: high houses of small bricks, with sloping roofs and gable ends, and looking-glasses on the outside of the windows, so arranged, that the occupants can see what is passing up and down the street, without moving from their lolling-chairs,—tall, tapering stone wind-mills, flapping their broad wings above the roofs and chimneys of the city,—these are some of the prominent features of Rotterdam.

Sunday afternoon. Took a walk along the Boom-quay. Long avenues of trees, just bursting into leaf. Fine river scenery. The Cathedral of St. Lawrence. Evening Service. People sitting with their hats on,—others strolling up and down the church, with short pipes in their mouths. On the pulpit, in golden letters, 'Psalm 145, gezang verts.' Continue my walk. The promenade crowded. Little fat man, whose fair rotundity and bright buttons give assurance of ease and plenty. Three peasant girls, with round caps, shaped like ancient helmets,—brown jackets,—white aprons,—red gowns,—and long yellow kid gloves. Public gardens,—children at their games,—jumping the rope, and swinging beneath the trees. Groups at the door,—gossiping, smoking, and enjoying the cool of the evening.

Bronze statue of Erasmus. He is represented in the act of turning the leaf of a book, which he holds in his hand. There is a nursery tale about this statue,—and the boys collect at a particular hour in the day, to see Erasmus turn the leaf of his book. The house in which he was born,—now a tap-house, with his image over the door, and this monogrel sign: 'Logement,—Wyn, Brandewyn en Gedistilleer de Waterloo.' On one of the windows, 'Neuwe—beste—allebeste—Genever te koop.' On the other, 'Siroop van Punch.'

Took a Treckschuit on the canal of Schie for Delft. The boat drawn by a single horse, astride whose back sat 'jet jagertie,' in all the cool composure of a Dutchman. Glided slowly through the out-skirts of Rotterdam. The high road to the Hague runs along the side of the canal, shaded by a double row of trees. Houses on each side of us much lower than the water level of the canal. Neat country seats, gardens, and summer houses,—high wind-mills with thatched roofs and walls,—stork's nests on cottage chimneys,—cows with blankets tied round them, grazing in a meadow.

DELFT,—an old town, whose stagnant canals, and dull, deserted streets and quays are in striking contrast with those of Rotterdam. The

indolent repose of a warm, sunny afternoon. Dutchman at a window with his pipe,—lolling in a huge elbow-chair, and ogling in his mirror the gliding form of a servant girl, with white stockings, and red slippers, without quarters. Fine chime of bells, or *carillons*, in the tower of the New Church. A Dutch belfry looks like a Chinese pagoda,—many of them contain from fifty to a hundred bells, of various size, and skilfully tuned. They are struck by hammers, connected with a set of keys and pedals, in a chamber below, upon which the *carillonneur* strikes with all his strength, having his hands guarded by heavy leather gauntlets. Pavement of the New Church thickly inset with tombstones,—engraved with escutcheons, death's heads,—fat-cheeked little cherubs,—and many a 'Hier lyet begraven Dirck.' Tomb of Grotius, and the splendid monument of William, Prince of Orange,—his marble statue stretched upon a sculptured sarcophagus, with his favorite dog at his feet. Pleasant view from the church tower. The sexton, a queer, cadaverous little man, with a coarse blue surtout,—black breeches,—carrotty wig, cut close round the forehead, with a pig-tail curl in the neck,—tobacco juice running out of the corner of his mouth.

The Stadthouse,—dungeons,—walls covered with coarsely painted figures of men, whose faces have a singularly wild and frenzied look; the work of prisoners, who seem to have given them the expression of their own feelings. One figure represents a man, pointing with one hand to his forehead, and holding in the other a scroll with this inscription: 'Mein vervand steht still.' My reason stands still. The Prinsenhoff,—staircase upon which Prince William was assassinated,—bullet holes still shown in the walls.

Nearly every third house in Delft bears the sign of 'Tappery,'—tap-house,—bunches of cigars at the windows, with long straws projecting from one extremity. Singular style of building,—houses seem to be toppling into the street, so far do the upper stories project over the basements.

Left Delft for the Hague, a little before sunset. A lovely evening in May. Scenery as beautiful as the conceptions of a poet or a painter,—a long gallery of pictures of the Flemish school. Neat country houses whose windows look out upon the canal,—gardens with gravel walks: white bridges,—and stately avenues of elms, throwing their shadows into the glassy wave.

'The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail.'

The low-land landscapes of Ryswick,—the diligence rattles by: man and boy in a little cart, drawn by five noble dogs. Approach the Hague,—spires and towers, rising above the trees,—distant chime of bells, and the evening shadows falling.

THE HAGUE. Hotel de Belle Vue. An Englishman in the next chamber disputing in French with a porter, who seems to be dissatisfied with what has been paid him for bringing up Englishman's bag-

gage. Hark! 'C'est assez, parceque je suis étranger, vous voulez me tromper!'—pronounced with a strong foreign accent. Ludicrously characteristic: door shut in the porter's face,—grumbling in the entry, and a sound between a laugh and a growl, in John's chamber.

The Palace in the Wood,—its large and beautiful park,—with ponds, and rural bridges, and magnificent oaks. A military review. The road to Scheveningen, a fishing town on the sea-beach. A long avenue of oaks and lindens conducts to it from the Hague. Neatness of the village,—fisherwomen in wooden shoes, and straw-hats, turned up before and behind, like the tail of a peacock,—carts drawn by mastiffs.

The Vyverburg,—the spot where Adelaide de Poelgeest, Count Albert's mistress, was murdered, during a popular insurrection. The Binnenhof,—the Royal Palace,—the Royal Library,—the Royal Museum,—and so forth. See Boyce's *Belgian Traveler*.

LEYDEN,—in the the centre of the Rhyndland,—the Garden of Holland. A fine city. Outside the gates a beautiful avenue of elms encircles the city like a girdle, bordering the canal, which serves as a moat to the ramparts. Ruins of the castle of Altenburg,—Botanic garden,—lecture-room of Bøerhaave. Museum of Anatomy,—Egyptian mummies,—antique casts. The Town-hall, a grotesque Gothic building: painting of the Siege of Leyden, representing the Burgomaster Van der Werf surrounded by an emaciated populace, who in despair demand the surrender of the city. The story of this siege is one of the most striking pages of modern history. The Dutch dispersed the Spanish army, by breaking down the sea-dykes, and inundating the whole province.

HAARLEM,—eight o'clock in the evening. Have just arrived from Leyden in a Treckschuit. A pleasant sail of four hours. On both sides of the canal, wide and luxuriant meadows spread before the eye, fringed with green woodlands, over which rise the spires of village churches, and the roofs and whirling arms of wind-mills tower sublime. In the cabin of the Treckschuit, a Dutchman asleep, with a long pipe in his mouth,—passage-boat, with figure-head on her stern,—fisherman with a multiplicity of breeches.

The house of Lawrence Coster, to whom the Dutch give the honor of having invented the art of printing. Like that of Erasmus at Rotterdam it is now a Tappery with the accustomed sign of 'Wyn—Brandewin—Genever—te koop.' Opposite, in the public square, stands a statue of Coster; and not far off, in the town-house, are preserved the first books he printed. In the church of St. Bavon is the celebrated Haarlem organ,—a magnificent instrument, with sixty-eight stops, and eight thousand pipes. Its tones are rich and melodious; and at its full power, it pours forth a volume of sound that fills the church like a peal of thunder,

The pleasant environs of Haarlem,—the gay flower-gardens,—the wood, bordered by country-seats, and flanked by its marble pavilion.

AMSTERDAM. The Royal Palace,—its beautiful gallery,—its sculptured mantle-pieces,—its magnificent hall one hundred feet in height, whose walls are faced with Italian marble and ornamented with sculpture,—its *carillons* playing the choros of *Ler Freischütz*. Stroll through the city,—the Jewish Synagogue,—view from the bridge of the Inner Amstel. The village of Broek in the environs,—a hand-box of a place,—dark and fantastic,—but nice as a new laid egg. A cottage, a gilded cheese press,—whole family in their stocking feet to keep the floor clean.—cow-house,—cows with their tails hitched up to the ceiling with cords. Saardam,—a city of wind-mills, nearly a thousand in number. Here Peter the Great lived in disguise, and worked as a ship-wright,—his hut,—the walls covered with signatures of visitors.

But I am weary of transcribing these disconnected notes. The pen drops from my hand, and I start back from the white sheet before me, as from a sheeted spectre.

LINES.

WAVES rush, and the moon leaves no record there :
 The rainbow shines, nought tinging with its dye,—
 The brilliant bird flits thro' the plastic air,
 And leaves no image underneath the sky :
 And thus do souls pass off nor leave a trace
 Of what they were, or might have been, if love
 Had cherished them with its own winning grace.
 They bloom'd not here,—there is a soil for such above !
 And in their silent bosoms, bedded deep,
 Were many golden thoughts, and purest ore.
 None wrought them. Left in secrecy to sleep,
 Like beauteous sea-shells on the lonely shore,
 They died,—yet though by all on earth forgot,
 In God's own house they hold a sunny spot.

EXCERPTA

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

NUMBER EIGHT.

LXII.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

ON the 31st of August, 1778, says Baron Grim, from whom I translate the story, at nine in the evening, a ship for Rochelle, carrying a crew of eight men, with two passengers, approached the head of the pier at Dieppe. The wind was so impetuous, that a coasting pilot endeavored in vain, four times, to go out, and direct its entrance into the port. Boussard, another pilot, perceiving that the pilot of the ship made a false manœuvre, which placed it in great danger, endeavored to guide it, by means of the speaking trumpet, and by signals; but the darkness of the night, the roaring of the winds, the noise of the waves, and the great agitation of the sea, prevented the captain's hearing or seeing any thing, and the vessel, running upon a rock, was wrecked about thirty fathoms above the pier. Boussard, hearing the cries of the unfortunate crew, who were in the utmost danger of perishing, in spite of all the representations made to him of the impossibility of giving them assistance, resolved to make an effort to save them, and ordered his wife and children, who endeavored to prevent him, to be carried away. He tied one end of a rope fast to the pier, and girding the other round his waist, threw himself into the midst of the furious waves, to carry the rope to the vessel, by means of which, the people might be towed on shore. He approached the ship, but was thrown back again to the shore, by the mighty force of the waters. Many times was he thus repulsed, and rolled with violence along the shore, while he was surrounded by broken relics of the ship, which was going to pieces very fast. His ardour was not diminished; a wave carried him under the wreck, and he was concluded to be lost, when he soon re-appeared, bearing in his arms a sailor who had been thrown from the ship: he brought him on shore motionless, and almost lifeless. At length, after a great number of vain attempts, he succeeded in conveying the rope to the vessel, and those of the crew who had strength enough remaining, tying it round them, they were dragged on shore. Boussard thought he had saved every soul on board. Exhausted with fatigue, bruised and battered with the blows and shocks he had received, he reached his home with difficulty, and there fell down in a swoon. He was just brought to himself, having discharged a vast quantity of sea water, and was recovering his spirits, when he was told that a groaning was still heard on board the wreck. The moment he learned this, he seemed inspired with new strength, and breaking away from those who were about him, ran to the shore, got

on board, and was fortunate enough to save one of the passengers, who, from weakness, had not been able to avail himself of the assistance given to his companions. Of ten men who had been in the ship, only two perished, and their bodies were found the next day. On this occasion, the following letter was written by M. Necker to Boussard, agreeably to the order of Louis XVI:

‘BRAVE MAN! I did not know, till yesterday, by means of the Intendent, the courageous action you performed on the thirty-first of August. I gave an account of it to the King, who has ordered me to express his high satisfaction, and to announce to you on his part, that he makes you a present of a thousand livres, and gives you an annuity besides, of three hundred livres. I write with orders to this effect to the Intendent. Continue to succour others when you can, and put up prayers for your good King, who loves brave men, and delights to reward them.’

Signed: ‘NECKER, *Director General of the Finances.*’

The courageous pilot received this letter, and the reward which accompanied it, with the utmost gratitude, only expressing surprise, that his action of the thirty-first of August should have made so much noise, since he had shown the same zeal on many other occasions, without ever thinking of any reward, or receiving any. After paying his debts, and buying new clothes for his wife and children,—a thing which he had rarely been able to do before,—he asked permission of the Intendent to go to Paris, and thank M. Necker, and see, if possible, the young King who ‘loved brave men, and delighted to reward them.’ He went to Paris in the sailor’s dress which he had formerly bought for his wedding. Some one having asked him what could have inspired him with an intrepidity so rare, he answered in these remarkable words: ‘Humanity, and the death of my father. He was drowned: I was not in the way to save him, and I swore from that moment to devote myself to the rescue of all whom I might behold in danger at sea.’ Was ever a more pure, a more sublime homage, offered to filial piety?

LXIII.

A THEATRICAL ROW.

ABOUT the year 1785, or 1786, a starveling individual, of the name of Powell, a Silversmith, who was calculated, from his meagre appearance, to play the part of the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, hired for a night a small theatre in the Northern Liberties of Philadelphia, called Noah’s Ark, where he took a benefit. As he was a jovial companion, his friends attended in great numbers, and he had a crowded house. The play was *Othello*; the lean, meagre Powell personated the dusky hero; and never was one of Shakespeare’s characters more completely burlesqued. The audience were in an almost constant roar of laughter,

during the chief part of the performance, particularly when the sooty warrior made his appearance. Between the play and farce, a certain Doctor Vaughan, a notorious drunkard, was to deliver the celebrated Prologue, 'Bucks have at you all.' He came on the stage, more than half tipsy, and before he had finished the first couplet,

'Ye social friends of Claret and of Wit,
Where'er dispers'd in merry groupes ye sit,'

a gentle hiss, *sotto voce*, was heard by the dismayed spouter. He was thunder-struck, and paused for a moment. A sudden stillness took place, when he resumed :

'Ye bucks, who answer at a brother's call,
By heaven, I know you!—and have at you all.'

A loud hiss took place in different parts of the house. Vaughan suspended his delivery of the prologue,—slapped his thigh with his right hand,—clenched his fist at the gallery, and vociferated, with a loud voice, 'Blackguards,—blackguards,—I dare you to come down !'

A ten-fold clamour succeeded,—an universal hissing was heard, and he was pelted off the stage. A parley took place: Powell was loudly called for. He came forward in great agitation. Whatever little talent he might have had for extemporaneous oratory, was extinguished by his trepidation. He stammered out a most miserable and incoherent apology. Never did terrified performer make a more pitiable appeal to the feelings of an angry audience. 'He hoped,' he said, 'the ladies and gentlemen would *not go for to say, for to think*, that it was his fault,—it was *all of Dr. Vaughan*, who had made a solemn promise to keep himself sober until the play was over,—but had got dead drunk before it began.' This temporarily allayed the previous storm. A compromise was agreed upon. Vaughan was to be allowed to finish his prologue, undisturbed. The terms of the treaty were complied with by the audience, except by one mischievous fellow, who, at the end of every couplet, in an under tone, gave a very gentle hiss,—which, low as it was, did not escape the acute auricular organs of Vaughan, who caught the sound, and appeared to have a severe struggle to restrain himself from a new display of his indignation. As soon as he had articulated the last syllable, he was saluted with a combination of hideous sounds, as if all the tenants of Erebus had broken loose. He ran off the stage to make his escape, and in his haste, and owing to his drunkenness, tumbled head over heels.

M. C.

Philadelphia, January, 1835.

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN OLD SAILOR'S YARNS. By NATHANIEL AMES, author of 'Mariner's Sketches,' 'Nautical Reminiscences,' etc. In one volume, 12 mo. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

THERE is a striking peculiarity in this work, which will command attention. To say nothing of the excellence of the volume,—considered in the light, merely, of tales not too full of action, and charmingly told,—there is more of original thought, sound, piquant, and humorous, in the compass of its pages, than one can find in half the novels of the day. The author writes from a full mind, evidently,—and hence the reader never finds him diluting and expanding a single idea into a page, or in other words, 'covering a large piece of bread with a small piece of butter.' To a good education, and a large supply of pure, mother wit, he adds the advantages of one who has seen a great portion of 'the round world, and they that dwell therein,' and the ability to portray, with a bold and skilful hand, the scenes which have passed before him in his journeyings. In gathering the materials for the works he has written,—and he has given one or two popular volumes heretofore to the public,—Mr. Ames has not shut himself up in his apartment, and drawn upon a morbid imagination. He needs little aid from fancy, who has experienced the icy horrors of the antarctic circle, the pestilential air of Calcutta and Batavia, the typhoon of the China-seas, the snow-storm off the iron coast of New-England, the dread, spirit-killing, fiery calms of the Equator, the interminable, undulating wilderness of closely-packed ice in the gulph of the St. Lawrence, the maddening thirst of 'short allowance,' in the Bay of Bengal; who has heard the roar of the surf, on the imminent deadly lee-shore, the howl of the coming hurricane, the crash of the thunder, the creaking of bulk-heads, the hoarse drumming and flapping of wet canvass, struggling to escape from the bolt-ropes, and the death-shriek of the wretch, torn from the yard-arm, and dashed upon the deck, a bloody, mutilated, palpitating mass. All this, and much more, our author can present in the warm and living hues of nature,—for he has felt, seen, and heard it all.

The Tales in the present volume are entitled, 'Mary Bowline,' 'Old Cuff,' 'The Rivals,' 'Morton,' and 'The Pirate of Masafuero.' We pass the briefer stories, one of which appeared in a magazine in this city, and come to 'Morton,' the longest and best in the book. The scene is laid in South-America, and the principal characters are exceedingly well drawn, and sustained, throughout. The incidents, while they never lack interest, are always natural. The whole,—and this consti-

tutes one of the most attractive features of the work,—is interspersed with random excursions, and records of passing thought, or reminiscence, which are always more or less appropriate, and never weary the reader. Without trenching too deeply upon the book, by developing the bearing, plot, etc. of its main portion, we may present a few of the pleasant episodes and digressions which struck us in the perusal, having little regard to their consecutive arrangement.

Adverting to the spirit of enterprise, which, at an early period, directed American craft to the fisheries of the Pacific, our author says :

"The peace of 1783, while it added an infant giant to the catalogue of earthly 'principalities and powers,' also liberated from the fetters of commercial, as well as political restraints, a people active, restless, daring, prying, and enterprising, to the last degree ; a people whose skill in navigation and swift sailing vessels rendered them absolutely intangible to an enemy that took occasion to chase them, while their courage, when they thought proper to 'stand to it,' as dame Quickly says, made them dangerous antagonists. This the reader probably 'guesses' must be brother Jonathan, and he guesses about right. The same spirit of restless curiosity that prompts a cat, when she sets up her Ebenezer in a new house, to examine every portion of it, from cellar to garret, seemed to have possessed our grandpas more strongly than it does us of the present age.

"This national character of ours is owing doubtless to our having been placed by the hand of Heaven in an immense unexplored region, and was no doubt much increased by the spirit-stirring scenes of the revolutionary war, which beheld our 'old continentals,' one day ferreting out the long-tailed Hessians from the woods of Saratoga, and another 'doing battle right manfullie' on the plains of South Carolina."

Here is a dash of satire,—tinging, however, it must be confessed, much that is veritable. The faithfulness of the description of the tender passion will be acknowledged by every reader who has 'had it the natural way.'

"Isabella was attended and consoled in her retirement by her faithful servant *Transita*, her '*fidus Achates*.' I hope my fair and also my classical readers will pardon me for giving the masculine title and name of a hero of antiquity to a lady's maid ; but I could think of no other. History has immortalized *Achates* as a single friend, and *Pylades* and *Orestes*, and *Damon* and *Pythias*, as pairs of attached and inseparable friends ; but alas ! neither ancient nor modern history has recorded the name of a single female, whose friendship was sufficiently ardent and pure to become proverbial. Even the *Helena* and *Hermia* of *Shakspeare*, whose friendship is so touchingly described by one of them, were not only imaginary creations of the poet's brain, but, as if to prove the impossibility of friendship existing between two ladies, he has made them pull caps in the very first act of the play in which they are introduced."

"Love is *not* like the consumption. People do not go gradually into it by a beaten road, every foot of which is marked and designated by its appropriate and peculiar symptoms. '*Nemo est repente vitiosus*,' says *Juvenal* : 'Nobody becomes completely depraved all at once.' Very true,—but folks certainly do, to my certain knowledge, fall in love all at once, and that is doubtless the reason why they are said to *fall* in love. Love is like the Asiatic cholera ; a man is suddenly laid flat on his back, with all the marked and violent symptoms, when he thought all the while he was in perfect health. 'Love,' says *Corporal Trim*, 'is exactly like war in this, that a soldier, though he has escaped three weeks complete o' Saturday night, may nevertheless be shot through the heart on Sunday morning.'"

There is a great deal of justice in the following sly remarks, as many a State in the Union can bear witness :

"The hero of a novel of the by-gone class was always and *ex officio* a duellist ; and though the best English writers err against morality and religion in following this absurd track, it may be urged in extenuation of their offence, that duelling is generally considered in Europe as part of a gentleman's education and accomplishments, and in this country, to refuse a challenge, brands a man with everlasting infamy, though the crime

is held in the most profound speculative abhorrence, and every state has a whole host of theoretical punishments, never inflicted, for the violation of its equally theoretical laws, that are daily evaded, out-quibbled, or broken, with impunity."

The paragraphs subjoined, may be commended to the ladies generally, as containing many wholesome truths:

"Her form, (Isabella, the heroine,) had never been cramped, crushed, and distorted, by tight lacing, of which her mother had a very reasonable horror; and, in consequence, her movements were free, graceful, and unconfined. I know very well that the idea of a lady's form being beautiful, unless moulded by corsets into the form of a ship's half-minute glass, will be scouted as absurd and impossible; but to the ridicule that such a proposition must necessarily excite, I can oppose my own observation, leaving antiquity, with its faultless statues and sculptures, to shift for itself. The Hindoo women, of whom I have seen hundreds at once bathing in the Hoogly, of all ages, from childhood to decrepitude, have extremely fine forms, when young,—that is from twelve to twenty-two or three,—at which period they have all the marks of old age. As they bathe with only a thin cotton garment, which, when wet, sticks close to their bodies, and develops their forms most completely, any body that visits Calcutta can satisfy himself of the correctness of this fact,—and yet they tolerate no confinement whatever about the person."

"Ladies will never admit, and never have admitted, from the time the stone-masons and hod-carriers struck work upon the tower of Babel, (for want of a circulating medium of speech, that would be taken at par by all hands, down to the present Anno Domini, 1834, and twenty-second of October,) that any of their sisterhood ever fell in love 'at sight,' as brokers call it, or that her eyes influenced her heart. With regard to the female, who, in early life, takes up the 'trade and mystery' of a fashionable belle, *ex officio* a coquette and a flirt, this is in some measure true; for I have observed, that very beautiful women of that description, who have had at their feet wealth, and talent, and eloquence, and virtue, generally 'close their concerns' by marrying sots, fools, gamblers, rakes, or brutes. They seem to choose their husbands as old maiden ladies do their lap-dogs; which are invariably the most cross, ugly, ill-tempered, filthy, noisy, little scoundrels, that the entire canine family can muster."

There are one or two instances, in this volume, of 'significant squintings' at the religious efforts of the day,—as on pages 190-1,—which we could wish had been omitted. But the general spirit of independence by which the work is characterized, is far from discreditable. On the whole, we can heartily commend these 'Yarns' to our readers, with the assurance that they are well calculated to amuse and enliven a leisure hour, by narratives of simple and intrinsic interest, pervaded by touches of genuine humour. Success, we think, must be the certain meed of these last labors of 'an Old Sailor.' Several errors, we perceive, have escaped the vigilance of the proof-reader, which mar the beauty of an otherwise finely-executed volume.

NOTE.—Since the above notice was placed in type, the author of 'An Old Sailor's Yarns,' has ceased to be one of the living,—and the voice of just praise which his work cannot fail to awaken, must now fall powerless upon the 'dull, cold ear of death.' Mr. Ames died at Providence, Rhode Island, on the evening of the 19th ultimo, aged about thirty years. He was a son of the distinguished orator and statesman, FISHER AMES, of Massachusetts. His mind was rich in elegant literature, and his classical attainments were a magazine from which he drew illustrations the most brilliant and beautiful, and arrows the most penetrating, which he levelled against the vices and follies of the times.'

VOYAGE OF THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE POTOMAC, during the circumnavigation of the globe : including a particular account of the engagement at Quallah Battoo. By J. N. REYNOLDS. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE circumstances of this voyage, so far as they have come to general knowledge, must be fresh in the recollection of the public : and we venture to say, that since Commodore Porter's narrative of the cruise in the Essex, no maritime expedition from the United States has furnished materials of greater or more varied interest, even considered merely as a tale of 'strange adventure upon land and sea : ' while, from the extent to which scientific investigation was mingled with the political and natural objects of the voyage, and the rich returns effected in this department of the enterprise, we are justified in expecting from Mr. Reynolds a work, not only abounding with instruction and entertainment to individual readers, but of universal and permanent utility. We understand that no efforts have been spared to enhance its value and importance ; that the author has been amply and efficiently aided, as well since his return to the United States as during the progress of the voyage, by the Commodore and other officers of the frigate, and the department of the government under whose immediate orders the cruise was made ; and we are assured that in point of accuracy and amount, the additions made to the general sum of knowledge in geographical, political, and zoological science, by the volume in question, will be extremely advantageous, and in the highest degree creditable to our country. In fact, it may be considered a national work ; and as such, presenting claims of unusual strength and validity, to the attention and favor of the people, who have a right to know, and ought to feel anxious to know, what have been the results of an expedition undertaken by their public servants, the government, and accomplished at their expense.

ROMBERT, A TALE OF CAROLINA. Two vols. 12 mo. New-York : CHARLES S. FRANCIS. Boston : MONROE AND FRANCIS. 1835.

WE believe that it is a good rule in reviewing novels,—since it is impossible, in our limited space, to examine them minutely,—to recommend those in which merit predominates, and to denounce those in which faults have a decided majority. In the former class, we unhesitatingly place *Rombert* : for although it is interspersed with *Americanisms*, attempts at facetiousness, and great stiffness of language,—which we take to be the result of haste, inadvertence, or inexperience,—it contains also a variety of startling incidents, of well drawn characters, and of finely conceived situations, which could be combined only by a man of genius. The author is powerful in imagination, and rich in invention, and the present work exhibits as much originality as any contemporary romance, whatever.

The great objection to the work, is, that the writer attempts to bring too much of incident and character into the compass of two volumes.

The plot is crowded, over-charged, and, to a certain extent, unintelligible: there are half a dozen heroines, and twice that number of heroes: circumstances which destroy a connexion of interest, and prevent the reader from knowing exactly whom to follow with his good wishes. We mention this, however, not so much as a piece of information to the author, for we doubt not that he has already discovered his mistake, but rather as a proof of his genius, that, with so capital an error in the design of his work, he has been able to bring it to so successful an issue. For notwithstanding the (usually fatal) mistake of distracting the reader's attention by a multiplicity of prominent characters, and burdening the tale and perplexing the interest by a variety of plots, artificially connected together,—notwithstanding, in short, the entire deficiency of the 'unities' which are generally regarded as indispensable to a story,—there are few books more deeply interesting, and few will leave a more favorable impression on the mind of the reader, than 'Rombert.' It is a book strictly *American*, in every thing; and while we point out a few errors which experience will of course correct, we look for a continuation of the author's labors, with interest, and are sure that he is destined to shine in the annals of American literature.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA. An Historical Romance. In two vols. 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE are of opinion that in this work the critical public will find much to reward with hearty approbation. The scene, as the name imports, is laid in the 'Old Dominion,' and the time of the story is the reign of Charles the Second of England. It may be inferred, therefore, that no inconsiderable part of the action is founded upon the hostilities existing between the two great divisions of the colonists, one portion of whom were royalists, driven from their country during the successes and domination of Cromwell, and the other of his adherents, exiled in turn, after his death, and the restoration of the royal fugitive. These discordant parties were not reconciled by their common misfortune, but brought with them to the new world the same adverse feelings and opposing views, which, in their native land, had urged them to hatred and mutual destruction. The chief personages of the tale actually existed, and the doings of a public nature ascribed to them in the novel, are recorded in history. The hero is indeed represented in a light somewhat more favorable than that in which he is regarded by contemporary annalists; but it is to be remembered that these last were, for the most part, living under the moral influence of the crown, and we all know how easily the name of patriot is converted to that of rebel by the facile pen of the historian, especially when the issue of revolt against tyranny is unfortunate. We are strongly of opinion, therefore, that in the romance before us, no more than justice is done to the leaders and partakers of the revolution that was enacted in Virginia, just one hundred years before that greater revolution, from which we date our

national existence; and it is interesting to observe how closely these events ran in parallel to each other, as regards their remote and immediate causes, the motives by which the actors in both were influenced, and the avowed objects for which they raised the standard of revolt. Even were the book much less worthy of approbation than it is, we should be strongly disposed to regard it with favor, as an illustration of our country's history. The period immediately succeeding the first colonization of North America, abounds with excellent materials for the novelist, and we feel every disposition to encourage and reward all who resort to it for characters and facts, and so deal with these as to awaken curiosity, and lead to investigation.

A NARRATIVE of Excursions, Voyages, and Travels, performed at different periods in America, Europe, Asia, and Africa: By GEORGE RAPELJE, Esq. One vol. 8vo. pp. 416. New-York. Printed for the Author, by WEST AND TROW. BLISS, WADSWORTH, AND COMPANY.

AN unpretending, independent volume, containing a large amount of valuable information concerning the scenes and countries visited by the author, who has given a plain and simple narrative,—sometimes unimportant and needlessly minute, but in general interesting and instructive,—of all that he saw, and all that befel him in his travels. He tells us in the outset, that his work is written with independence,—that he did not journey ‘in the spirit of *virtu*, or to find wonders where they did not exist, nor to give classical descriptions and illustrations of those curiosities which have engaged the attention of travelers for ages.’ With no aids, therefore, but honesty of purpose, good common sense, and a familiar style, Mr. Rapelje has succeeded in making a much better book, than the scores whose beaten track he has eschewed. Those portions, especially, that relate to Asia and Africa, embody many facts which are generally new to American readers. The volume is ornamented with a finished portrait, from the burin of *Durand*, of ‘old Rem Rapelje,’ the father of our author, to whom the following neat and affectionate dedication is addressed:

“To the memory of my Father, *Rem Rapelje*; whose precepts for the guidance of my youth were wholesome and wise; whose example for my imitation, was worthy of all praise; a man who accumulated wealth by industry and economy, and expended it with a generous and open hand; who, in evil times, escaped from harm, by wisdom and prudence, and sustained his integrity of principle by firmness of purpose; who was a good citizen, always ready to support an honest government, to vindicate its dignity and honor; who was a kind father, administering liberally to the wants and wishes of his children; a philanthropist, to whom the poor never cried for bread in vain; one who lived in peace with all mankind when permitted so to do; unambitious of political honors or popular favor, and what is of a higher fame, and of sweeter remembrance to his descendants, a Christian, who died in hopes of the resurrection of the just to immortal life,—this honest narrative of his ‘oft wandering son,’ is filially and reverentially inscribed.”

We cannot close this brief notice,—which it was our purpose to have accompanied with extracts,—without adverting to the typographical merits of the work, which reflect great credit upon the state of ‘the art conservative of all arts’ in our country.

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT : with a Biography, and his last additions and illustrations. Complete in seven volumes. Vol. I. New-York : CONNER AND COOKE.

A LITTLE more than eighteen months since, the enterprising publishers above named, undertook to present to the American public the entire works of Sir Walter Scott, in seven large and handsome volumes, of clear type, in double columns, upon paper of excellent texture and color. Their pledges to their readers have been amply fulfilled. Six volumes, including the one before us, have already been issued ; and the praise which they have elicited, for their elegance and cheapness, has been earned by enterprise and liberality, which can scarcely be too warmly commended. It need only be mentioned, in proof of the justice of our encomiums, that the revised Edinburgh edition, from which this is re-printed, comprises between ninety and an hundred volumes, the cost of which is about one hundred and twenty-five dollars, while the American edition, now published, contains the entire matter, with the latest emendations, in seven octavo volumes, the price of which is about one hundred dollars less than that of the Edinburgh. The contents of the present volume, are as follow : Poetical Works,—Paul's Letter to his Kinsfolk,—Eyrbyggja-Saga,—An Essay on Chivalry, Romance, and The Drama,—Sermons,—and Demonology. An exceedingly fine portrait of the author, from a painting by Newton, engraved by Ilman and Pilbrow, graces this volume. A beautiful medallion portrait is likewise to preface the seventh and last, which is to be put to press immediately. It will comprise a Biography of Scott, by Lockhart, and the Life of Napoleon, as revised by the author, a short time previous to his death.

ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY of the Egyptians, Carthaginians, Babylonians, Medes and Persians, Grecians, and Macedonians. Including a history of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients. With a life of the Author, by JAMES BELL. In two vols. pp. 1286. New-York : GEORGE DEARBORN.

THE present is the first complete edition of this great work of Rollin, which has ever been presented to the American reader. The prefatory remarks of the author upon each separate division of the history, as originally prepared and published in the first French editions, are here restored,—whole paragraphs and pages, heretofore omitted, have been replaced,—and 'a History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients,' as inserted in the original, has been added. It is, in short, the only entire or un mutilated edition of Rollin's History in English, which has issued from the press, for more than eighty years, and it will unquestionably supercede all the imperfect copies now in use in our country. Its typographical execution is of the best description. It is illustrated by numerous excellent maps, and embellished with a portrait of the author, and an appropriate frontispiece.

EDITORS' TABLE.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.—This is a work which we always take up with pleasure. The anticipations of good which attend its reception, are never disappointed. A tone of *national feeling* rings through its contents; and even when foreign works are subjects of criticism, it never fails to be adapted usefully to our own. Its writers are Americans. No obscure hacks, of transatlantic origin and bias, are permitted to defile its pages; no stale prejudices, or disjointed anathemas, are allowed to usurp the place of honest judgment, or candid opinion. Such a work acquires additional value from the fact, that it is *unique*, on this side the water.

We should be happy in the chance of expressing separate opinions upon all the articles in this number of the North American, several of which merit every eulogy,—but our space forbids it. The paper on *Jefferson*, and that entitled *Poisoning*, are both executed with great ability. We allude to both in the abstract, as summary compositions of much interest. We cannot speak of articles consecutively, but as they occur to mind. The tribute to Dr. Godman, is cordial, just, and eloquent; and the admirable spirit of defence which pervades the paper on the execution of an Italian sailor in China, is worthy of all approval. The slander of the London Quarterly, on the subject of that seaman in an American vessel being strangled at Canton, is abundantly refuted by the reviewer. One thing, however, is made plain by this article; and that is, that an American citizen, or any other foreigner, in a Chinese port, charged with a capital crime, enjoys no protection from his own government. Guilty or not, he is demanded, and *surrendered*, to be judged and condemned under the execrable *lex talionis*, as we call it, or the customary claim of life for life, without so much as asking whether it be the life of a guiltless or death-worthy man. It is time that these 'celestial' barbarians should be made to acknowledge the sway of the laws of nations, in all their intercourse with the 'White Devils,' as they courteously call foreigners.

The article on *Black Hawk* is interesting; and contains, along with the usual regrets for the unhappy condition of the Red Man, the common outcries against the meanness, rapacity, perfidy, and so forth, of our government and people. It is time this thing should cease. Our government does not *always* cheat the Indians, nor do our frontiersmen always kill them in cold blood. We heartily wish that some public-spirited legislator would bring before Congress a motion to inquire into the nature and the circumstances attending the ratification of all our Indian treaties, with a view to disabuse the world of the idea, originated and kept up by our sentimental writers, that we have *always* cajoled, wronged, and bullied these poor wretches.

The article on *Calazar* is written in a friendly spirit, and couched in kindly terms. We are glad to see, that this work has received so early a notice in every respectable quarter. Our reviewer, however, in judging of the character of *Botello*, the Astrologer, makes a notable mistake, in conceiving that personage to be *fictitious*. A critic in another work has shown himself much more at home on the subject of Mexican history. 'Botello,' he remarks, 'was a real personage. Bernal Diaz says, he was of respectable demeanor, spoke Latin, and had been at Rome. Some called him *astrolo-*

ger, some *necromancer*, and some said he had a familiar.' De Solis says, he was proud of his prophetic skill,—devoutly abhorring the devil, but superstitiously believing in the magic of numbers, characters, etc. 'He predicted,' says Bernal Diaz, 'all the fortunes, good or bad, that befel Cortes.' To these authorities, we take the liberty of adding, that even Robertson has not failed to speak of him, which makes the error of the reviewer still more remarkable. We think he has misconceived the character. There is certainly nothing of the 'harlequin' in the grave and devout Botello; and it seems to us, that instead of the author attempting to flog 'a superstitious awe,' in imitation of Scott, about the astrologer's character, he has evidently been at no small pains to expose the futility of all magical arts, as well as to point out the self-deceiving cunning of such imaginative professors.

The writer of the article on *Sheridan Knowles*, has done full justice, if not more, to the works of that dramatist: but he has fallen into one or two awkward errors in summing up the incidents of the Hunchback,—leading us to infer that he has not read it attentively, but rather formed his judgment by his ear, at 'a common theatre, or scene.' The language of this article is sometimes too exaggerated. The author, 'whoever he may be or not,' must excuse this opinion, and the pointing out of his faults; for, since he acknowledges the present to be the day of small things, he will readily agree with us, that small mistakes are not despicable enough to be left unrectified.

MR. WORDSWORTH.—The time has been, when it was dangerous to speak of this eminent writer in the language of praise. He is now among the very first of living poets, and the prominent reviews of England are according to him the commendation which he so richly deserves. Assailed at first in the Edinburgh, from whose sweeping censures no common reputation can soon recover, he has yet lived to see a majority of the contemporaries who frowned at first upon his works, now charmed by the music of his lyre, and acknowledging the supremacy of his genius. The hue and cry against the connexion of philosophy with poetry, and the vain clamor respecting an imaginary Lake School, are now things of the past. Talent, misguided by passion and prejudice, has ceased its railings, and the weak or the stupid, who followed in the same track, without a tithe of the ability which distinguished their models, have shrunk away in shame from a farther career. This is as it ought to be. Dante's language is as applicable to unjust criticism, as to any other evil: 'Man wrongs, and Time avenges.' Mr. Wordsworth has proved this. Satisfied, in his own mind, of the valuable matter and manner of his verse, he has waited with calmness for that verdict of approval which he is now receiving. Guided by nature, and fortified by taste, he ventured upon a school which has had many pupils, and more admirers; and until pathos, harmony, and delicate imagery are disregarded, his poetry will be held in loving remembrance. It is not fiery, nor sepulchral, nor passionate,—but its gentle truths, and faithful beauties, steal unawares into the heart, as incentives and treasures. We hail him as the Poet of Nature. Like Thomson, he encountered detraction, and like Thomson, overcame it.—and now he stands, confessedly and with honor, the founder of a style of poetry which pleases by its vein of right philosophy, and unvarnished feeling: not ornate, not kindling,—but open and winning,—stored in every tasteful intellect, as some thing that cannot willingly be permitted to die.

We of course do not consider the style of this author as his chief merit. The spirit which animates his productions, would tell in any measure, or form of composition. There is much like it, in the more thoughtful portions of Lord Byron's poetry. Mr.

Wordsworth has shown a laudable discernment in not repeating monotonously, through all his works, the chimes of Pope,—truly one of the most beautiful and graceful of poets, but whose school, easy of partial imitation, has been the nursery for a host of empty twaddlers, who have copied faults, and left the beauties unattempted,—uniting with the former, the weakness of the Della Crusca and Lydia-Languish vein. Such writers praise Pope, as a beggar would an alms-giver : all they possess, he has bestowed ; and conscious of having brought his noble style into disrepute, as feeble copyists, they are needlessly anxious, as eulogists, to share his fame. In vain. The throne of Pope was unshared and single ; and his honorable memory is without co-rival.

THE DRAMA.

THE PARK THEATRE has almost entitled itself to the appellation of the 'English Opera House,' from the particular attention which has been bestowed upon the Musical Drama within its walls. Notwithstanding the absence of England's greatest musical star, the present season has been distinguished by the advances which have been made in English Opera at this house. In the persons of Miss S. PHILLIPS, and Miss WATSON, the public have found two youthful aspirants for operatic fame, well worthy of their patronage, who, assisted by the flexible and fine-toned voice of our resident Mr. JONES, and the very clever musical abilities of Mr. LATHAM, have been enabled to present more than one opera in a style of excellence, which, at the commencement of the campaign, we had little reason to hope for. The operas of 'Cinderella,' 'My Native Land,' and the 'Barber of Seville,' require especial notice. In the favorite opera of Cinderella, a very effective *scena* for Dandini, has been introduced by Mr. Latham, arranged and adapted by and for himself. It is a portion of the original opera, however, and was intended for introduction by Rophino Lacey, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the occasion of its English adaptation. The lovers of music are somewhat Mr. Latham's debtors for this happy restoration. The music was exceedingly well given by himself, and the characters concerned in it, and proved effective in the highest degree. Mr. Latham is an admirable 'Buffo,' and whether considered as a singer or comedian, is a valuable acquisition to the Park Theatre. Miss S. Phillips has made herself more than respectable, in the arduous character of the heroine,—a consummation which induces the conviction, that if this young vocalist would but constrain herself to sing with less appearance of physical effort, and adopt more of repose in her now too exuberant style, her success would be far more decisive. The former error often produces the most unpleasant effect upon the oral organs of her listeners, and the latter creates a feeling of disappointment, where a diametrically opposite sensation would assuredly ensue, could she be prevailed upon to abandon her indulgence in inapposite embellishment and false decoration. These errors, however, are by no means attributable to her fair competitor for public favor. United to a pure and most pleasing vocal organ, the intonation of which we have never, in one solitary instance, detected in the faults of being either too grave or too acute, Miss Watson seems invariably to seize hold of the *sentiment* of the composer, and to give the true pathos, and feeling, which belong to the genius of the music which she sings. There may be at times, a lack of passionate utterance in her tones, but her extreme youth, and comparative inexperience, make it almost unreasonable to expect more than she now really possesses of this desirable agent in vocal declamation. Miss Watson, however, compensates very amply for her want of this faculty, by the beautiful and touching simplicity of her very pure and com-

pletely unaffected style of singing; a style which her instructor wisely perceived, was best suited to the ballad school. In this universally beloved path of the vocal art, she has already advanced so far, as to win 'golden opinions from all sorts of people,' and bids fair to compete successfully with the very best artists extant. This lady's *histrionic* claims to distinction are, as yet, not so apparent as her musical powers. We hope that time and opportunity, with a little more of dash and courage, will make her a favorite, even in this department. Miss Watson seems to have taken the view which a musical artist naturally would take of that difficult profession, in which, as a vocalist, she has already established a deservedly high reputation.

In the opera of 'My Native Land,' the united efforts of the two ladies, with Mr. Jones, Mr. Latham, and Mrs. CHAPMAN, (who, by the way, deserves high praise for her musical talents,) produced a most agreeable evening's entertainment, to amateurs of the musical art. The story is amusing, and the music being some of Rossini's best, and selections from other celebrated composers, with the very clever efforts of Bishop, furnished a most satisfactory musical mélange. Upon the occasion in question, however, some very trite introductions, foisted upon the original arrangement, were in any thing but good taste. Certain noisy vociferations, producing repetitions extremely mortifying, distinguished, we grieve to say, the representation of an otherwise very agreeable opera.

We cannot conclude our remarks upon the Musical Drama of the past month, without rendering the highest tribute of praise to the leader of the Park Orchestra, Mr. WILLIAM PENSON, for his very clever re-production of that 'Gem' of 'Pesoro's Swan,' 'The Barber of Seville,' with all and every note of its glittering *materiel*. This production of the entire of this splendid opera, has proved most creditable to the management, and to its musical officer, and shows most satisfactorily, that great things *may* be done in our more general knowledge of the best foreign composers. Mr. Latham, we understand, has personated the volatile and roguish Barber, in the original,—no mean proof of his talents,—and accounting more clearly for his very perfect and exceedingly amusing personation of 'the Figaro.' The highest compliment it is within the limits of praise to bestow, is certainly due to HARRY PLACIDE, for his Doctor Bartolo. We are credibly informed that Mr. Placide is no musician!—a fact so utterly at variance with the perfect results of his musical performance of the Doctor, in the 'Barber of Seville,' and the Baron, in 'Cinderella,' that we are left in a strange dilemma in our endeavors to account for such a singular anomaly. If he really is *not* acquainted with the machinery, and technicalities of the musical art, he certainly compensates for this want of knowledge, by the possession of a fine musical ear, a good toned voice, and a memory which seems to defy all common rules of ordinary calculation. RICHARDS, as the deep, designing music master, Don Basil, was 'en costume,' and 'belle figure,' a perfect picture, whose appearance alone would have carried him through the part with visible effect,—to which his usual good acting, and correct singing, being added, nothing was left to desire in that quarter. Miss S. Phillips was agreeable in Rosina, and executed the music, although not exactly according to our notions of it, still with sufficient effect to render the whole performance gratifying. Mr. Jones, as the Count Almiva, maintained his claims to that consideration which he merits as a singer: as an actor, he was 'most tolerable, and not to be endured.'

The concerted music, or 'Finales,' to the first and second acts of this most perfect of all comic operas, are esteemed of elaborate, voluminous, and difficult execution. If such be the fact, the credit is so much the greater to the operatic corps of the Park Theatre, in the fact that they could hardly, according to our judgment, have been more felicitously given,—a compliment, to a liberal portion of which the *Orchestra* certainly have claims. In short, the *tout ensemble* of the re-production of the opera was

such as to induce the hope, that much greater gratification is yet in store for the music-loving portion of our citizens, while at the same time, it evinces a cheering example of the steady progression of the science of music, and the yet more extensive dissemination of a just taste, and the more sincere admiration of a delightful, an innocent, and very rational science. Well may the public patronize an art, which, (to its own honor as well as to the credit of its professors, be it spoken,) has done more for charity, even in our own country, than any other,—which cannot fail to elevate the affections of all who possess affections,—which softens the acerbities of life,—and in its influence seems to take away some *little* part of the grossness of humanity. Sincerely, then, do we ejaculate, '*Viva la Musica!*'

THE theatrical public will be gratified to learn, that a person of high standing in society, in this city,—a gentleman of refined taste, and practical experience, in the histrionic art, whose abilities have long been the theme of praise among a select circle of his friends,—is about to make his appearance on the boards of the Park Theatre. A coterie of gentlemen, of the highest literary and professional attainments, patrons of the Drama, whose taste and judgment cannot for a moment be doubted, have given him a hearing, and expressed themselves delighted with his efforts: *Nous verrons.*

COMPLETE WORKS OF JAMES K. PAULDING.—We feel confident that a pleasurable feeling will be created in the mind of the 'universal public,' by the knowledge that a handsome, complete, uniform edition of all the writings put forth by this distinguished author, since the beginning of his literary career, (now some twenty years ago,) will shortly be issued by the Messrs. Harper. We do not, at this moment, recollect any American writer, whose works have so uniformly found favor with all sorts of readers, as have those of Mr. Paulding. His reputation has not been gradually acquired, but seemed to spring at once into a palmy state of being, which every successive work has nobly confirmed. As one of the unknown authors of *Salmagundi*, the place assigned to him by the general voice, was in the foremost rank of native talent, and that place he has maintained to the present moment, by a succession of masterly productions, in the excellence of which variety may be traced of kind only, but almost without an exception, never in degree. His works are multifarious, like those of Scott, whom in fertility and industry he much resembles. Narrative, description, criticism, satire, poetry, ethics, and political discussion, all seem to fall naturally and easily within the grasp of his active intellect, and in all, he displays not only power, but originality,—and this we consider the surest and most trying test of a man's abilities. His novels and tales are probably the specimens on which he has bestowed most care, and which he has produced with the greatest deliberation; but even these, finished as they are, scarcely exceed in talent, vigor, closeness of observation, and we may add, effect upon the reader, some of his satirical sketches, that were apparently struck off at a heat, under the impulse of some accidental circumstance or suggestion; as, for example, '*John Bull in America*,' or that pungent essay, '*America and England*.' As a satirist, Mr. Paulding stands unrivalled at the present day, by any writer of the language. His perception of the ridiculous is eagle-eyed, and equalled only by the felicity with which, to use a cant phrase of the day, he 'shows it up' to the mirth and laughter of the world: yet there is so little of malice in his paintings, that the feeling which they excite is more akin to a gleeful shade of compassion, than to contempt or anger,—and the victims themselves, with all their mortification, cannot help laughing at their own absurd reflection in his veracious mirror.

The forth-coming edition will consist probably of twelve, or perhaps fifteen, volumes,

and punishment were not mingled? What vile person, unreformed, has he made the lasting favorite of fortune? We venture to assert,—and ask a reference to his works for a decision,—that the fictions of Bulwer always show the base and the polluted wrapt up in misery, and Innocence ever ultimately victorious. He rescues no dark mind from torment, until it has turned from error. The awful death of the lady in Falkland,—the dreadful fate of the hateful characters in *Devereux*,—the agonizing trial of Aram, haunted by memory, and beset with pain and perplexity,—the terrible actors in the *Disowned*,—who, after dwelling on the career and catastrophe of many of these, and the troublous ways of all, can declare that the author of such works militates against goodness? Our solemn conviction is, that *he paints the human heart as he finds it*, in historical records, and as exhibited in the passing era. In Paul Clifford, for example, what disclosures has he made of the fate of wretches more unfortunate than guilty,—beings compelled to crime! What expositions, of law violated by its reputed conservators,—of the oppressions heaped on Poverty, made vagrant by circumstance,—on Virtue, pressed into delinquency by uncontrollable misery! The notes which he has appended to that work, well develop the aphorism, that the wonders of truth are more striking than fable. We confess that we never could see the injurious tendency of these transcripts of life. They may be gloomy,—sometimes repulsive,—but who denies that they are striking and true? Vice, to be hated, must be seen. Of what avail is it to curtain its direful workings, as something too horrible for revelation? What beneficial object is thus attained? None,—but contrariwise,—

‘It doth but film and skin the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.’

And while we would strongly condemn all the *exaggerations* of a novelist, we would strive to appreciate his truths, whether they be mournful or fair. What is lost by this? Is honor, or love, or purity of life, less charming, when opposed by the doleful contrasts of miserable dereliction, seeking, with all the disappointments of Tantalus, to taste the ever-fleeting waters of enjoyment? It cannot be possible,—and we shall never deem the writings of any author hurtful to the moral health of his kind, who heaps coals of fire upon the head of Vice,—who shows, in striking colors, that the hopes of the Evil are but for a moment,—and the path of the Upright the sole way of peace.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE ISRAELITES FROM EGYPT.—Since our last publication, a dioramic painting has been introduced to the public, far surpassing in magnitude, as well as in excellence, any previous exhibition of the kind, which untraveled lovers of the art have as yet enjoyed an opportunity of beholding. In fact, the result of our own impressions, and of all the information we can gather from artists and connoisseurs, is, that in this picture, we have among us a specimen of the class to which it belongs, in its highest stage of perfection. The subject was already familiar to our eyes, in a large engraving, of which good impressions have been visible in the windows of the print-shops, for more than a year past, and also in a smaller print contained in one of the English annuals of 1834: but no idea can be formed of the painting from these ‘counterfeit presentments,’ beautiful though they be. The illusion, or, to speak more definitely, the appearance of distance, is surpassingly fine. If we did not know it, we could not suppose or believe it possible, that the apparent vast expanse before us, with objects receding far away until lost in the indistinct horizon, was in reality a flat sur-

face : and although the knowledge cannot be absolutely forgotten, an effort of the mind is requisite to bring it convincingly within the consciousness ; as for the eyes, they cannot realize it. A certain test of the perfect truth with which the perspective, aerial, as well as of objects, is effected, may be obtained by an endeavor to ascertain, or to conjecture, the actual distance of the canvass from the eye. Repeated efforts may be made, but all in vain : whether a figure in the fore-ground is selected, which may apparently be reached by the hand, or the remotest pinnacle that towers in the extreme point of vision, the sense can gather no indication of the space that really intervenes ; and without referring to the dimensions of the building, the mind can discover no preference between ten feet and an hundred. In the disposition of the figures, the skill of the artist has been conspicuously displayed, with happy effect. All those near the eye, are in attitudes of profound repose, while the moving multitudes are thrown so far toward the back-ground, that, with very little assistance from the imagination, they appear to be actually advancing, as the organ wanders from point to point, without finding any prominent enough to fix its glance, except among the architectural wonders of the scene.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD.—The beautiful art of engraving on wood, of which Mr. Mason has given an interesting history in Dunlap's work on art and artists, is now brought, in our country, and particularly in the city of New-York, to a degree of perfection, of which a few years ago, it would have been thought incapable. Mr. Mason, to whose essay on the subject we have referred, has not only been an agent in bringing the art of wood engraving to its present perfection, by his lectures and his writings, but by his skill as an artist. Dr. Anderson, who first introduced the art among us, and almost invented it, and other artists of later days, among whom Mr. Adams stands eminently conspicuous, have produced specimens of this mode of engraving, which have elicited universal applause, and may be said to rival some of the best works on copper. The coarse wood cuts to which we had been accustomed, copied from cheap English works, and cheaply given to the public, without attention to paper or printing, were likely to inculcate the impression, that this beautiful art was incompetent to works of a higher order ; but we have been undeceived by the artists above mentioned, and by the care with which their works have been prepared,—particularly those which have appeared in some of the late numbers of the New-York Mirror. We are confident that still greater effects may be produced, and that by combining the efforts of our best designers, Inman, Morse, Weir, and others, with the skill of our artists in wood engraving, the journal in question might gain for its ornamental department as much reputation from wood cuts, as it now enjoys though the gravers of Durand, Cassilear, Smilie, and others.

Books.—During the past month, there has been a kind of transient pause in the movements of the Trade. Their issues have not been so numerous,—and our Review department is consequently less replete. We would embrace this occasion to remark, that long and elaborate notices of new works cannot be expected at our hands. It is easy to enlarge on books under notice, and to parade more or less of extraneous acumen,—but it would defeat the objects of this magazine to do so. We read assiduously, and endeavor to judge honestly, and according to the best lights afforded us by nature and acquirement ; but we must do all briefly. We aim scrupulously to preserve our proper limits, without trenching upon that field which is most cheerfully allotted to our many approved correspondents.

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THE ABUSE OF THE BRAIN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE STEALING PROPENSITY.'

IN discussing the importance of preserving the vigor of the faculties through early life, I shall include the cultivation of the physical, of course. These are in themselves of the highest value. They constitute those powers of action and application, without which the utmost acquisitions or abilities of the mere mind, would be but one moiety of a *mutilated* mass, at the best—not so much, by a great deal, as the mind of a man *without* his body. But more than this, these faculties are so interwoven with each other, in the mysterious union of the mind and body, that, let the cause be what it may, it is certain that we cannot cultivate any one of the whole number to the best advantage, without a corresponding cultivation of the rest. The same is true of the moral, physical, and intellectual faculties, as classes. It is certain, even, that this exclusive exercise defeats its own exclusive end, for Nature will not permit her choicest works to be so pampered on the one hand, or so oppressed on the other, with impunity. Of the body, as the envelope of the mind, and of its various energies as the mind's instruments, this is emphatically true. You cannot task the *eye* inordinately, but the intellect must suffer the effect of the pain: and if you carry the experiment still farther—mindless of such a warning—it must forfeit the aid of its services, perhaps forever. This applies in the same way to the whole *physique* of man, and to each of its parts,—for a natural law never admits an exception.* It applies, of course, and most fearfully does it apply, to the *brain*.

There is a diversity of opinion respecting the division of labor among the different portions of the brain; but I believe nobody doubts, at the present day, that the whole brain is the instrument of the whole mind. I need not, therefore, go into the proof of this position, by discussing the effects of external injuries of this organ—of the phenomena of insanity, idiocy, intoxication, infancy, disease, study, excitement of any sort. These are circumstantial evidences of the strongest kind; but the proposition may be said to have been fairly substantiated by even the direct testimony of the senses, and to be always susceptible of such confirmation. How otherwise can we explain, for example, the case of the man mentioned by Hennen, in his *Military Surgery*,† who at the battle

* See Brigham on Mental Cultivation. † Combe's Constitution of Man, p. 116.

of Waterloo had a small portion of his skull bone beat in upon the brain, to the depth of half an inch. Life was nearly extinguished, when Sir Astley Cooper raised up the depressed portion of bone from the brain; and the man then immediately arose, dressed himself, became perfectly rational, and soon recovered his usual health. Riche-
rand speaks of a woman whose brain was exposed by the removal of part of the bony covering, so that he repeatedly made pressure upon it with his hand, and each time suspended the operations of the mind entirely, which were instantly restored, the moment the pressure was withdrawn. The late Professor Wistar used to make similar experiments on a person, in the same situation, who submitted his head for the purpose in presence of a medical class,—one of whom was Professor Chapman, of Philadelphia, who mentions the fact. Cooper himself gives an account of a sailor injured by a blow, which beat in a part of his skull, who lay over thirteen months senseless—showing vitality only by a regular pulse, the vibration of his fingers in union with it, and a motion of his lips and tongue (perhaps not the result of volition) when he was hungry or thirsty. This person was restored at once to the full possession of his powers of mind and body, by the removal of the bone from the brain. Dr. Brigham, of Hartford,—whose excellent work on Mental Cultivation can hardly be recommended too highly,—himself attended, two years since, the case of a young man in that place, who was injured by falling through a scuttle in a store. He transacted business during the evening after, but was found in his bed the next morning, incapable of speaking, hearing, seeing, or swallowing, and apparently in the last stage of life. The urgency of the circumstances induced the Doctor, though he could discover no appearance of a fracture, to perforate the skull in the vicinity of a small swelling, noticed over the right ear. Here was found a gill of clotted blood, and upon the removal of that, the man immediately spoke, rapidly recovered his mind, and at the time the Doctor wrote his book, (which was soon after,) was perfectly well. I repeat, in view of facts like these, that I consider the position that the brain is the organ of the mind, to be susceptible of demonstration, and to have been satisfactorily demonstrated by the evidence of the eyes.

Now, let it be borne in mind how much, in this capacity, this organ has to do. The other organs are only what we call in law, special agents, with stated duties. The muscles, the lungs, the cutaneous, the digestive, the absorbent, the circulatory, and the secretory systems, and the minutest subdivisions of them, have each their appointed and invariable office: and none of these can fill the office of any other. So the senses have their several tasks, always the same in kind, though not in degree. But the brain, as the mind's prime minister, has the superintendence and responsibility of the whole administration; and the senses can render their reports of external things to the mind only through the medium of the brain. If either of these, then, has a right to be weary, how much more has the dominant organ, which works with them, and works over them, and does all the other work of the intellect besides. This consideration is of the more weight, when we remember that

infancy is, as Bichat calls it, 'the age of sensation,' every thing external being at that time new and exciting to the mind, and nothing which passes under the scope of its senses unnoticed.

Let it not be supposed, then, that the mind of the child, even if he were taught nothing, would be idle. It cannot help being active, if the senses be sound—active in acquiring the most important of knowledge, upon which, as a basis, its subsequent meditations must be founded, and by which the whole conduct of the man will be governed in after life. The work of this natural stage of education—of self-education, certainly it is—is plainly recognized by Providence, in making the brain one of the largest organs of the body, and by giving it during that period more blood, in proportion to its size, than at any time subsequent during life, although it is better supplied in later years than any other part of the body. It grows also more rapidly—nearly doubling its volume in six months. This arrangement corresponds to the situation of the child, as regards the external world; and it corresponds also with the fact that this organ is the primary source of the nervous system, which system should the more predominate in youth, because that is the period of *growth*, and the nervous system gives energy to all the vital movements which belong to growth. If there be any surplus brain, so to speak, above what is required of an intellectual instrument, then Nature herself would seem to have plainly directed the appropriation of it to the benefit of the whole body. In the language of the learned Dr. James Johnson, 'extra development of the brain cannot take place, but at the expense of some function or structure in the animal or organic system;' and it is well known to be, at this period, peculiarly liable itself to injury, in the way of inflammation, from its extreme immaturity and tenderness—being, during childhood, as the physiologists state, 'very soft, and even almost liquid under the finger.'* We see, then, that the importance of preserving this organ sound, is proportionate to its liability to be injured. If it be injured, it is injured for life, and all the processes of motion, sanguification, digestion, circulation, and nutrition, must suffer in connection.

I should add, also, that all these processes are not only dependent on the nervous energy supplied or denied them by the brain, but are all directly dependent, *with* the brain, on the influence of exercise and free air. Both these are indispensable to their good condition. As to the former, I trust no doubt is entertained at this day; and how essential the latter is, must have appeared to the satisfaction of even the *eyes* of any person who has chanced to look in upon a large number of children in a small, crowded, or ill-ventilated room, and noticed the flushed faces, and dull eyes, and languid limbs of the miserable little prisoners, and how speedily the whole aspect of things is changed by the privilege of running about five minutes in the open air, or perhaps by the opening of a window. You see the experiment tried in every crowded meeting, till, in the case of the more delicate of the company, it results in fainting. You see the effect of a longer continuance of it in those luckless persons,

* Bichat.

children and others, who are confined in factories, until literally their eyes grow red, as their hair grows green. Now, to make the application of these remarks to my argument: I am bold to say, that the system of school confinement in this country corresponds, to an alarming extent, in its immediate effects on the physical department, to the system of factory confinement in Great Britain. Our facilities of education have tempted us to require too much of our children, and to require too soon. We put them to a school of some sort, almost universally, at an age when both the confinement and the employment of such a place are decidedly and deeply injurious to both mind and body; and we, of course, just in the same proportion, deprive them of whatever they might be learning, and gaining in every way, (and that is an incredible deal,) from the rich sources of natural and social instruction, which Providence has spread before them, and given them the faculties to relish, and rejoice in. I do not object here so much to what is taught, or attempted to be taught them, in schools, as to the great excess to which this system is carried,—and that at home, too, in many cases, as well as abroad. I object to the excess of reading for what is called recreation,—to forced tasks—and extra lessons—and domestic exhibitions of precocity—and the straining of the memory, in particular, by every contrivance which the ingenuity of parents can devise for the fatal stimulation of the jaded and inflamed brains of their unfortunate favorites. In most of the large places in this country, at least, the children commence attending school at the age of three or four years at the latest; and from that moment, confined six hours a day at school, and perhaps half as much more at home, they are incited to sustain a complete *Gilpin race*, at the top of their speed, leaping in their course over reading, spelling, writing, geography, arithmetic, astronomy, history, chemistry, half a dozen languages, it may be, and some sciences which their grandfathers never heard of—*clearing* them all, I say, literally without *touching* any. As if these were not enough to produce the natural results of dyspepsia, rickets, hypochondria, scrofula, and perhaps insanity or imbecility, the patient must be plied with all sorts of mock exercises, at all hours; with composition, and hymns, and catechisms, and chapters of Scripture, and other books less valuable in themselves, but just about as profitable under these circumstances to them. Add to this, the time *out* of school, which is occupied with the tasks required in it—the exertions of fond parents and friends to keep their minds intent in conversation upon the grand business of learning every thing—the little intervals of leisure, filled up with the floods of books, magazines, papers, and pictures, designed expressly for children, and which must of course, therefore, be attended to—the necessary neglect of exercise, and loss of the free air—and we have a tolerably complete scheme of the modern discipline of a child. For myself, I confess I should rather see him subjected to the system indicated by the female who, some time since, brought into the room of the Boston Infant School Society a fine little girl of five years, but ragged, bruised, and convulsed with rage: ‘*Sure, ma’am,*’ said the affectionate mother, as she exhibited her bleeding person, ‘*it isn’t for want of bating she’s so bad!*’ George

Combe, in his *Constitution of Man*, mentions, as having fallen under his own notice, the case of a family in which, most unhappily, the children, by the time they were eighteen or twenty years old, uniformly shewed themselves adepts in every species of immorality and profligacy. They even picked their father's pockets—the poor man!—stole his goods, and got them sold back to him by accomplices for money, which was spent in betting, drinking, and cock-fighting. The old gentleman was sorely grieved; but knowing, adds Combe, only two resources, he *beat* the children severely as long as he was able—and *prayed* for them. His own words were, that, 'if, *after that*, it pleased the Lord to make vessels of wrath of them, the Lord's will must just be done.' Now, the difficulty with this honest Christian, was, simply, that he had more conscience than common sense; but it must be admitted, that he had apparently the advantage, in both these particulars, of *some of our* guardians of youth, and that even his children were not much worse off than theirs. The main difference is not in the principle, but in its application. The body is in one case the subject of a barbarous stimulus, to the total disparagement of the mind; and the mind, in the other, to the utter ruin of the body—nay, to the utter ruin of both.

B. B. T.

HAPPINESS.

AN 'OUTLINE SKETCH, IN PENCIL.'

A GREEN vale, and a humble cot,
 Embowered in vines and spreading trees;
 Before the door a verdant plot,
 And flowers whose perfume loads the breeze:
 Upon the grass, those flowers among,
 Glad as the winds that thither stray,
 A group of children, fair and young,—
 Their cheeks are flush'd with play!

Midway the two small rooms between,
 (For only two hath cot like this,)
 Spectator of the joyous scene,
 And sharer of the heart-felt bliss,
 A white-haired grandam;—on her knee
 Her knitting lies neglected now;
 She fairly strains her eyes to see,—
 Her specs pushed to her brow!

A smile upon her withered cheeks,—
 On each a glistening tear-drop lies;
 Her lips apart—she thoughtless speaks,
 And harder strains her filmy eyes.
 An anguish'd cry!—she quickly sprung,—
 The sufferer's head was on her breast:
 A bee its tiny foot had stung,
 On clover-blossom prest.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. D. G.

THE LABORATORY OF NATURE.

So many curious and important chemical operations are now known to be either constantly or occasionally going forward in the crust or on the surface of our globe, and in the atmosphere by which it is surrounded, that the meaning of the term which is placed at the head of this article will probably be at once understood.

In endeavoring, as is my purpose, to give a concise and popular view of these operations, it should be observed that they have by no means received that share of attention to which, from their importance, they appear to be justly entitled. While many philosophers have been actively engaged in perfecting the various methods of analytical research, and in subjecting to the most rigid examination almost every product of nature and art, few have looked abroad to commune with the true model of all their investigations. And even the small number who have thus extended their inquiries, present more frequent examples of the influence of prejudice and preconceived theory, than of the genuine spirit of philosophy.

I am aware that many of the phenomena of the material world are clothed in so much obscurity that their causes have eluded, and will perhaps forever elude, the most active research and the keenest scrutiny. But much is yet to be done towards gaining a correct knowledge of all the circumstances which attend them, and of those perceptible agents which are concerned in their production. It is to the various conditions which seem to be essential to the occurrence of chemical phenomena in the material world, that we are to direct our attention, if we would gain an insight into the true nature of these phenomena. The setting forth these conditions, so far as they are known, will be my chief object; and it is, perhaps, becoming in me to apprise the *uninitiated* reader that he will seldom be embarrassed with the technicalities of science; and the *initiated*, that his serenity will seldom be disturbed by bold speculations, or by new and peculiar doctrines.

The Atmosphere.—The transparent, elastic, and compressible fluid by which our globe is every where surrounded, is commonly called the atmosphere, or simply the air. This gaseous substance, which, from the experiments and reasonings of philosophers, is supposed to extend to the height of about forty miles above the surface of the earth, is a grand reservoir in which all the substances that evaporate from terrestrial bodies are received, agitated, and mingled. Such a chaos of vapors and molecules it is our constant business to consume, and without it, according to the laws which now regulate the animal economy, life would at once be extinguished. It has indeed been justly styled, 'the breath of every living thing,' but even if it were not thus necessary to our existence, so many and so important are the other offices which it performs, that were we deprived of it, our comforts would be materially abridged.

The atmosphere is now known to be composed of two distinct and

oppositely characterized gases, the one a supporter of life, the other fatal to it; and it is constantly undergoing changes which need only to be studied, to show its admirable adaptation to the purposes for which it is intended. The compound which passes into the lungs at every inspiration, is there decomposed, the vital part performing its appropriate office of purifying the blood, by combining with the deleterious matter which has accumulated during its circulation through the system, while the other, being apparently intended to neutralize the active properties of the former, is given out again, scarcely changed, either in its properties or in its amount. Upon examining the air which is thrown out during expiration, it will be found to consist of a large proportion of carbonic acid, a gas which extinguishes burning bodies, and is fatal to life, and which must of course have been formed by the union of the oxygen of the air with the carbon in the lungs. And it is by this beautiful chemical process, that animal life is sustained, and the purity of the current which flows through the system, preserved.

A similar change in the constitution of the air is effected by the burning of a lamp or candle, or indeed of any ordinary combustible body. The oxygen is consumed, and combining with the burning body, new compounds are formed, which, though sometimes more complex in their nature than those given out by the lungs, are chiefly characterized by containing a large proportion of carbonic acid. Such is the close resemblance between the processes of combustion and respiration, and such are the changes which by their agency are continually wrought upon the air.

The vital part of the air being thus constantly consumed by these operations, the question very naturally arises, from what source this waste is supplied? And how is it, that throughout ages the air has preserved such a uniformity of composition, and that now, whether resting on the burning sands of Africa, or the temperate regions of Europe and America, or upon the ice and snow of polar circles,—whether in the lowest valleys or on the highest mountains,—there is scarcely the slightest variation in the proportions of its constituents? The answers to these queries have occupied the attention of many philosophers. According to Priestly, Ingenhouz, and others, the vegetable kingdom performs the office of purifying the air by absorbing the carbonic acid, appropriating to its peculiar use the carbon, and again sending forth the pure oxygen. This view, which was supposed to be established by experiment, pointed out a new and interesting relation between the animal and vegetable kingdom; but it may well be doubted whether the beauty rather than the correctness of the theory, has not been the chief cause of its popularity. I do not deny that plants, when exposed to solar light, in contact with water, emit oxygen gas, but I very much question whether it is proper to ascribe to this agency alone the uniformity which we observe in the composition of the air.

The quantity of carbonic acid in the air is, at most, quite inconsiderable. It does not ordinarily exceed one in one thousand parts; and even the air in an apartment in which two hundred persons had breathed for two hours with the windows and doors shut, Mr. Dalton found to

contain but little more than one part of carbonic acid in one hundred parts of such air. Dr. Prout, also, in his recent experiments ascertained that air which had traveled over the city of London contained but a trifle more of carbonic acid than that which came from the opposite direction.

Thus while the processes of respiration and combustion increase in an appreciable degree the proportion of carbonic acid in the air of a small apartment, even the million and a half inhabitants of the great English metropolis, and the numberless sources of carbonic acid which are to be found in so large a city, produce so slight an effect upon the air which passes over it as to require the most refined process for its detection. And if the calculation of the celebrated Prevost be at all near the truth, viz: that the amount of oxygen consumed by the organized beings on the globe during a century is not above one seventy-two hundredth of the whole quantity by weight contained in the atmosphere, the increase in the proportion of carbonic acid must indeed be too small to require the aid of vegetables to separate it, and to preserve the air in a state fit for respiration.

It is often the case, that in searching for the causes of certain phenomena, those which are most natural and apparent are neglected. So it is in the present instance. The peculiar nature of carbonic acid, which is one of the prominent sources of the impurity of the atmosphere, will, when attentively studied, suggest to us the principal if not the entire means, by which the uniform purity of the air is preserved. This gaseous substance is heavier than atmospheric air, and is largely absorbed by water and by metallic oxides, especially when they are alkaline or earthy. Hence the constant conversion into carbonates of all such substances when exposed to atmospheric influence. But of all other causes, that which depends upon the solubility of carbonic acid in water, appears to me to afford the easiest explanation of the singularly uniform proportion of this acid which exists in the air.

The researches of chemists have shown that carbonic acid exists either free or in combination with bases in all natural waters, as well in those of springs, as of rivers and oceans. This is produced by the passage of water in the form of rain, through the air, and by the constant exposure to its influence of large masses of water in the form of lakes, seas, and oceans. This view affords a satisfactory explanation of the fact observed by Vogel, that the air taken over sea contained so little carbonic acid that a solution of baryta was hardly rendered turbid by it, while the same bulk of air taken on shore produced a considerable quantity of carbonate of baryta. It also satisfactorily accounts for the results of the observations of T. de Saussure, that the proportion of carbonic acid is greater in the winter than in the summer months—that in a cold, wet season, the proportion was less than in those of an opposite kind—and that over the surface of the lake of Geneva, the proportion is also less than in air in another situation.

But processes not indeed more interesting, but perhaps more purely natural, are to be observed in the atmosphere. As is well known, a large proportion of the surface of the earth is covered with water. Springs, creeks, rivers, lakes, seas and oceans, are but different names

for that assemblage of waters which, in the beginning, was gathered together, and separated from the dry land—the

—————‘Original
Unmarred, unfaded work of Deity.’

This vast extent of waters is every moment giving up to the air a portion of its treasures. Such is its peculiar constitution, that it is continually passing into the state of vapor, and in this form is held in solution in the atmosphere. This evaporation, however, although going on at all times and seasons, is accelerated by heat and retarded by cold; hence the proportion of vapor is subject to much variation—a circumstance of no trifling importance in the general economy of nature. The change of water into vapor, and indeed of all liquids which are susceptible of this change, is attended with the production of cold; and hence, as when the heat is excessive, evaporation is very copious, its effects are thus neutralized, and the injury which would otherwise result to the animal and vegetable kingdom, in a great measure prevented. The correctness of this principle has long been illustrated by those, who, perhaps, were entirely unable to give a correct account of it. Thus the caravans in preparing for their journey through the deserts of Arabia infold the bottles of earthen ware which contain their supply of water in a linen cloth. And when passing over the burning sands, the expedient universally adopted, is to appoint some of the company to keep these cloths constantly wet; by which means a perpetual evaporation is produced, and the contents of the bottles are preserved at a cool and refreshing temperature. In like manner in the nights in Bengal, when the temperature is not below 50°, by the exposure of water in earthen pans upon moistened bamboos, thin cakes of ice are formed, which are heaped together and preserved under ground, by being kept in contact with bad conductors of heat.

Though it may not be apparent at first sight, there is scarcely a more useful or interesting process in nature than that of evaporation. It has already been remarked, that the rapidity of the conversion of water into vapor, is increased by the increase of heat. Evaporation, therefore, is more copious in tropical and temperate, than in polar regions. But when water is changed into vapor, it absorbs caloric; and hence evaporation is a cooling process, and admirably is this abundant formation of vapor calculated to mitigate the scorching heat which would otherwise render uninhabitable many parts of our globe. Nor is this all: when this vapor, by its peculiar laws, floats in the air, a cold blast from the polar regions condenses it into rain or snow, and by that very operation moderates the rigors of that blast, which would otherwise be insupportable. For during the change of this vapor into snow or water, a large amount of heat is given out. Thus does vapor, in its formation, its ascent, and its subsequent condensation, perform the office of a *governor*, by which the temperature of the air is preserved within a limited range, and at an equal remove from the destructive effects of the extremes of heat and cold. By the same means, also, the ocean is restrained within its limits, springs and rivers receive their supply of

water, and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are furnished that important portion of their food without which they could not subsist.

That the process of evaporation is sufficiently vast to effect these great purposes, a fact or two will render sufficiently manifest. The Mediterranean sea has emptying into it, the Nile, the Po, the Rhone, the Ebro, the Danube, the Neiper, and the Don, besides many other rivers of smaller extent, and notwithstanding this, it not only does not increase in size, but a constant current sets in from the Atlantic through the Straits of Gibraltar;—an evident proof, that the natural evaporation from this sea is more than sufficient to dissipate all the water thrown into it from a vast tract of Europe and Africa. Again, Mr. Dalton has calculated that seventy-five thousand millions of tons are annually evaporated into the atmosphere from the surface of England and Wales only. How vast then must be the quantity of water that ascends into the air from the surface of the whole earth, and how important the part which it must perform in the economy of Nature!

B.

STANZAS.

Oh, bury him quickly, and utter no word,
Of the memory saddened by sorrow so long,
But when the cold stranger shall say that he err'd,
Then tell the dark tale of his crueller wrong:
We may not approve, but when others condemn,
'Twere crime that defence of his heart to forbear;
And show that his faults were all prompted by them,—
They could goad him to danger, then fly from him there.

You saw him for many long days ere he fell,
In chains and in solitude, sad but serene;
'Tis grateful to know that he battled it well,
While his spirit grew strong with the gloom of the scene.
They thought him all callous to feeling and shame,—
Ah, little they knew him: the spirit he bore,
Once cherished and sighed for as lofty a fame
As shines on the pages of history's lore.

But pile the dank sod which no stone shall adorn,
No hand ever freshen with shrub or with flower;
We bury him coldly, we leave him forlorn,—
And midnight was never more dark than this hour.
It is but a year since all proudly he stood,
Brave, bright, unassuming, the sought, the prefer'd,
Upheld by the strong, and beloved by the good,—
Now,—bury him quickly, and utter no word.

S.

PASSAGES

FROM A JOURNAL OF A RECENT TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

RACHLIN ISLAND,—ROBERT BRUCE.

THE eighteenth day from New-York. On our left are the bold, rocky, and ever-varying mountains of the highlands of Scotland,—and to our right, gleam the green hills and fertile vales of Ireland. Now and then we are so near, as to see, very distinctly, the fields and dwellings. We have been enjoying, for two hours, a fine view of the Giant's Causeway. But I have been more deeply interested in Rachlin Island,—a spot of small extent, but little cultivated, and begirt with a bold, rocky shore. It was hither, after repeated disasters, and when almost in a state of despair, that the heroic Robert Bruce fled for shelter,—and where, while lying in a barn, for want of better accommodations, he observed a spider, after many failures, succeed in fixing his filmy line to a beam over his head. From this trifling circumstance, he gathered an example of perseverance, and nobly resolved to make one effort more for the salvation of his country. The result was his celebrated triumph at Bannockburn.

THE CLYDE,—GREENOCK,—THE 'GIFT OF TONGUES.'

WE are in the Clyde. The wind is fair, and the day delightful. How welcome to my eyes are the green fields and hills! The latter have a singular appearance, however, being barren of trees to their very tops,—a novel sight, to eyes so long accustomed to a wooded country, as my own. Greenock lies along the bottom of a hill,—irregular in form, and from the frequent rains, very dirty. It is a thriving town, nevertheless, and now contains about thirty thousand inhabitants. Ellensburgh, opposite, is a pretty place, much resorted to for sea bathing. Many wealthy people have erected here beautiful villas of hewn stone, with court-yards in front, garnished with flowers, and gardens in the rear, laid out with taste, and filled with flowering plants, and 'trees of all manner of fruits.' A short distance off, is the Row Church, celebrated as the spot where a set of wild fanatics, pretending to possess the 'gift of tongues,' had their origin. Edward Irving, (recently deceased) has imparted much notoriety to this deluded class, by espousing their absurd doctrines. The church and grave-yard have a most venerable appearance. Henry Bell, who first introduced steamboats upon the Clyde, sleeps here, and his tomb is unmarked by monument or record. There are now an immense number of steamboats upon this river, affording abundant facility for viewing the many fine scenes upon its banks, which have been marked by extraordinary or striking events. They are uniformly painted black, and look sombre enough to one accustomed to the light, gay steam-vessels of the United States.

DUNBARTON CASTLE,—SMOLLET,—WALLACE,—THE LEVEN, ETC.

DUNBARTON CASTLE made a deep impression upon my mind. It stands at the confluence of the Leven and the Clyde. Imagine a basaltic rock, shooting up to the height of five hundred and sixty feet, sheer out of the alluvial plain, and terminating in two peaks of an unequal height, sprinkled over with houses and batteries. It is believed by many to have been the Balclutha of Ossian. The rock has doubtless been projected out of the earth by some volcanic convulsion. During the Bruce and Baliol wars, the castle was governed by the infamous Sir John Monteith, who, in tradition and poetry, is ever represented as the betrayer of Wallace to the English. It is at least certain, that after that hero and patriot was taken, he was confined in this castle, before being sent to England. The highest peak of the rock is still called 'Wallace's Seat,'—and a huge, two-handed sword, said to have belonged to him, has been shown from time immemorial. The Leven is a stream of only six miles in length, issuing out of Loch Lomond. Upon its bank, two miles above Dunbarton, which stands at its mouth, is the old mansion-house of Bonhill, in which Smollet, the poet, novelist, and historian, was born. He has consecrated this stream by his beautiful 'Ode to Leven Water.' Three miles farther bring the traveler to the seat of Alexander Smollet, Esq., where the family of Mathew Bramble are described as residing, in 'Humphrey Clinker.'

DUNGLASS CASTLE,—GLASGOW,—CATHEDRAL, ETC.

A SHORT distance above Dunbarton Castle, is Dunglass Castle, remarkable as the site of the fort which terminated the old Roman wall, familiarly termed 'Graham's Dyke.' The ruins are yet to be seen, crowned with ivy. The Clyde and Forth Canal, a stupendous work, has an end here. The towers, steeples, and tall brick chimnies of the numerous manufactories of Glasgow,—enveloped in a cloud of smoke, which, overhanging it like a canopy, is visible long before the city looms to view,—are before us. Glasgow, in trade and population, is probably the second city in the British empire. It lies along the north side of the Clyde, and occupies a large space of ground. Its streets are spacious, well-paved, and lighted with gas. The longest, running from east to west, is known at different points, by the names of Argyle-street, Trongate, and Gallowgate. There are many fine squares, and admirable institutions for the relief of suffering humanity,—as the Royal Infirmary, the Asylums for the Blind, Insane, and Deaf and Dumb, etc. But the Cathedral, or as it is called, 'The High Kirk,' was to me the magnet of the city. It is a huge and solemn Gothic pile, producing in the mind impressions altogether sublime. It stands in the midst of a grave-yard, surrounded by a wall against which, or in the wall itself, are numberless monuments, green with the moss of centuries. One is here shut entirely from the world,—and the tide of busy existence beats unheard against the barriers which shield the ashes of the long forgotten dead. From the centre of the Cathedral rises a tall tower and

spire ; and another tower containing the bells, projects from one of the corners at the western extremity. The ground now occupied by this edifice, is supposed to have belonged to a religious sect, as early as the beginning of the sixth century, when a holy man of the name of St. Mungo settled upon the spot. The building was begun by King David, in 1123, and has been enlarged to its present size by several successive episcopates. The ecclesiastical dignities of this Church sometimes rendered themselves obnoxious to the inhabitants : and when, on one occasion, the churchmen fled from the fury of the populace, the latter determined to demolish the building,—but the provost assured them that he was as zealous for its destruction as they were, but advised them first to build a new one. He was thus the means of saving it from the first burst of the Reformation. In 1597, the principal of the University and the Protestant clergy in the neighborhood prevailed upon the magistrates to destroy this splendid church. A great many workmen were hired and assembled in solemn form to commence the pious work, when the various corporations of the city flew to arms, and took possession of the edifice, threatening instant death to the first man who should lay sacrilegious hands upon it. The magistrates were obliged to enter into an engagement to save it, in order to preserve the peace of the city. And, on the authority of Andrew Fairservice, 'The idolatrous statues o' saints (sorrow be on them,) being taken out o' their neuks, and broken in pieces, and flung into the burn, the auld kirk stood as crouse as a cat when the flaes are kamed off her, and a' body was alike pleased.' The High Kirk is now divided into two places of worship, which are separated from each other by the choir, or space under the steeple,—now used only as a vestibule. There is another place which was formerly used for worship, called 'The Laigh Kirk.' It is semi-subterraneous, and one would suppose himself entering a cellar, rather than a church,—and yet it was used as such, till about thirty years ago. It is now employed for sepulchral vaults. The visitor cannot help wondering at its former appropriation. As the roof supports two ranges of pillars in the upper church, it contains twice that number, and no two can be found more than seven or eight feet apart. The floor has lately been raised two feet, and the height to the top of the arches is not more than sixteen or eighteen feet. The pulpit was at the south-east corner, and the preacher was forced to send his voice through the colonnade diagonally. In one corner is the recumbent statue of St. Mungo. The reader will recollect, that this is the Kirk where Rob Roy came so mysteriously behind Osbaldistone, and made an appointment to meet him on the bridge at midnight.

The New Cemetery on the other side of the stream opposite the Cathedral is a singularly appropriate place for that purpose. It is on the plan of the *Père la Chaise*, near Paris. The approach to it from the city is over a new bridge, and very aptly called the 'Bridge of Sighs.' The whole ground is laid out in portions to suit families. Each owner adorns his little spot according to his taste. Many of these already evince, by their extreme neatness, and the lovely flowers growing around the borders of the grave, that the virtues of the lowly tenant are still

green and fragrant in the affections of the survivors. Throughout are quiet walks, and the whole ground is planted with trees and shrubs. As a suitable finish to the whole, on the top of the little hill, which is the highest ground in the neighborhood, stands a monument to the memory of John Knox. It consists of a square pedestal, with suitable inscriptions, a shaft and capital, all of stone, surmounted by a bronze statue of the bold Reformer, colossal in size.

THE COLLEGE,—ROYAL EXCHANGE,—STATUES, ETC.

NEXT to the Cathedral, as an object of curiosity to the stranger, is the College. It was founded in 1450, by Bishop Turnbull, and flourished under the care of the clergy for the first century. At the reformation, it suffered from the loss of most of the property attached to it,—and it was only by the generosity of the Scottish monarchs, that it survived the storm. It is now prosperous. The buildings are of polished free stone, dark with age, and form a sort of double court, three hundred and thirty feet in length, fronting upon the High-street. The institution is eminently rich in natural objects, coins, medals, paintings, rare manuscripts, etc. The Royal Exchange, I am informed, and can well believe, is one of the finest in Europe. The large room is upward of one hundred feet in length. The roof is supported by two rows of pillars. The inward space between them is the Rialto, where the merchant-princes of Glasgow meet at the hour of high 'Change. The space without the colonnade of pillars is filled with neat tables, and finely-cushioned seats, where are to be found, at all times, the best journals, reviews, and magazines of the day. Strangers have free admission for the term of six weeks. This is a display of liberality on the part of the merchants of Glasgow, which some of our more populous American cities would do well to imitate. In the Trongate, opposite the Old Exchange, stands an Equestrian statue of William III., a noble work of art, which has completed its centennial cycle. There is, also, in George's square, a full-length bronze statue of the gallant Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, in Spain, in 1808. Sir John was a native of Glasgow. A superb obelisk to the memory of Lord Nelson, likewise stands on what is called Glasgow-Green, a large common at the eastern part of the city, which serves at once as a bleaching-ground, and a public promenade, and is alike useful to the citizens, and ornamental to the city. Glasgow was the scene of one of the brilliant exploits of Sir William Wallace. After several successful battles in Ayrshire, he advanced to attack the Episcopal Palace at Glasgow, which then stood on the site of the Royal Infirmary, near the Cathedral, and was occupied by the English Bishop, Percy, who had been appointed to the See by Edward, and left with a body of about one thousand men to defend it. The hero laid his plans so well, that he drew out the garrison into the street, in pursuit, when, by a blast from his horn, the two divisions which he had previously adroitly posted, fell upon the 'Southrons' in the flank and rear. The result was, that they perished, almost to a man,—including their leader, the military bishop.

T.

H O M E.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'MARTIN FABER,' 'THE YEMASSEE,' ETC.

Oh, not the smile of other lands,
Though far and wide our feet may roam,
Can e'er untie the genial bands
That knit our hearts to home.

Remembrance still, like dews, returns,
To cheer and cherish life's young flower,
And friendship decks the sacred urns,
That stand in memory's tower.

There, still, a spirit, night and day,
With sweet, but melancholy care,
Perpetual homage loves to pay,
And keeps each trophy fair.

It wears a look of olden time,
And rich and well-remembered words,
Fall from its lips in tones that chime
With those of childhood's birds.

And childhood's birds are Hope and Truth,
And their's the pleasant notes that bring,
To bless in age, the thoughts of youth,
And every glorious wing.

And sweet the visions they restore,
Of all the loved, the bright, the true,
Until we tread each scene once more,
And all the past renew.

The blessed Past,—the memory's home,
The home of buried hopes,—the urn,
Where shrined, unmouldering, bright in gloom,
Our flowers we seek, and mourn.

There, Time and Fate yield up each bud,
Their mutual hands had riven;
Till Feeling hails with many a flood,
Each earliest gift of heaven.

Our home on earth is childhood's heart,—
Its dwelling in one spot we find,
And thus, our nature wins from art
An image for the mind.

And hence, the joys of other lands,
Though far and wide our feet may roam,
Can ne'er untie the sacred bands,
That knit our hearts to home.

LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATMOSPHERIC ELECTRICITY,' 'MOLECULAR ATTRACTIONS,' ETC.

CONCLUDED.

In the preceding part of this essay, we proved that the vital principle is not the result of organization, but that it is the *cause* of organization; that throughout the economy of nature, there is a regular ascending gradation of power, from the simplest forms of cohesive and chemical attraction, to the most complicated vital affinities, until we arrive at the wonderful mechanism of sensation and thought.

Mr. Hunter discovered, that during the early process of incubation, a zone of bloody points surrounds the germ of an egg,—that blood was first formed, and vessels afterward, *which sprouted simultaneously in various parts of the semi-fluid germ, and gradually coalesced.* He supposed that the embryos of all animals were thus built up, by the same power which produces the healing of wounds, and the restoration of lost parts, and that it acted with the most perfect and God-like intelligence.

We have shown that the vital principle attracts the molecules of blood, by which they are added to the structure of the different organs, and endowed with the powers of motion, sensation, and perception. Every portion of the living body,—the brain and nerves, muscles and bones, even the heart and arteries, veins and absorbents,—are composed of capillary vessels, which are in a state of unceasing circulation and vital affinity. If the vital principle be not continually supplied by respiration, the contraction of the heart, and all capillary action ceases, when chemical action, no longer governed by the powers of vitality, reduces the system to its original elements.

Whether the doctrine of spontaneous generation be true or not, if we have shown that caloric is the proximate cause of all vital action, it must be the cause of generation, whether by the simple aggregation of atoms into organic germs, and their separation into other germs, or otherwise. But we cannot here enter upon the investigation of a subject which would require an examination of vegetable, as well as animal re-production.

Every living being is developed after a certain form or type, according to laws as definite and uniform as those of chrysalization and chemical affinity. Each organ is formed by vital affinity, according to the specific structure and action of its secretory vessels. When a portion of bone is destroyed, bone is re-produced. If a portion of muscle, nerve, or blood vessel be destroyed, it is re-produced. Does every germ contain within itself the separate germules of all the organs? And are they gradually unfolded, as the oak is expanded from the germ of an acorn? Are the female mammæ, the evolution of organs which præexisted in the formless germ, and so of the other organs?

Some persons have supposed that the germs of all animals præexisted in their first parents—that there must have been some primordial fibre, from which all the rest were evolved. But the query arises,—May not the first germs have been produced by the same power and species of action which continue to re-produce them?

The germs of viviparous animals derive their vital heat and nourishment from the maternal blood. When detached from the mother, and cut off from this supply, the fœtus experiences a painful sensation of want, and struggles for existence. It cries,—the lungs expand,—and it inhales the breath of life from the atmosphere, when all its vital powers are augmented, and its appetences multiplied. From this period, it is enabled to convert the elements of dead matter into nourishment, and to assimilate them to its nature.

The shock produced by immersion in a cold bath, is caused by a sudden abstraction of caloric from the system. The skin becomes torpid—the circulation languid—the perceptions blunted—and all the powers of life are gradually impaired. The pulse diminishes in force and frequency, from ten to twenty beats per minute; and if the constitution be feeble, the consequences are extremely detrimental, especially to the aged, and to young children. It is highly probable, that if an individual were plunged naked into a bath of mercury 30° below zero, he would be as instantaneously destroyed as by a stroke of lightning. It is also probable that he might be restored to life again by the immediate use of the warm bath, frictions, and galvanic electricity.

When the body is rapidly deprived of heat, as by the cold bath, the want of it is immediately felt, and respiration becomes hurried, for the purpose of supplying the expenditure, for the same reason that it is augmented by muscular exertion, which also causes a rapid waste of vital energy. We may here be told that a cold atmosphere is bracing or tonic,—and so it is, because more oxygen is consumed during cold than warm weather, and consequently, more heat imparted to the blood and general system; while it is not expended by cutaneous perspiration, as in warm weather. If the cold be so intense as to rob the system of its heat faster than it is accumulated by respiration, torpor, insensibility, and death ensue.

But it may be replied, that *heat* also debilitates the brain and muscular system, causing languor and sleepiness, as the warm bath, a tropical climate, or a warm room. To which we answer, it is a well known law of animal economy, that great activity of one organ, diminishes the energy of all the other organs. When the surface of the body is exposed to a temperature of 90 or 100° Fahrenheit, as in the warm bath, or a tropical climate, the cutaneous capillaries are excited to increased action, when the energy of the brain and muscular system is diminished in proportion to the activity of the skin. When the temperature is greatly augmented, the capillaries become filled with blood of a bright red hue, and the circulation is accelerated. Pain, inflammation, and swelling are produced. If the temperature be raised to 212°, it expands and separates the molecules of the vessels, and destroys their

organization, thus arresting the process of vital affinities, and causing death. The diminished consumption of oxygen by breathing a warm, rarefied atmosphere, is another cause of debility in tropical climates.

How is it that carbonic acid gas, when inhaled, destroys life? It cannot be by a directly poisonous operation, because it is formed continually in the lungs, and is therefore in perpetual contact with them. It must be owing to the fact, that carbonic acid does not combine with the carbon excreted from the lungs: consequently no vital heat is evolved and imparted to the blood. The same thing is true of all those gases which do not combine with carbon in the lungs. They impart no heat to the body, which becomes cold, insensible, and motionless, as certainly as a steam engine ceases to move when deprived of caloric.

Cold destroys the actions of life, by causing a firm cohesion of the molecules of the body. The fluids are converted into solids,—and we have shown that fluidity is indispensable to all capillary attraction, circulation, assimilation, etc.,—while an intense heat destroys life, by dissolving or overcoming that degree of cohesion which is necessary to organic action.

Nearly all medical writers are aware that it is dangerous to apply heat rapidly to a frozen limb; but they have not explained the cause. When a high temperature is applied to a frozen limb, it seems to dissolve the cohesion of its molecules before irritability, or the attraction of vitality, is restored,—but when caloric is slowly and gradually added, it endows the particles with irritability, which are afterwards excited to greater activity, when circulation, secretion, and absorption recommence.

The most obtuse and bigoted advocate of received opinions must acknowledge, that life is resuscitated in frozen fish, reptiles, and insects, by the addition of caloric on the approach of spring; while he cannot show that any thing else is added to produce a return of vital motion. It has long been a mystery among philosophers how the living body is enabled to support the atmosphere of a room heated to two or three hundred degrees of Fahrenheit, with only a slight elevation of temperature. Dr. Franklin supposed that the heat acquired was carried off by perspiration. But there are other causes which combine to produce the effect, such as the rapid circulation of the fluids and the non-conducting power of dry air. Less caloric is imparted to the body by an *atmosphere* heated to 300°, than by *metals* at 130°; and we before stated, that nearly all the blood in the system is circulated through it every two minutes, or twenty-eight times per hour. If the molecules of the living body were stationary, they would become heated and decomposed like other matter. Eggs, which are endowed with a low degree of vitality, cannot resist the influence of a high temperature, without undergoing a change of their organization.

During sleep, which is a quiescence of the brain and nervous system, respiration is performed with diminished activity, and the production of animal heat is proportionably lessened: hence the greater danger of being exposed to a current of cold air during sleep than while awake. Dreaming is a *partial* quiescence of the brain, and arises from the

activity of one portion, while the rest is dormant,—while somnambulism presents a modification of the same state; some organs and senses are awake and others quiescent. A portion of the brain, the optic nerves, and muscles of voluntary motion are active; while other portions of the brain and nervous system are in a state of profound torpor. In sleep-talkers, a portion of the brain and nerves of hearing are awake, while the other senses are asleep.

Intense cerebral excitement produces a concentration of vital energy in the brain, causing wakefulness, and a diminution of activity in the other organs. Digestion, secretion, nutrition, and muscular power are impaired. It is by the great activity of their cerebral organs, that powerful intellects are capable of living with little sleep. Napoleon slept but three or four hours in the twenty-four, during the most active period of his life. In monomania, one cerebral organ, or set of organs, are in a state of exalted action, producing a corresponding inactivity of the other organs.

In those cases of suspended animation termed trances, the individuals become cold, as in all cases of prolonged asphyxia or fainting, in which the respiratory function has been interrupted,—which clearly proves that the life of animals depends as much on the heat derived by respiration, as does the growth of vegetation on the light and heat of the sun.

Trance generally occurs in feeble constitutions, with great mobility of the brain and nervous system, under the influence of some all absorbing emotion. The vital energy of the whole body is determined to the brain. Respiration, circulation, secretion, and muscular motion are arrested. The body becomes cold, and all the remaining energy of the system is expended on the brain, which is often extremely active. A series of rapid and vivid conceptions are produced. The individual is transported by the power of imagination into a world of spirits,—converses with angels, and listens to strains of supernatural harmony. The countenance assumes a corresponding expression. The senses are closed to the external world; while extatic visions of celestial forms float before the enraptured mind. In short, the whole physical, moral, and intellectual being are concentrated into one all absorbing train of vivid cerebral excitement. Fainting is often the consequence of a sudden shock of the brain from fear or joy, by which respiration is temporarily arrested, and the heart paralyzed.

In all such cases, the obvious indication is to lessen the activity of the brain, by cold applied to the head, by exercising the muscular system, by using the warm bath, and by diverting the mind to such pursuits as may be calculated to change its current of action.*

We have shown in another place, that caloric is immediately connected with all changes in the density, dryness, humidity, etc., of the atmosphere, on which depend the healthy and diseased conditions of all living beings, animal and vegetable. On the approach of winter, the circulation of *sap* in vegetables is arrested, by which their leaves were

* The labors of Gall and Spurzheim have shed more light on the doctrines of Psychology than all the metaphysical systems of the last five hundred years. Their practical importance in the treatment of mental disease is incalculable.

nourished and retained on their branches by the attraction of vitality: when the circulation ceases, they fall, leaving the forests bare. Those trees and plants which contain oil and resin, such as cedar, pine, holly, magnolia, etc., *retain their latent heat*, for the same reason that oils generally do not freeze,—viz. their latent heat is greater than that of water, and they are bad conductors of heat. By this beautiful provision of nature, they remain green throughout winter. The oily secretion of aquatic birds, by which their feathers are kept dry, is probably produced by the retention of perspirable matter, which is converted into oil, and prevents the heat of their bodies from being conducted off while in the water. In man, when perspiration is checked by cold, it is converted into oil by the glandular follicles of the skin. In cold climates, the cutaneous perspiration of animals is converted into hair, fur, down, etc., which retain their animal heat; while in warm climates, where perspiration is free, they are furnished only with a slight covering. How beautiful are the checks and balances of Nature! In the spring, various animals shed their coat of hair, when it is no longer wanted for their protection from cold. The greater quantity of hair on one animal than another, is owing to the greater or less quantity of cutaneous perspiration.

The leading characteristic of living matter, is, that it possesses the power of attracting the molecules of dead matter, and of appropriating them to its own nature. In warm blooded animals, an imponderable fluid is continually received into the system by respiration, which puts the machine in motion. The solids attract fluids, and combine them into organic molecules, which are added to the structure and growth by vital affinity. All is motion, circulation, and attraction. When this invisible fluid is withdrawn, the attractions of life gradually cease, until irritability is extinguished, when all is *cold and dead*. Vegetables attract the hydrogen of water, and other elements which are dissolved in it, for their growth and nourishment. While animals, according to the experiments of Dr. Edwards, absorb a portion of atmospheric nitrogen by respiration, which becomes a component portion of the living solids. It cannot be considered more remarkable, that different powers of life should result from various proportions of a single element combined with dead matter, than that one proportion of caloric, combined with oxygen and hydrogen, should produce in another, water, and another, steam—or that one proportion of the same element should *combine* the atoms of a metal into a solid, another *separate* them into a fluid, and another into the most vivid flame or light—from which it follows, that caloric is not only the great bond, but the universal solvent of nature. Various theories have been offered by physiologists to explain the process of digestion, as mechanical trituration, fermentation, etc.

The opinion which is now most generally received, is, that digestion is accomplished by the solvent power of the gastric and salivary fluids, 'under the control of the vital principle'—a tolerably safe theory, while it leaves the vital principle unexplained. But we have already proved, that all secretion, including that of the gastric fluid, is due to the agency

of vital *heat*. It is hardly possible that any individual of common understanding can seriously maintain that digestion could go on at a low temperature. Every view which we can take of digestion leads to the conclusion that it is a process of solution, entirely different from fermentation, which is produced by the union of *oxygen* with carbon and other elements, forming chemical compounds; while in digestion the aliment combines with the gastric and salivary fluids that dissolve it, making chyme. During the process of digestion, the aliment is partially vitalized by the agency of heat in the stomach, which is proved by its coagulation. Its atoms are combined into *organic molecules*, or globules, like those of the blood, by a power superior to chemical affinity, inasmuch as it arrests and overcomes it. When it passes into the duodenum, its innutritive portions combine chemically with the bile, by which it is converted into a thin, whitish, milky fluid, termed chyle, consisting of fibrine and serum, like the blood, and containing the proximate elements of the solids. It is then taken up by the lacteal absorbents by capillary attraction, and forced up the *thoracic duct* into the left subclavian vein, when it mingles with the general mass of the circulating fluids, and acquires an accession of *vital heat* by respiration. In its passage through the lungs, its color is changed to a scarlet red, and it receives those vital properties which prepare it for stimulating the heart, and vivifying the whole capillary system. It is not so immediately from what we eat and drink that life is sustained, as by an invisible nourishment derived from the atmosphere by respiration. The molecules of chyle and blood are united to the solids by vital affinity, which are as constantly decomposed and removed by the lymphatic absorbents, which have their radicles in every portion of the organism. The lacteal absorbents supply new material for its growth and nutrition; while the lymphatics remove the effete or worn out matter of the system into the general circulation, from which it is discharged by the emunctories of the skin, lungs, and kidneys. Their office is similar to that of the veins whose courses they follow.

Hunger arises from a general want of the system, which is referred to the stomach. This is proved by the fact, that after long sickness and emaciation, the stomach may be quite filled, without allaying the feeling of hunger. The sensation of thirst is owing to a loss of the serum of the blood by perspiration, dropsical effusions, diabetes, and stimulating food, (which causes a large flow of gastric and salivary fluid.) The superfluous animal heat which is usually carried off with the serous exhalations of the body, is *retained in the capillaries*, causing a sensation of heat and dryness; and when protracted, inflammation,—which explains why *cold* water is so grateful to a thirsty man. It abstracts the accumulated heat from the capillaries of the stomach and fauces, and supplies the blood with the necessary quantity of fluid matter; when a healthy balance of animal heat is restored; while warm fluids fail to produce the effect in so decided a manner,—nor can the sensation of thirst be removed merely by wetting the fauces. Alcoholic drinks, which contain a large proportion of latent heat, produce an inflammatory condition of the stomach when taken in excess, obstruct-

ing its secretions, and interrupting the process of digestion. When too much food is taken, or when it is difficult of solution, thirst, dry tongue, and general febrile irritation follows, especially if the digestive organs are feeble. Such cases require a light and cooling regimen, such as eggs, cream, and jellies, with small quantities of ice, etc. It is only when debility is independent of irritation, that stimulants are indicated.

From all the facts and arguments which we have advanced, it is evident that what philosophers have called the vital principle is not derived from the brain and nerves, nor from the stomach; but *that it is imparted to the blood in the lungs by respiration, whence it is distributed to all the organs, conferring on them the power of vital action.* The brain itself, the centre of the nervous system, and organ of the electric mind, owes all its divine power to the agency of vital heat. The office of the sensorial nerves is to convey impressions from the external world to the *brain*, the action of which produces the phenomena of perception and intelligence. They are the messengers of the mind, conveying its mandates to the voluntary organs with the speed of lightning. They bring the different organs into a state of mutual and harmonious relation, enabling them to express their wants and their sufferings. The organs of nutrition are supplied and united together by the ganglionic nerves, which are also connected with the nerves of voluntary motion.

The greater strength of a living than of a dead muscle, which is about ten to one, is owing to the greater quantity of blood which it contains, and to the *caloric* which it imparts to the solids through which it moves, endowing them with a force of vital attraction, which is only a modification of the same power which causes cohesion and capillary attraction. It has been demonstrated by the experiments of Sir Wilson Philip, and many other physiologists, that the power of muscular contraction, secretion, etc., may be kept up for a long time after death, by a current of galvanic electricity; and we have shown that a great reduction of temperature destroys, not only the capillary circulation in animals, but also the *irritability* of both animals and plants. If we stop the supply of arterial blood to a limb, it mortifies, or dies, as when exposed to great cold. When a large proportion of blood in the system is withdrawn from the general circulation, as in congestion and inflammation of important organs, the powers of life are enfeebled, as from the *loss* of blood by hæmorrhage. Less carbon is excreted from the lungs, and less oxidation is produced by respiration; from which it follows, that less vital heat is communicated to the blood and general system. The semi-putrescent, or dissolved state of the blood and solids which occurs in malignant diseases, arises from diminished decarbonization and *vitalization* of the blood. During long abstinence the fibrine of the blood is greatly diminished, being appropriated by the solids for their growth and nourishment. Whenever inflammation is active, there is a decided accumulation of heat, causing adhesion by the formation of new vessels, nerves, etc.

It may be safely affirmed, that no disease ever existed without a greater or less derangement of the balance of animal heat, circula-

tion, etc. When equally distributed in due quantity throughout the organs, pleasurable sensations and healthy actions are the consequence: when *accumulated* in some organs, inflammation, with pain and swelling, is the consequence: when deficient, torpor, insensibility, and death are the result.

If ever we shall arrive at a simple and perfect theory of Universal Physiology, it must be by a careful and profound study of the relations of caloric to living and dead matter,—relations which govern all the motions of the universe, from the silent and imperceptible changes effected by chemical and vital affinities, to the grand revolutions of the heavenly bodies.

We before stated that the various species of alcoholic drinks owe their active and stimulating properties to the large amount of latent caloric which they contain, by which they are enabled to dissolve much more than water, at the same temperature. Hence, their power of exhilarating the brain, and of invigorating the whole system when exhausted by cold, or from running, leaping, and other gymnastic exertions which cause an expenditure of vital energy. They produce a sudden glow of warmth in the stomach, when taken in moderation, which is diffused throughout the system.

To enumerate the various therapeutic agencies of heat and electricity would require a volume. It is probable that a more efficient mode of applying electricity in cases of approaching death, and in suspended animation from drowning, suffocation, etc., may enable us to restore the vital spark long after all the indications of life are fled. How much may be accomplished by a judicious use of the cold, warm, and vapor bath, is already known to all enlightened physicians. The time is not distant, when all those dreadful forms of spasmodic disease termed tetanus, hydrophobia, etc. will be subdued by the warm and vapor bath, in connection with other appropriate remedies. We have recently had the most satisfactory evidence in France, that hydrophobia may be effectually cured by the vapor bath.

The *modus operandi* of a common catarrhal fever shows the immediate connection of temperature with pathological phenomena. A cold current of damp air abstracts the vital fluid from the skin, the consequence of which is, torpor of the cutaneous capillaries, by which a portion of the blood and vital heat that are usually carried off by perspiration, is confined to the interior organs, causing increased action of the capillaries of the lungs, pleura, and schneiderian membrane. The effete matter of the system, which, during a healthy condition, is thrown off by the cutaneous emunctories, is also retained in the blood. The gastric, hepatic, and intestinal secretions are perverted, and become causes of irritation, by which means the blood and heat of the surface are determined to the internal organs, producing a general sensation of chilliness, with gastric irritability, a furred tongue, thirst, and derangement of all the vital functions. During this state of things, the continual accession of caloric by respiration increases the temperature of the blood, and stimulates the heart to increased action, by which means the blood and vital heat are forced throughout the system, causing

general fever, which is terminated by sweating and other secretions, provided there be no inflammation of the internal organs. When the lungs, pleura, liver, etc., are engorged with blood, or in a state of inflammation, blood-letting, purgations, and sudorifics, are indicated.*

The general constitution of the atmosphere, the character of seasons, the condition of vegetation, together with all the phenomena of health and disease, are intimately connected with the agency of terrestrial temperature. We shall never comprehend the philosophy of epidemics until we thoroughly recognize the influence of caloric in modifying the sensible and insensible properties of the atmosphere. Whatever can effect the health of organized beings, must exist in the atmosphere in a gaseous state, whether exhaled from animal, vegetable, or mineral substances. The poets, who in all ages have been excellent observers of nature, have often represented the breathing spirit, by fire,—without, however, fully understanding the import of their own expressions. Pope terms it

'Vital spark of heavenly flame:'

and in his translation of Adrian's Address to his Soul, he has

'Subtile spirit, wandering fire,
That long has warmed this beating heart,' etc.

The following lines by Lord Byron, present not only a grand poetical scene, but a bold philosophical truth:

—'far along
From peak to peak the rattling crags among,
Leaps the *live* thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps who call to her aloud.'

The leading characteristic of Childe Harold, is, that the Poet *has invested all nature with vitality*. The same is true of the following beautiful fragment by a promising young poet † of this city:

'Still onward, onward, cleaves the Lord of Light,
Bathing the ether with a golden dew;
There's not an object glittering in his sight,
But seems to share his spirit's rapture too:
One mighty life pervades creation through,' etc.

'There is a sound of gladness every where,
And a rich robe of glory all about:
The wild birds tune their rapture in the air;
While the great voice of Nature rules throughout:
Forming in all,—tho' wild as freedom still,—
A melody beyond the reach of music's skill.'

* It is not a little surprising, that an agent so universally diffused throughout nature, and so powerful in its operation, should have been so long overlooked by modern philosophers, or recognized only as the cause of combustion, rarefaction, etc., while nearly all the nations of antiquity regarded fire as the active principle of life and motion throughout nature. It was Plato's Soul of the World. It was the mysterious 'golden everlasting chain' of Homer, which extends from earth to heaven, and which binds the universe together.

† J. M. MOORE.

The wholesome or unwholesome qualities of our food depend on the temperature, dryness, and moisture of the season. For example: during the fruitful year of 1822 in England, the maximum energy of the sun's rays during May, was seven degrees, and in June, five degrees above that of the corresponding months of the preceding year, in which the crops of wheat were universally blighted and mildewed.

There can be no doubt that epidemics have been produced among men, beasts, and birds, throughout a nation, continent, or even a whole hemisphere, by the thermometric and hygrometric character of the atmosphere, thus deteriorating the quality of provisions, such as corn, grass, wheat, etc., which coöperate with the morbid properties of the air in producing disease.

In every science, we must ascend from individual cases to generalization. To understand the cause and *modus operandi* of any general epidemic, it is necessary to learn the influences which modify diseases on a less extended scale. Cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentary, and fever, occur almost every summer in certain portions of the United States, especially in our large cities, and in those districts where there is a large amount of vegetable matter in a state of decomposition; while influenzas, catarrhs, sore throat, pleurisies, etc., prevail during winter and spring,—all of which are governed by the *temperature, density, and moisture* of the atmosphere. In the case of epidemics, we have only to suppose the same influences to pervade a province, kingdom, or continent.

All forms of malarious disease, including typhus and yellow fever, are more prevalent and malignant in large cities, than in the country, because there is more decomposition going on there than in the country, and a *less proportion of oxygen in a given volume of air*. This is certainly the case in filthy and confined dwellings, where typhoid fevers are produced, attended with great prostration of the vital energies; while the fevers of more open situations, are characterized by a higher degree of inflammatory action. It is proved beyond a doubt, that yellow fever, billious remitting, and intermitting fevers, are produced by the *same cause*, differing only in the degree of its virulence, and modified by the sensible properties of the atmosphere. In 1797, common remitting fever commenced at Baltimore in June, and continued as such for six weeks. During the wet, cool weather, which prevailed two weeks during the last of July and beginning of August, it yielded to a general dysentary, which afterwards gave way to malignant yellow fever, during several weeks of dry, hot weather. During the prevalence of cholera in Asia, Europe, and America, its violence was aggravated by a cool and moist state of the atmosphere. From the middle of June, 1832, until late in August, the atmosphere of New-York presented a hazy aspect, while the sun shone through the fleecy strata with a dim, pale lustre, as if partially eclipsed. Insects lost their usual animation, and the higher orders of animals became languid and drooping. Feeble constitutions were sensibly affected by it, while chronic maladies were increased. Thunder storms were less frequent than usual, owing to the constant moisture of the air, which prevented the *accumulation*

of electricity. The vital fluid was abstracted from the body, causing languor and debility.

M. Jannschir of Moscow states, that in Russia, 'the intensity of cholera was in a direct ratio to the hygrometric condition of the atmosphere, and that it subsided during dry weather.' and Dr. Prout, of London, observed that cholera suddenly made its appearance in England about the 9th of February, 1832, during the prevalence of an *east* wind, which continued until the end of the month, attended by an unusual density of the atmosphere. The same thing occurred in New Orleans during the autumn of 1833, with this difference, that after the termination of eight or ten days of very cool, damp weather, (during which period the cholera was extremely fatal,) it *assumed the type of yellow fever*. The same general observations apply to the existence of this epidemic as it occurred in Havanna. Wherever it appeared, the feeble, the intemperate, and those who were badly fed and clothed were its first victims. This is what might be expected in all gastric and enteric irritations. Whatever checks perspiration, and causes a centripetal determination of the fluids, must increase the violence of internal irritations.

The doctrine that caloric is the animating principle of nature, has this advantage over all other theories, that it refers the phenomena of life to a well known agent which is every where present,—a *vera causa*, and not to an imaginary or unknown essence. So long as we are groping in the dark from ignorance of the *cause of life*, we shall never be able to reduce the science of medicine to established principles: but when it is demonstrated that *caloric* is the proximate cause of organization, it will take its appropriate rank among the certain sciences. A thorough knowledge of its *modus operandi* in health and disease, must be the reward of future research. Empiricism will be banished from the healing art; for it will be intelligible to all classes of the community. Its chief glory will be the prevention, rather than the cure, of disease. Physiology will become the foundation of a more enlightened system of legislation and morality. More attention will be given to the formation of early habits, and the suppression of evil propensities, by a rational plan of physical and moral education. The teachers of religion will derive from a more extended knowledge of nature and the laws of life, the most convincing evidence of a *Great First Cause*, and of the indissoluble connection between virtue and happiness.

The war between truth and prejudice may be long, and the friends of man may be discouraged in their hopes. The press which sends out the streams of knowledge for the 'healing of the nations,' is also the vehicle of error, and will be employed by the selfish and designing to keep the people in ignorance. But the reign of truth and knowledge will ultimately be established. When correct principles are once implanted in the mind, they will grow and expand, as sure as the acorn, when nourished with heat and moisture, expands into an oak. When a sufficient number of facts shall be collected, classified, and concentrated in a Book of Nature,—when Chemistry and Physiology shall be more thoroughly understood, and reduced to a few fundamental prin-

cipling, the human mind will bound forward with a force and rapidity unknown in the previous annals of the world. At present the elements of knowledge are scattered over so broad a field,—many of them so imperfectly defined,—the truths already discovered are so mingled with a thousand errors,—and so many books have to be consulted for the purpose of learning how little is really known, that the greater part of life is consumed in research, before we are prepared to commence the great business of extending the boundaries of truth. But the time is at hand, when a unity and precision will be given to science by a luminous arrangement of all its branches, which will render its acquisition as easy and rapid, compared with its former progress, as are the means of locomotion on a steam car, contrasted with the slow and laborious methods of travelling, before this mighty engine of civilization was invented. This will be giving to us what Lord Bacon called ‘the vantage ground.’ It will place us on the mount of Pisgah, from whence we shall be enabled to survey the promised land. Shall we be told that these are the visionary hopes of a heated imagination?—that, from the natural constitution of the human mind, it must forever remain the victim of error, prejudice, and passion?—that the condition of the great mass of mankind cannot be radically meliorated? We will not believe it. There is a power abroad, irresistible as the course of nature, which will never cease, until the world is re-modeled. Kingdoms and states may rise and fall, but the empire of truth and knowledge, like the stars in the firmament of heaven, shall endure forever and ever.

M.

NIGHT: AN EXTRACT.

And now the night is full; unnumbered eyes
Look on us from infinitude; the dome,
Whereon they hang, in darker azure lies
Round their intenser light; as when the foam
Crests the green wave, when barks are hurrying home
From the wild cloud that skirts the brooding sky,
And gives the sea a frown, before it come
To plough the surge in wrath, and roll it by
The rock, which in that rush still lifts its forehead high.

They gather on the far expanded arch,
Each in their separate orders, and go on
Sweeping the long dark vault in silent march.
Until at last the western goal is won,
Or on the orient hill the morning sun
Come forth and quench their lesser light; yon plain
Is a wide list, where higher souls may run
In the bright form of stars, and grandly gain
The only good reward, which here we seek in vain.

M. Ames,

OPINIONS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF A RETIRED SAILOR.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'AN OLD SAILOR'S YARN.'

It is the bounden duty, and is moreover highly becoming to all men, saith Sallust, who have the slightest notion of excelling other animals, to take especial care not to go through this world without making a noise, and 'reporting progress' as they go along. This is, and always has been, admitted as a sound, orthodox maxim, for the guidance and government of our actions, and is acted upon rather with regard to its literal meaning, than its spirit. Accordingly we shall find that a very large majority of us bipeds,—and which majority may be expressed decimally thus: 99999,—in the excess of their anxiety, '*ne transeant vitam in silentio,*' as often choose infamous notoriety, as glorious renown. To this error posterity is continually lending very powerful assistance,—and every succeeding generation gazes upon the page of history with equal delight and admiration, whether it presents the name of a pirate or a patriot, the saviour of his country, or the founder of a sect of wild fanatics. We who are now 'on hand' are no better discriminators than those who have gone before us; and the self-created despot, who desolated Europe to gratify a mad ambition, has at this moment more admirers, than he who made us a free, independent, and sovereign nation, and then retired to the farm from which the pressure of his country's distress had called him. But posterity is, after all, a great deal more reasonable than is generally supposed,—and its sentences, like the verdicts of a modern jury, are as often just as absurd, and, *per contra*, as often absurd as just. Anno Domini 1935, will find that Captain Kidd has survived Wellington,—that Abner Kneeland, the Blasphemer, and Joe Smith, the Mormonite,—two sectarian leaders, differing from each other only as fanaticism and infidelity differ, and no mortal mathematician can calculate *how little* is that discrepancy,—will have outlived William Penn and John Wesley, Isaac Newton and John Locke,—that the Rev. Ephraim K. Avery has had as fair a run down the current of time as John Calvin, or Pope Leo the Tenth,—and that the name of Tom Moore only survives in his loose songs, notwithstanding his agonizing struggles to turn to the right road to fame, by means of 'Sacred Lyrics,' and 'Mary's Tears.'

On the other hand, posterity extends its cherishing and fostering kindness to truly deserving objects, and is continually passing along, in undiminished splendor, names that are meant for something more than

'To point a moral, or adorn a tale.'

The Waverly novels will be household gods centuries after their contemporary trash has ceased to line trunks and singe fowls, and Shaks-

* This paper was the last production of the gifted AMES, whose late work, and untimely death were noticed, together, in the February number of this magazine. It was to have formed the first of a series, which we may believe would have proved rich in incident and in humor.

peare will be read and admired, when Napoleon is only a name in history,—marking an era, and nothing more,—standing amid the waste of distorted facts and zig-zag traditions, like a superannuated and illegible guide-board, at the 'fork' of two roads, of which it is self-evident to the traveler that one leads somewhere, and the other somewhere else,—but as to the which, the where, and the how far, said guide-board affirmeth, '*nihil novit in causa.*'

I have made these remarks, to show that posterity, as indiscriminating as it is in awarding its favors, is not to be despised,—that although the names of Washington and Arnold may go down to ages unborn on the same page of history, yet posterity will separate them,—(except, perhaps, in Great Britain, where many 'well-informed' English do not, to this day, know one from the other,—'which is the justice, which the thief,'—whether America is part of Ireland, or one of the West India Islands,)—and finally, that I do *not* write for futurity. He who does, without the hope or reality of present renown, is like an innocent man convicted and executed for murder: circumstances may induce a future court to reverse the sentence, but the wretched victim has already tasted the bitterness of death and infamy combined,—and what can it avail him, whether the verdict that doomed him to both be reversed or confirmed? What is it to the wakeful, hoping, desponding writer, even if he could foresee it, that his works should be in every library of the twentieth century, when he only *knows* that he is monthly crucified in the reviews, and daily in the newspapers? Such honor 'is a mere 'scutcheon, therefore I'll none of't.' I write to indulge mine own whim, and with the hope of amusing and entertaining my readers. A laugh at any of my 'opinions and recollections,' *succussating* the lungs of a reader in the year 1950, would be to me, 'dead news, in as dead an ear.' The object of my voyage is present fame, and I know of no 'craft' bound that way so likely to afford 'good accommodations,' agreeable company, and a quick passage, as the Knickerbocker. I may be mistaken,—but a Kentucky 'broad-horn,' manned with such a crew, could not choose but make a good land-fall. I am 'a rich fellow enough, go to,' in my own way, and likewise 'one that hath had losses,' which my friends say I bore with philosophical, if not Christian firmness: my creditors, however, are neither philosophers nor Christians, and dun me occasionally: but,

'Fair play, I care na' fiends a bodle,'

nor creditors either. I am satisfactorily situated, with regard to creature comforts, and having escaped the dangers of the sea, and bankruptcy, I defy the Pope, the Devil, and the Deputy-sheriff.

Nothing gives me, in my leisure hours,—that is, two-thirds of the time,—so much pleasure as calling up to memory scenes of my past life, more particularly that part of it when I was 'cruizing the wide world over.' However strange and paradoxical it may seem, the twelve years so spent, exposed to privations and hardships, were not only the most cheerful, healthy, and gayest of my existence, while passing, but they are also the source of the most pleasurable recollections. The

varied events of that period fall upon the ear of Memory, (she has as good a right to *ears*, as the mind has to *eyes*,) 'between sleep and awake,' like the soft and smothered notes of the *Æolian* harp, soothing, and yet gently exciting,—(I believe that is good Irish;—) they incorporate themselves with my dreams by night,—they are interwoven with my reveries by day.

How delightful it is, to the laid-up-in-ordinary seaman, who is comfortably stowed away in what sailors call a 'white-lined chamber,' to lie awake, and listen to the howling of the storm without! 'In such a night as this,' museth the sleeper awakened, 'I was where? Off Cape Horn, in a tearing *sow'-wester*,—the main-yard gone in the slings, and the fore-topmast towing under the lee-bow,—the decks swept of boats, bulwarks stove, and two men gone to — hum! (Sailors have queer notions of a future state, and seem to regard the place whose name was on the tip of my pen, as a sort of *post mortem* quarantine-ground, where every body, that is, all sailors, are obliged to come to anchor.) Well, here I am now, moored 'head and stern' in *Blanket-Bay*,* with the prospect, when I turn out, of a good fire, a warm room, and a hearty breakfast. How appetizing it is, when smiting a delicious roast turkey 'hip and thigh, as the devil had the fever and ague,' to call to mind the time when we seated ourselves, *à la tailleur*, to our dinner, consisting of two courses: *Imprimis*, a piece of lean salt beef, as large as an ordinary sized filbert,—*item*, a ditto of bread of the superficial dimensions of a Spanish dollar, with a tin pot of water, and a half-gill of 'white-eye' to dilute it, and a chew of tobacco by way of dessert! *Nautaque per omne*: but I will not quote any more Latin, for fear my readers should think there is a 'schoolmaster abroad,' instead of a sailor adrift. In plain English prose, then, there never was a sailor, seaman, or a sea-faring man,—and I think those three include every biped nautical, marines, navy surgeons, ditto chaplains, pursers, skippers' wives, etc.,—no such person ever existed, who did not seriously propose to himself a certain time when he would quit going to sea, marry, and settle down, or 'take to farming on't,' as we say in New England, or scratch along through the remainder of his earthly pilgrimage, after some fashion or other. How often have I, when at the wheel of the British barque John Howard, from Quebec, bound to Liverpool,—and which barque had well nigh proved a sort of family coffin for all hands of us on the outward passage,—how often, I say, have I, in the silent watches of the night, built castles full ten miles from high water mark,—(for, like the spirit in Henry VI., 'more I hardly might endure,')—and there was always a pretty little wife in those castles! How did I long to get to Liverpool, that I might fly to my dear home, and realize my plans and projects! I did arrive, and did fly to America, much after the fashion of a tame goose,—being fifty-eight days on the passage to Baltimore, where — I shipped in the States' service, went round Cape Horn, and was gone three years and a half, in addition to the three years 'and better' that I had already been absent from home. So much

* Written, doubtless, at intervals during the author's last, fatal illness.

for matrimonial musings on the tail of the Grand Banks, with an iceberg five hundred feet high within two miles to wind'ard, that 'did nod the head and bow at every man' on board, as if desirous, and pretty tolerably sure, of a closer acquaintance. Yet for all this waywardness, I *have* done going to sea, and have, in some degree, realized my propositions,—for I have often, as the Quaker says in the play, 'fallen into the pit of love,' but never got out by the matrimonial passage. I have not yet escaped from that elysium, as *Aeneas* did from the lower regions, by the *horned* gate.

There is a great deal of very absurd importance attached to the amusements, dispositions, and tastes of young children, as being indicative of their bias toward some particular trade, profession, or employment.

'Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.'

chanteth the poet,—perhaps truly, as far as temper is concerned,—but not with respect to the future mind otherwise: if it is so, then of a surety I must be a most perverse and crooked twig and tree,—morally, I mean,—for in 'bodily presence' I am a good-looking person enough, I think. From my earliest recollection, no play thing gave me so much pleasure as a whip: as I grew older, a tandem of school boys was my delight,—then driving the cows to and from pasture, was not bad, or driving a yoke of oxen in the plough, or riding the horse to be shod,—but when I was at last permitted to drive that horse in a chaise or waggon, I was exalted above my fellows, and carried my nose in the air, like a pig in a gale of wind. But all earthly joys and earthly sorrows are susceptible of addition, and my glory as an Automedon was in the zenith, when a good natured stage-driver permitted me to take the reins, and drive his four-horse team from the stable round to the front door of the hotel. To be sure, I was very much beholden to him for helping me to 'round in' the weather braces, as we wore ship round the sign-post,—but on the whole, it was a very creditable affair for a first attempt. All the neighbors very charitably prophesied that I should turn out a regular horse-jockey or horse-doctor, it was not clear which; that I should eventually prove a prodigal, or as *Shakspeare* hath it, 'prodigious' son; and finally, that I 'sartainly would'nt never come to nothin'.' This last part of the prediction was correct: though I have not 'come to nothin'' on horseback, yet I believe most of my friends will admit that I have at least come as near to nothing as folks generally make shift to get in this world. We 'gentlemen rope-haulers' have a notion that the very last thing a worn-out sailor does, before 'he departs hence and is no more seen among men,' is to tend a pitch-pot on a caulker's stage. I have tended a pitch-pot at sea,—by this token, the pitch caught fire, and in my attempts to put it out, I upset its flaming contents upon my naked feet and legs, and was laid up a week: but though I never tended a pitch-pot 'along shore,' I have written for a newspaper, which is about the same thing. But instead of becoming a horse-jockey, I 'turned out' to be a sailor: 'horses and horse kind,' as the statute book hath it, fell into open column of squad-

rons, and scampered out of my imagination by an echellon movement to the rear; and at the age of nineteen I was tumbling about in Boston Bay, mortally sea-sick, and drinking huge draughts of weak tea, that my stomach, which had suddenly began to exercise the functions of a forcing pump, might have something to keep its 'lower boxes' from 'sucking.' Our ship was bound to the East Indies, and previous to sailing, the owner took me, one forenoon, into a sort of crypt, behind his counting room, where he delivered a long ethic discourse upon the temptations that young men are exposed to, the nature of sin in general, and of my own manifold transgressions in particular. As this was the first time I had ever met these last, and as my conscience solemnly declared that she did not recognize *many* familiar faces among them, I was utterly aghast at their number and enormity, as the zealous disciple of profit and loss mustered them 'by the watch bill,' and made them 'toe a line' before me. Perhaps my mercantile mentor had a sudden fit of second sight, and only skipped some twenty-five years, and very naturally mistook offences *in posse* for vices *in esse*. At any rate, his foresight did not perceive that my dinner hour, two of the clock, P. M., had long passed, though his more fashionable one of four lacked fifteen minutes of being on the spot, when his lecture, with its long-winded 'now to apply,' terminated. Of course I lost my dinner, and the lecture was 'like water spilled upon the ground that could not be gathered up.' Never, reverend Sir, preach your best sermon in the forenoon. A hungry sinner is monstrous hard to awaken. A fasting saint, whose thoughts are continually reverting to the sirloin or turkey that he left hissing and sputtering at his kitchen fire, is in most imminent danger of back-sliding and becoming any thing but one of 'the salt of the earth.' Perhaps our judges think of this when they pass sentence upon a convicted criminal, the execution being invariably ordered to take place after breakfast,—their honors wisely concluding that a man who hungers and thirsts after the creature comforts of the kitchen, will feel but little appetite for those of a more spiritual nature. Mr. — always visited the ship, during her outfit, about twelve o'clock, when he invariably despatched me to a rope-walk where the ship's rigging was in preparation, and which rope-walk was at the farthest extremity of Charlestown. Not altogether liking a superogatory daily walk of four miles in the month of July, after being kidnapped two or three times I grew wiser, and as soon as the coach hove in sight at the head of the wharf, I slid down upon the caulker's stage alongside, borrowed his little flat-bottomed punt, and sculled across to the next wharf to enjoy the conversation of the mate of a brig fitting out for the Mediterranean.

While we were lying in the stream, I had sufficient opportunities of seeing demonstrated to my satisfaction then, and ever since, a problem that I had always been sceptical upon, viz: that a drunken sailor never falls from aloft. Our men were shipped, paid their advance, permitted to get drunk upon it, and then,—quietly put into jail for safe keeping. This is the invariable practice in all our sea-ports north of the Capes of Virginia, and the imprisonment lasts as long as the ship is getting

ready to receive her prisoners. If the ship is wind-bound two months, her crew are jail-bound two months. They have received a month's advance wages, and are therefore ten dollars, or thereabout, in debt to the owners. It is a thousand pities that this beautiful system of—I don't know what to call it—cannot be brought into universal practice. How delightful it would be to see the president and directors of a bank, as soon as they had discounted a six months' note for a wealthy merchant, arrest him on the spot, and keep him in limbo for the whole six months, and three days grace besides. And yet I can see no 'sufficing cause' why the sauce for a goose should not make an agreeable condiment for a roasted gander.

To return,—for I am strongly addicted to digressing—a symptom, I suspect, of approaching old age. Our crew, as usual in such cases, were allowed to get drunk a second time, and the grog bill for these two *drunks*, as is usual, amounted exactly to the two months' wages advanced, and were brought along side just after dinner, in different degrees of intoxication. Our sails were all hanging loose to dry, the lumpers, that brought the ship into the stream, had gone ashore, and it was necessary, toward sunset, that the sails should be furled. With a great deal of trouble, the mates succeeded in getting the crew on deck. Some were *middling*, none better than that,—all were more or less *corned*,—some fell down repeatedly in coming from forward to the main rigging,—all made 'Virginia fence,' but all made out to find the way aloft. I expected to see many terrible cases of compound fractures and compound accidents, but no fracture or accident took place, and, what was most surprising, the sails were furled very neatly and properly. The next day we were dashing out of Boston harbor at a great rate, and near the light, we 'took' a squall, as the log-book phrase is, though it always struck me that the most correct diction is, the squall takes us, *videlicet*, the ship, which it does sometimes 'flat aback,' and down stern foremost. I admired the gale amazingly,—it looked like real service,—but while gazing at a superb rainbow, the ship began to rear, and plunge, and kick, after a manner that I had never witnessed in my horse-fancying days, nor could I understand the necessity of my stomach sympathizing so deeply with the ship. In short, I was seasick for eight and forty hours, but never afterwards, except in one of those hot-water abominations, a steamboat.

It has been asserted, that ladies who wear tight stays are not subject to this villainous and truly soul-killing disease. If that is a fact, I would most earnestly recommend to our Secretary of the Navy and the Honorable the Board of Navy Commissioners, in the event of a war with any powerful maritime government,—France, for instance,—to direct, that all young midshipmen, ordinary seamen, landsmen, boys, and marines, be forthwith mustered, previous to sailing, properly laced and corsetted,—that every national outward-bound vessel be allowed an extra supply of No. 1 canvass and three-thread muslin among her sail-maker's stores for said purpose,—and that Mrs. Cantelo be appointed 'General Agent for Naval Stays and Corsets,' with the privilege of

wearing side-arms, two epaulettes, and a cocked-up hat. The reader will at once perceive, that in making this recommendation, I am actuated by different motives from those that made the immortal Jefferson direct that United States seamen should be dressed in tight breeches,—equivalent to putting them in double irons. He thought, poor man, that a sailor so rigged could go aloft easier, whereas he could not even step upon a shot-box without 'bursting his cerements' at a point that I dare not hint at. Philosophers are very apt to see too far into the 'eternal fitness of things.' My motive is simply to put an effectual stop to seasickness in the navy. Every naval officer knows, by vexatious experience, how trying to the temper it is, in a squally night, to be unable to muster after-guard enough to round in the weather main top-sail brace,—a large proportion of said after-guard being on the doctor's list with sea-sickness. Besides, there is no doubt that the unhappy loss of the Chesapeake frigate, last war, was owing as much to the sea-sickness of the inexperienced, as the insubordination of the mutinous, portion of the crew.

Under the discipline of the second mate, a rough, but good-natured, seaman, I soon put the vile foe to an everlasting flight. The craft that had the honor to carry 'Cæsar and his fortunes,' deserves a passing notice. She was built 'somewhere down east,'—east, I suspect, of even Downingville itself,—launched during the war, and sunk for fear the 'Britishers' might carry her off; at the peace of 1815 was fished up, the majority of the eels, sculpins, and crabs, dislodged from her cabin and 'tween decks, and sent up to Boston 'to seek her fortune,' as the good, old-fashioned, story books of my day used to say. Boston folks, who are proverbially 'full of notions,' then had a 'notion' that a vessel that had lain at the bottom of a fresh-water river for three or four years, was vastly preferable to one built merely of seasoned oak and hard pine, and accordingly Mr. —, without hesitation, gave twenty thousand dollars for her, and then proceeded to take off and cut out the decayed portions of her hull, which, with the sails and rigging, cost him twenty thousand more: but Boston folks, when they take a notion,—and they have a new one as often as once a week,—seem to have no notion of setting bounds to their passion for it. The good ship C— was hove down, and in the operation carried away the main-mast that had not been shipped three days, and was a very costly spar, being the most free from knots of any spar of the size I have ever seen. Mr. — swore he would have a new main-mast in less than a week, and he did. The C— was of the burden of four hundred tons; but her return cargo, in dead weight, was much over nine hundred. Mere terrene and above-high-water-mark readers will set this down as a lie direct, of course,—but seamen know better. She was built in conformity to that convenient system of naval architecture prevalent 'down east' from time out of mind down to the present day,—I mean that of building ships by the mile or more, and sawing off pieces as fast as a market occurs for them. Many of these 'sea-beauties' may still be seen in the larger ports of the United States, flourishing among more graceful

craft, like fat, square-built Hollanders, in a modern fashionable drawing-room. In a fair wind and good breeze, two men were required to steer the C—— and keep her within the limits of the Atlantic. Two-and-twenty were none too many, but only two could get at the wheel at once. On a wind, she jogged along very quietly. Her bones now repose on the South Shoal of Nantucket. *'Requiescat in pace.'*

N. A.

THE DIVISION OF THE EARTH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Thus Jove to men from his eternal heaven
O'er earth new formed: 'Your's, mortals, is the prize;
To you in endless heritage 'tis given;
Hence,—and divide the bounty of the skies!'

And lo! each mortal to his portion sped,
Old men and eager youth; none idle stood:
The husbandman seized on the fruitful mead,—
The stately huntsman chose the sounding wood;

The merchant treasured up his various stores,
The priest consoled him with Falernian wine;
The monarch placed his bar on streams and shores,
And proudly cried,—'The title of all is mine!'

Listless and late, when the partition vast
Had long been made, from far the Poet came;
But ah! the lots of fate already cast,
No part remained to meet the wanderer's claim.

'Alas, alas! I, of the sons of earth
Alone forgot!—thy faithful and thine own!
Then broke the flood of wild complainings forth,
As rushed the suppliant to the Thunderer's throne.

'If idly thus amid the land of dreams
Thou roam'st,' the God returned, 'upbraid not me!
Where wert thou when yon world, too small, it seems,
Was portioned out?' Replied the bard,—'With thee!

'Mine eyes entranced hung on thy visage bright,
My ears drank harmonies of heavenly birth;
And oh forgive! if, drunken with thy light,
My soul forgot she e'er belonged to earth!'

The Thunderer smiled: 'Earth is no longer mine,—
To others given her fruits, her woods, her sea;
Yet, wanderer, this my heaven of light divine,
Come when thou wilt, is open hence to thee!'

E. F. E.

SAINT PERRIRE.

'The retired house-keeper bath his hand over fortune, that her injuries, however violent or suddenne soever, do not daunt himme; for whether his time call him to live or die, he can do both noblie; if to fall, his descent is breast to breast with virtue, and even thenne, like y^e sunne near his sett, he showeth unto the world his clearest countenance.'

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY'S CHARACTERS.

THEY say that neither the word *comfort*, nor its synonym, can be found in the Dictionary of France; and yet, where lies the country in which that sensation can be more delightfully experienced? Look at the gardens of Paris,—at the gorgeous elegance of her hotels, where, as has been truly said, any thing can be had for a gesture, and the bill is paid by the simple expenditure of '*combien?*' and a few franks! Look at the chairs along the promenades of the Tuilleries, at the elegant loungers about the Palais Royale, or the Luxembourg,—basking in the sunshine, luxuriating at a café, or ogling the ladies at the Opera,—comforts abundant, and dog cheap, all!

These, however, are comforts for the young and the middle-aged, with whom 'the wine of life has run not to the lees.' But are the aged without *their* peculiar enjoyments? Is garrulous Eld deprived of the many satisfactions that dispel sadness as a vapour, and *ennui* as a cloud? Not at all. A thousand measures are resorted to, by which even the stings of poverty become assimilated to

————— 'a lovers pinch,
That hurts, yet is desired.'

It would require a volume to contain a record of all the benevolent or agreeable refuges of life, with which the French capital abounds. One only will now be mentioned, and of which the personal observation of the writer enables him to speak with correctness, and confident eulogium. It is the Boarding Mansion of *Saint Perrire*.

This institution is in the vicinity of Paris, and was established for the reception of aged men and females, who, by the various vicissitudes of life, have been deprived of that station and comfortable maintenance in society, which their means, more or less abundant, may have enabled them to enjoy. The establishment comprises a large building, with appropriate out-houses, and a spacious garden and grounds. In the main building are lodging rooms, a dining hall, a music and reading room. In the garden and grounds are erected, separate from each other, a number of cottages. None are admitted into this institution until they are *sixty years of age*. Of that age and upwards, there are a great number of residents, both male and female; a larger part occupying the main building, but many, especially of the females, occupying the cottages. Each resident pays six hundred francs, or about one hundred and twenty dollars per annum, and for this sum, they are amply provided with food and lodging, have a gratuitous laundry, and

are furnished with all necessary medicines, as well as with the attendance of a physician. The allowance of bread per diem is one pound and a half, with a bottle of wine for each man. Those who enter at the age of sixty-five, may, upon paying three thousand francs, or about six hundred dollars, remain until their death, free of all further expense.

This Mansion was founded by the kind-hearted, generous Empress, Josephine, and in the view of every philanthropist, will entitle her to more celebrity than many of her imperial distinctions,—though there was not one of these, to which her natural endowments did not add grace and lustre. It was first placed under the direction of Madame Gluck,—but the management of this lady involved the institution in debt, and induced the Government to place it under the direction and control of four peers of France, who superintend the general expenditures. It is now in a most flourishing condition, and has numerous inmates from highly respectable ranks in life, who appear to appreciate and enjoy its advantages with great contentment and satisfaction. They are visited by their friends, and visit them in their turn, being enabled to enter Paris with great facility, by means of the omnibusses which frequently pass the Mansion. The writer had the pleasure of conversing with an intelligent and well educated lady, a resident of one of the cottages, who, for the mere sum of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum, was enjoying as many of the comforts of life as she desired, and was frequently visited by friends with whom she had been intimate in days of former prosperity. The income from the residents under the present management, is understood fully to defray all the expenses of the institution. There are a Purveyor-general and Superintendent for the Mansion,—excellent officers. The most of the inmates eat at the common table; but in the warm season, great numbers may be seen taking their meals, which each one carries in a small basket, under the shelter of the numerous trees, whose grateful shadows checker the green slopes around. It is a benevolent and most useful establishment, and has the rare and important merit of meeting the exigences or wants of a large class of persons, without wounding those feelings of honest, commendable pride, which incline us all to shrink from the reception of charity. As each one pays the stipulated equivalent for his support, he maintains all his honorable feelings of independence.

There is much that is pleasant, and creditable to humanity, in the sustenance of such an institution. It is questionable how far it would meet the *present* habits and taste of communities in the great cities of America,—but there is little doubt that it may yet come to be a desideratum. How consoling is the view of age, descending gently along the yet sunny declivities of life, in serenity and peace,—visited by friends yet lingering upon earth, and reviving in calm, social intercourse, the visions and raptures of other days! The chances of fortune are uncontrollable, and the time is not distant, when such a mansion would be desired by many in our country, who could, in such a retreat, spend the even residue of their days, and go from thence to that house of 'many mansions,' whose builder is God. So cheap are the necessities of life with us, that a similar institution, with regular management, and a

goodly number of inmates, (easily obtained,) would be a lucrative project. Saint Perrire should be seen, to be appreciated. It seemed to the writer, as he surveyed its fine appointments and spacious domains, that it was a place where tranquility was the watch-word; where the weary and the aged could enjoy a serene siesta, after the noisy entertainments that precede the grand climacteric of life; a cheerful haunt, encircled with an ever gentle train

'Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.
There, eke the soft delights that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh,—
And whate'er smacked of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from that delicious nest.'

Philadelphia.

B. W. R.

THE ANNIVERSARY.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Oh suffer not a cloud thy brow to darken,
Nor let thy spirit in deep sadness hearken
To the low knell of thy departing hours;
Thou shouldst not grieve that Time still onward fleeteth,
For when thy steps the kindly grey-beard meeteth,
He pauseth there to fling his freshest flowers.
Measured by thought, thou art of patriarch age,—
Measured by feeling thou art yet a boy:
And, as thou ponderest on life's o'erpast page,
Thou seest each sorrow mated by a joy:
Why shouldst thou then at Time's swift flight repine,
When youth, and age, and hope, to bless thy years combine?

Wouldst thou recal thy dreams of early thought,
The wild pulsations of a heart o'erwrought
With its vain yearnings for a vague ideal?
Wouldst thou again crowd years into a day?
Again resign thy soul to Passion's sway,
And grasp at rainbow joys, bright out unreal?
Rather rejoice that Time could thus accord
His soothing power to still each fierce emotion,
And bless the heaven-directed hand that poured
The oil of peace on youth's tempestuous ocean,
And pointed out a beacon light to guide
Thy richly-freighted bark safe o'er the treacherous tide.

Brooklyn, Jan. 20, 1835.

E. C. E.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

'The facts not otherwise than here set down.'

WIFE OF MANTUA.

Among the exaggerations of modern literature, and the fictions of that exuberant fancy, which in these latter days is tasked to gratify a public taste somewhat vitiated, it is useful to present occasional views of actual existence. Such are contained in the following sketch, which is studiously simple in its language, and every event of which is strictly true. We have this assurance from a source entitled to implicit credit.

EDITORS KNICKERBOCKER.

THERE is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are pregnant cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

TWENTY years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L*****: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her con-

duct to excite any feeling of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early developement of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philoso-

pher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feeling of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No consideration of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of Death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence. She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples. Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power,—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed *pardenable*, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of maddening emotions takes possession of the

heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence. The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared that it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much injured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the 'nipping and eager air,' would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged, as an excuse for the claim to shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employment in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were

the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretchedness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about twenty-five years of age, and might once have been handsome,—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face. 'Mother,' said she, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child: are you better?'

'No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!'

'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother: you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter,—you need rest.'

'Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—oh God! fatally erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death: but oh, I implore you, repent: be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh:

'Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do,—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who —'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smittings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored

woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—‘LETITIA L*****.’

Philadelphia.

B. M.

TWILIGHT.

’Tis the quiet hour of feeling,—
Now the busy day is past,
And the twilight shadows stealing,
O’er the world their mantle cast;
Now the spirit, worn and saddened,
Which the cares of day had bowed,
By its gentle influence gladdened,
Forth emerges from the cloud;

While on Memory’s magic pages,
Rise our long lost joys to light,
Like shadowy forms of other ages
From the oblivious breast of night;
And the loved and lost revisit
Our fond hearts, their place of yore,
Till we long with them to inherit
Realms above, to part no more.

There we search for hidden treasures,
Buried in the vault of time,
Thought its labyrinth-pathway measures
And restores them to their prime.
Then with eager, anxious feeling,
Secret things we would unfold,
And, its awful tomb unsealing,
Wish the doubtful future told;

Long to know the drops of sorrow
Mingled with our draught of life,
What the unknown, untried to-morrow,
Hath of care, and toil, and strife;
And the winged hours of pleasure
Which may cross the weary way,
Ere our destined course we measure,
And return to kindred clay.

Morning hath her song of gladness,
Sultry noon, its fervid glare,
Evening hours, their gentle sadness,
Night its dreams, and rest from care;
But the pensive twilight ever
Gives its own sweet fancies birth,
Waking visions, that may never
Know reality on earth.

New-Haven, Jan. 1835.

CECILIA.

EXCERPTA

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN

NUMBER NINE.

LXIV.

FORMING A QUORUM.

AFTER the Federal Constitution was promulgated, a motion was made in the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to pass an act to call a Convention to take it into consideration. This was strenuously opposed by the anti-federalists, on the ground that the members had been elected without any reference to that object,—that at the coming election of the Legislature, the subject would be fairly before the people, and they would choose their representatives with reference to this particular object. The federalists were determined, if possible, to have the act passed, but they had not a quorum. Several of the other side absented themselves from the House, so as to prevent the appearance of a quorum. Commodore Barry, of the Alliance, went to the lodgings of two or three of them, and with a little gentle coercion, brought them to the hall, and opening the door of the Assembly-room, gently pushed them in, saying: 'There they are for you!'

LXV.

'FITNESS OF THINGS.'

THERE were in Philadelphia two Englishmen, officers of St. George's Society, who were generally invited to the anniversary dinners of the other National Societies, and though they had tolerably good voices, each had but one song. George Davis, the Treasurer, never sang any other song than the one of which the burden is

'A skating we will go.'

The other was confined to

'Here a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling.'

As an officer of the Hibernian Society, I was invited in the same way as they were,—and I certainly heard these two songs, at least twenty times. Davis went '*a skating*,' with St. Patrick on the 17th of March, with St John on the 24th of June, St. Bartholomew, on the 24th of August, etc.

Hugh Holmes, an Irishman, one of the jolliest bon vivants that 'e'er cracked a bottle or fathom'd a bowl,' had no greater variety of songs than Davis, or his brother officer. He never sang any thing but

'He that will not merry, merry be
And take his glass in course,
May he in Bridewell be shut up
With ne'er a penny in his purse.
Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry here;
For who does know where we shall go
To be merry another year.'

LXVI.

A WONDERFUL CRITIC.

ON Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, Abbé Mably pronounces the following candid criticism:

'Is there any thing more fastidious than a certain Mr. Gibbon, who, in his eternal history of the Roman Emperors, suspends, at every instant, his tedious and insipid narration, to explain the cause of the facts you are about to read; who entangles himself in his subject, not knowing either how properly to begin or to finish it, and turning back continually upon himself!'

He is equally fair and luminous in his criticism on Robertson's *Introduction to the History of Charles V.*, a work of extraordinary merit, which gives a most satisfactory account of the rise and progress of the feudal system:

'The introduction to the *History of Charles V.* is but a frothy work, where nothing is properly investigated,—and what proves indubitably that the writer did not understand any of the authors he cites, is, that he adopts at once different opinions, which cannot be made to agree, and which form, when put together, a perfect historical gallimawfry.'

Voltaire's *History of Charles XII.* undergoes an equally caustic sentence:

'In Voltaire's history of Charles XII. the hero always acts without knowing why, and the historian marches like a madman at the heels of another madman.'

LXVII.

HENRY CAREY.

AT the time this poet could neither walk the streets of London, nor be seated at the convivial board, without listening to his own songs, and his own music,—for in truth the whole nation was echoing his verse, and crowded theatres were applauding his wit and humor,—while this very man himself, urged by a strong humanity, had founded a 'Fund for decayed Musicians,' he was so broken-hearted, and his own common comforts so utterly neglected, that, in despair, not waiting for nature to

relieve him of the burden of existence, he laid violent hands on himself; and, when found dead, had only a half-penny in his pocket! Such was the fate of the author of some of the most popular pieces in the language. He left a son, who inherited his misery and a gleam of his genius.

LXVIII.

ROYAL CRUELTY.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, throughout all his life, was fond of music. When young, he visited the house of a tradesman at Potsdam, whose daughter played on the harpsichord, and accompanied him. Frederick's father had her delivered into the hands of the common hangman, who publicly whipped her through the streets of Potsdam. When Frederick succeeded to the crown, he bestowed on her a pension of one hundred and fifty rix dollars. She was then wife to a poor carman of Berlin.

Frederick attempted to escape from court, but was prevented by the vigilance of his brutal father, who had him tried, and, according to Thiebault, intended to have him executed. His ministers were opposed to it. He was highly exasperated, and called them 'a pack of scoundrels;' and swore that his son should suffer death in spite of them. He had him tried a second time by a council of war. When sentence was about to be passed, the president declared that he saw no cause for passing sentence of death on him,—and drawing his sword, swore he would cut off the ears of any person who differed from him in opinion. Frederick was unanimously acquitted.

Frederick William, having reason to believe that his daughter was privy to her brother's intentions, punished her by beating her with his stick, and kicking her so violently that she would have been precipitated from the window, had not her mother held her by the petticoats.

LXIX.

AN OFFICIAL 'MALAPROP.'

In the year 1778, just previous to the French war, the Mayor of Dublin was in a Coffee-house, when a gentleman was reading in a newspaper, among other items of news, that the French had '*taken umbrage*.' The worthy wise man of Gotha, who believed that '*umbrage*' was some fortified town, when he went home, consulted his Gazetteer, and failing in his search, asked one of his friends where '*Umbrage*' was situated. The story got abroad, and the caricaturists immediately took advantage of it. A droll picture appeared,—'*Castle Umbrage*,' situated on an eminence, and the Mayor, with the Police, and the posse comitatus marching in procession to invest it! This story, as is the case with all good stories, lived on the Mayor till the hour of his death.

LXX.

VOLTAIRE.

VOLTAIRE, according to Baron Grimm, had not the exalted opinion that almost universally prevails respecting the excellence of the ancient authors. He performed the Orlando Furioso to Homer's *Odyssea*! and the Gierusalemme Liberata of Tasso, to the *Iliad*! Grimm observes on this subject: 'Alas! if the Father of Poetry, Homer, were to reclaim from his descendants all that they have borrowed from him, what would remain to us of the *Æneiad*, the Jerusalem Delivered, the Orlando Furioso, the *Henriade*, or any thing else of the kind that could be mentioned.'

LXXI.

HANOVERIAN CLERGY.

CLASSICAL preferment, according to Jacob, is difficult of attainment in Hanover. When a clergyman is appointed to a living, he must remain in it seven years, before he can apply to the consistory for a letter. If he then apply, he must undergo a rigorous examination, to ascertain whether he has advanced or declined since his former examination.

GUIDO'S CLEOPATRA.

Se i begli guardando un forma, passa
 Nove forme veder d'animal prosci
 Che'l vento muta e poi di nuovo signe
 Così Amor questa vana dipinge.

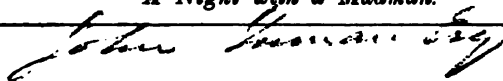
Lorenzo de Medici.

Is that the face, where passion spread
 The stern resolves of mortal pain?
 Where light and rosy hues are shed,
 And smiles alone supremely reign?
 How ripe, how sweet those parted lips,—
 How rich the hair—how clear the brow:
 Could Death their blended charms eclipse?
 Imperial 'Egypt'—is it thou?

Sad picture of departed days,—
 Faint emblem of our human hours,
 Where they who roam in passion's maze,
 Find bitter poison in the flowers.
 Oh thus, fond Empress of the Past,
 Victress of Victors, 't was with thee;
 Thy blooming raptures could not last,
 And kindly venom set thee free!

Philadelphia.

W. G. C.



A NIGHT WITH A MADMAN:

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE ROSICRUCIAN PHILOSOPHY.'

SOME ten or twelve years since, I was residing,—for what purpose the reader cannot be interested in knowing,—at a village in one of the newest states of the Union, at a distance of several hundred miles from any large city or town, and on a spot which, even within the century that is now passing away, was inhabited only by wild beasts and Indians. Having at that time no share in the joys and cares which pertain to the life of a married man, I was fain to content myself with such comforts as fall to the lot of a lodger or boarder in other men's houses, and being withal of a domestic turn, and somewhat tender in years, I had esteemed myself happy in making a lodgment under the roof of a gentleman whose business it was to rectify or embroil, as the case might be, the business of all other men, to the general detriment and his own particular profit,—or in other words, an Attorney at Law. He was a man of rank and likelihood in the vicinity, being master of the masonic lodge established within the village, and colonel of a regiment of militia, besides having been more than once a candidate for the legislature; a trustee of the public school, and one among the directors of a new bank which it was proposed to establish, with a capital of five hundred thousand dollars, to facilitate the business transactions of a community which would have been sorely puzzled to raise a twentieth part of the sum in available funds, by the united exertions of all its members. As this is a true tale, I will not incur the hazard of wounding the feelings of any surviving relatives or friends, by giving more than the initial of the name borne by the individual who is its hero.

It is necessary, however, that some notice should be taken of his character. He was a man of about thirty-five,—short, stout, and well-made,—of swarthy complexion, and saturnine temperament,—exceedingly good-tempered, fond of pleasure, or to speak more accurately, of amusement,—by no means remarkable for talent or strength of mind, and perhaps the laziest fellow that ever breathed. It is recorded of Thomson the poet, as an illustrious exemplification of this quality, that he was once seen, with his hands in his breeches pockets, standing beneath a peach-tree and eating the fruit as he could reach it with his mouth, being too indolent to make use of his arms for the purpose; but Mr. S ——— exceeded Thomson, for he would have gone without peaches forever, rather than take the trouble of going into the garden, or even of rising from his elbow-chair, to reduce them into possession. How he ever performed the duties of his several appointments, is to me a mystery: as to his business, that was left to the mercies of an ambiguous clerk, who divided his time in very unequal proportions between the office of his employer and the shop of a waggish and gossiping saddler, which was kept in the lower floor of the same building. My host was moreover fond of his glass,—but too fond, as I afterward found,—although at that time, being a youth of little suspicion, and less

worldly knowledge, I compassionated, without understanding, the headaches of which he used to complain every morning, and the other frequent derangements of which he pronounced himself the suffering victim.

The martial spirit was strong among the inhabitants of the village and the surrounding country, and this gave rise to numerous musters, parades, and field-days. A review of the brigade to which the regiment commanded by Mr. S — was attached, was appointed for a day in the beginning of January, and as the governor of the state, with his whole staff, was to be present, the review was *the* event of the village for a month before its occurrence. During this period there were drills every day; the officers were busy from morning till night, in furbishing up their equipments, and getting themselves and their men in readiness for the occasion; and the women and girls were all at their wit's end with delightful anticipations. But in the whole population there was none upon whose mind the great day wrought a stronger impression than upon that of my friend Mr. S —. He talked of it continually,—fretted and worried himself into a fever, in spite of his habitual indolence,—and although he *did* nothing, there was no end to the things he proposed and intended to do, for the glory of his command, and probably would have done, if he could but have but made up his mind to begin. As it was, however, he lay in bed every day until twelve o'clock, thinking over the vast and responsible duties that would devolve upon him, in the presence of the commander-in-chief,—lounge down to the tavern as soon as he could summon up courage enough for the exertion, where he discussed points of discipline with the landlord and such idlers as might be gathered around the bar, seasoning the discourse with glass after glass of strong brandy and water, and got home after dark, generally at late bed-time, with his head fearfully bewildered between liquor and field evolutions, his knowledge of which was as yet entirely theoretical. As the day of the review approached, however, he was roused to more active exertion, and at last, about a week previous to the appointed time, he actually bestirred himself so far as to put on his uniform and take the command at a sort of rehearsal; got up by the major and three or four bustling captains, by way of ensuring all possible splendor and accuracy to the real performance.

In the course of this preliminary review, some disagreement unhappily arose between Colonel S — and one of the captains, respecting the place in the line to which the company of the latter was entitled; and the altercation became so decided, that the colonel thought himself obliged to order the arrest of his subordinate upon the spot. This incident marred the enjoyment of the drill, and in a great measure defeated its purpose. The troops were speedily dismissed, and returned to their homes or places of business, within a few hours of their assembling at the parade ground. The dispute and subsequent arrest created much excitement, which was not a little heightened by the intelligence soon bruited throughout the village, that the refractory captain had drawn up charges against his colonel and forwarded them to the commander-in-chief, with an application for *his* arrest and trial before a

court-martial. The tidings soon reached the latter, and the effect was instantaneous and overwhelming. The sudden destruction of his wife and children, the total loss of his property, or any other form of ruin could not have prostrated him more completely. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, the misery of his appearance, and although at the time I could not help wondering, with a slight feeling of mirth, at the result of such a disastrous effect, from a cause so almost ridiculous, I was grieved and even terrified to see how he was crushed beneath the weight of mortification and anxiety. We had been waiting dinner for him,—his wife and I,—for nearly half an hour, when he came in, looking deplorably wretched, took his seat at the table without uttering a word, and remained during the whole of the meal, with his eyes fixed upon the floor, his head leaning on his hand, and his elbow on the table. We inquired what was the matter, for we had not been out of the house, and the talk of the village had not yet reached us. He gave no answer, and as he had been lately subject to occasional fits of hypochondria, we thought it best to leave him to himself. After dinner, he shut himself up in his own room, having first ordered the servant to bring him a decanter of brandy and some water, and I heard and saw nothing more of him until early the next morning, when Mrs. S—— begged me to go for the doctor, as she feared that her husband was very ill. I went, of course—and to bring this part of my narrative to a close, before night Mr. S—— was in a raging, delirious fever. I did not know it then, nor indeed was I aware that such a disease existed: but I have since observed similar cases. His ailment was a fearfully violent attack of *mania-a-potu*.

During the remainder of that day I did not see him, having an errand to perform at some miles distance up the river,—but when I returned in the evening, his condition was sufficiently lamentable, as well as interesting to the observer of human nature. There was no muscular excitement at this stage of his attack, but his mind, or perhaps I should rather say his imagination, was preternaturally active. In health, he was habitually taciturn; and in this respect the derangement of his intellect had wrought no material change; but the multitude, wildness, and incongruity of the ideas that seemed to be thronging in his brain, were startling and indescribable. In one respect there was a continuity of thought or fancy in his ravings,—they all had some reference, immediate or remote, to military law, discipline, or punishment. At one moment he was a tortured soul in hell, expiating, by unheard of agonies, some monstrous violation of martial duty,—at another, the inmate of a solitary dungeon, waiting the hour of execution as a deserter.

I sat up with him that night, and, by the orders of the physician, administered repeated doses of opium at short intervals,—but no sleep visited his eye-lids. He lay almost motionless in his bed, his face more than usually pale, or rather, sallow, the features already haggard and sunken, and the eyes distended and glassy; but although his mind was totally unhinged, its wanderings were unattended by any violence of gesture or expression. Nor did the workings of his distempered fancy exhibit themselves in much discourse: unconnected sentences, and these

of no frequent occurrence, alone betrayed the channel of his madness. Thus he continued throughout the first night of his paroxysm.

Soon after day-break, I was relieved in my vigil, but I did not care to seek my pillow until after the doctor's visit, as I was both curious and anxious to know the true nature of the patient's illness, and its probable termination; for, as I have already intimated, this peculiar species of bodily and mental ailment was entirely new to me; I had never seen, or even read of, any parallel instance. Soon after breakfast, the physician came in,—examined the patient,—listened to my report of his demeanor during the night,—prescribed more opium, and took his leave, with no other remark than that sleep *must* be procured by some means or other. I can understand, *now*, why he did not think proper to enlarge my sum of medical knowledge, by stating the real nature and cause of the disease.

I sat up with him again the next night, administering an opium pill every two hours, but with no better success than before. On the contrary, he was evidently laboring under much greater excitement both of the muscles and the brain. He had been restless and very talkative in the afternoon, but as night advanced, he began actually to rave, and to see visions. As before, his hallucinations were chiefly on military subjects. Sometimes he was at the head of his regiment issuing commands with great vigor and precision,—the next moment he would be lying wounded, on the field of battle: then he would pour forth a torrent of incoherent lamentations and reproaches, fancying himself degraded from his rank by the sentence of a court martial; and then again denounce speedy vengeance upon his persecutors. As on the previous night, however, the idea of a dungeon was of the most frequent recurrence, but to this were now added ghastly shapes commissioned to torment him. He was mocked at by grinning imps,—pursued by ferocious beasts,—threatened by dreadful forms of savage Indians, sent to take away his forfeit life, with all the tortures of their barbarous ingenuity. Vultures hovered over him; hideous reptiles crawled upon his face and limbs; creatures of uncouth and fearful aspect surrounded him, motionless, but striking terror to his heart, with the glare of their fixed and burning eyes. These apparitions were not always present to his disordered vision,—but came and went at intervals. When they left him, he would be perfectly still, muttering incoherently, and in a tone so low, that it was with difficulty I could catch even here and there a word, but as well as I could judge, he appeared to be imagining and describing the progress of endeavors to escape. 'Hush, hush!' he whispered at one time; 'not that way,—foiled,—sentries all around,—no, no, no,—let them fire,—dead! Well, we'll, cheat them yet! Devils, devils,—no right to bring devils against me!—neither law nor justice!' He was silent for a few moments, and then with a sudden start attempted to leap from the bed. I held him up, and spoke soothingly to him, but he seemed absolutely unconscious of my presence, and pointing to the top of the frame to which the curtains were attached, exclaimed with a shudder: 'There, there it comes again: a wild cat with the head of an eagle! Who ever saw such a fiend as that before!

And there,—another,—more, more,—hundreds of them, all ready to pounce upon me! Mercy, mercy, mercy!’ And darting into the bed again, he buried his face in the counterpane, and lay panting and shivering with horror.

I do not pretend to recount all the wild and frightful vagaries of this second night. Sometimes I was almost constrained to laugh outright, at the absurd and whimsical creations of his bewildered fancy; but for the most part, his ravings were of a more appalling cast, and generally not unlike the brief descriptions I have attempted. Morning came at last, and I gladly surrendered my post to other friends, and again passed the greater part of the day in needful repose.

I found on waking that the immense quantities of opium administered during the day and the preceding forty-eight hours, had as yet failed in bringing sleep to the harrassed frame of Colonel S—, and that his ailment had fearfully increased in violence. I was to sit up with him again, but the prospect of a severe and troublesome night, was so alarming, that I insisted upon having a companion. The physician accordingly promised to send one of his students, in the course of the evening, and I resumed my seat at the bed-side of the patient. For an hour or two, he justified my expectations, by an almost uninterrupted series of frantic exclamations, and fantastic or frightful optical delusions, and spasmodic movements; but soon after ten o’clock he became more quiet, and when the inchoate doctor arrived to share my watch, which was a little before eleven, he was lying perfectly still, and apparently exhausted: in fact if it had not been for his eyes, which were not only open, but fixed and staring, I should have supposed him fast asleep. He continued in this state until near one o’clock, when, finding myself exceedingly wearied and somnolent, I concluded to take advantage of the favorable conjuncture, and indulge myself with an hour’s nap upon the floor. I therefore committed the patient to the charge of my companion, with strict injunctions, first, to give him an opium pill every hour until he should fall asleep,—secondly, not to wake me until three o’clock unless my assistance should be required,—and lastly, as he valued his life, to keep on the alert, and by no means to close his eyes for a single moment; and then taking off my coat, cravat and boots, and stretching myself before the fire, I was in the land of dreams almost before I had fairly established myself in the horizontal position.

I had been asleep, as it seemed to me, about five minutes, but in fact more than two hours, when I started suddenly up, roused by I know not what, but just in time to catch a glimpse of a figure retreating through the door, which was closed precisely the tenth part of a second after my eyes had opened. My first look was at my fellow watchman: he was comfortably reclining in a large elbow chair, and snoring like a bag-pipe,—my second at the bed, and that was without a tenant. I was upon my feet before the snore was finished which my trusty companion had happily begun while my senses were yet locked in slumber,—a second was prevented by an honest kick applied with right good will to the extended shins of the drowsy rascal,—and ere he had time to rub the afflicted limb and acquire a definite comprehension of

the means by which his nap had been so unpleasantly interrupted, I was equipped for the pursuit. The maniac, whether from haste, or the cunning so often exhibited by disordered intellects, I know not, had taken my coat and boots; but if he thought by this means to retard my movements, he reckoned without his host. A great coat and slippers were in the adjoining room: these were put on with the speed of thought, and in less than five minutes I was out of the house and upon the chase. Perhaps there never was a more lovely or a colder night. A light snow had fallen in the beginning of the evening, covering the ground to the depth of perhaps two inches, but this had ceased before nine o'clock, and a sudden change of wind to the north had brought the mercury down eight degrees below zero, in the course of the next six hours. The moon was near the full, and pouring down a flood of radiance, such as I have never since beheld, except in Florida: the stars emulated her splendor; the atmosphere seemed actually to sparkle with moving particles of frost; and to crown the glories of the scene, the merry northern dancers were flashing in streams of brilliancy athwart the unclouded heavens. Not a sound, except my own anxious breathing, disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour. The village lay before me, hushed in profound repose, and not a solitary light twinkled from a casement, to leave room even for the conjecture that a mortal eye was waking beside my own, and those of him whose flight I was to trace.

A knowledge of the locality is essential to the understanding of my night's adventure. The village lies in the form of a long triangle, the sides of which are the two main streets, and a river constituting the base. The house of Colonel S ——— was at the apex of this triangle, and the very first encountered on entering the village: the next was more than two hundred yards distant, and there were but four or five, within the first quarter of a mile. Beyond this, they stood more thickly on both the main streets, until you came to a point within a quarter of a mile of the river, which was the 'centre of population.' The distance from the apex of the triangle to the base, was about a mile and a half. Two diverging roads extended in the other direction, one leading to the county town, the other to the capital of the state. Here, then, were four distinct routes, from among which I was to choose the one probably followed by the fugitive: but, happily, the snow relieved me from all embarrassment. No person had *left* the house in the evening: there was consequently but one set of tracks pointing from it, and these I of course pursued.

Without stopping even to look around me, I set off at my quickest pace, straining my eyes in the direction taken by the maniac, which was on the road leading to the capital; but short as the time was by which he had the start of me, I could see nothing of him, or indeed of any living object. As I found by the prints of his footsteps, he had gone about two hundred yards in a straight line, and then struck off suddenly at a right angle, across the common which bordered the road on either side. I was at no loss to conjecture the reason of this deviation, for at some distance forward was a small tree, or rather, bush,

standing alone, and much resembling, when first catching the eye from afar, the outlines of a human figure. His crazed imagination had no doubt conceived it to be a sentinel stationed to intercept him in his flight. Turning abruptly, as I have said, he had made a circuit, and entering the main street, which was in fact a continuation of the road, had proceeded in the direction exactly opposite to the one he had first taken, and was no doubt hurrying at that moment toward the river, which, at the foot of this street, was crossed by a long wooden bridge. I followed after, still having the advantage of his tracks, until I came to the more populous parts of the village, where many others, crossing and mingling with his own, gave me reason to regret that the snow had not fallen a few hours later. Here I was obliged to trust to chance, or rather to the probability that hope of a greater certainty in escaping had led him to disregard the narrow streets that intersected the two which I have described as forming the sides of the triangle, and made a tonce for the open country, on the other side of the river. The event justified my sagacity, such as it was,—for as I approached the bridge, and got beyond that portion of the village in which business or pleasure had called the inhabitants abroad after night-fall, a single pair of tracks rejoiced my eyes once more, and these a hasty examination sufficed to identify with the presence of my own city-made rights and lefts. I pushed on with renewed vigor, and soon reached the bridge. The prints led me directly to its junction with the river's bank, and there suddenly disappeared. Cold horror struck upon my heart: the bank was precipitous, and at least forty feet in height, and the river, lying almost perpendicularly below, was a sheet of solid ice. I turned sick and faint, for the suggestion forced itself instantly upon my mind, that he had leaped or fallen from the bank,—and it was some moments before I could summon nerve enough to approach the edge and look down upon the snowy plain below, where fancy pictured the object of my pursuit, lying a crushed and mangled corpse. The first glance added ten fold to my horror, for the white expanse beneath me bore upon its surface a single dark object, in proportions not unlike a human form; but the second revived my hopes and courage, for it showed me that the object was a huge stick of timber, one end of which projected above the surface, while the other was attached either accidentally, or for some purpose to me unknown, to the abutment of the bridge, beneath the water. Even amid all my anxiety, I had presence of mind enough to explain the fact that the snow had not covered this log, by adverting to the action of the wind, that had probably caused it to fall considerably out of the perpendicular, in which case the lee side of the log would, of course be left unvisited by the flaky shower. But how was I to account for the abrupt departure of the foot-marks? Upon the bridge, and along the bank of the river, on either hand, the white mantle lay unvisited, and undefaced, and not the slightest indication of human presence was any where perceptible. I was completely at fault,—bewildered. The idea of his having descended the bank was preposterous: mortal limbs could not have achieved that wonder; and yet there were the evidences that he had reached the spot on which

I stood, while none appeared to testify that he had departed from it. At length my attention was excited by a circumstance which had hitherto escaped my notice. The sides of the bridge were guarded by parapets of solid timber, more than five feet high, and perhaps ten inches in thickness, and the top of one of these,—the one nearest which the tracks became lost to view,—was entirely free from snow. Light flashed upon me the moment I observed this apparently remarkable anomaly. I darted forward, and, as I suspected, found the prints renewed on the parapet, at the distance of twelve or fifteen paces. How he had effected it, is to me at this moment an inexplicable mystery: but there could be no doubt of the fact, that by some almost superhuman effort, he had gained the top of this narrow elevation, and upon it crossed the river, having first, with the sagacity of madness, swept away the snow that would have betrayed him, along the space I have mentioned at the beginning of his perilous line of march. The clue once detected, I was again certain of my course, and hurried across the bridge, shuddering at every step in the fearful expectation of finding another termination of the guiding foot-prints, which would tell with but too fatal certainty, that he had lost his balance, and found inevitable death upon the icy sheet below.

But my fears were groundless. Mad as he was, he had safely accomplished a feat which none but a madman would attempt, and at the other side of the river, the tracks appeared again upon the snow-clad ground. Long and weary was the dance he led me, but my pursuit disclosed no other feature worthy to be recorded. He had turned from the bridge, immediately on arriving at the opposite side, followed the course of the river about half a mile, till he reached a spot where the ground shelved gradually down to the water's brink, and re-crossed the ice, to a landing-place at which some fishermen had constructed a rude path up the face of the steep ascent. From this place a narrow foot-way led through a dense wood of pines to the village, whither it seemed he had returned. Nearly two hours had now been spent in this wild chase, and I felt certain that the fugitive could not be far before me. I pushed on, therefore, with unabated vigor, although somewhat fatigued, and suffering much from the cold,—particularly in my feet, which were but ill protected by the thin, low-quartered slippers,—and found myself in the main street again, just as the clock struck five. Once more I was without guidance on my way. I could not spare the time for attempting to distinguish his foot-prints from those which had been made by others in this part of the village, even had there been a hope of success to encourage me in such an effort. There was nothing left for me but to hurry on, and trust to fortune, as I had done before, to aid me in my search: and fortune was propitious. As I hastened up the street, I passed a house at the side of which was an extensive courtyard. The gate of this was open, and I felt almost positive that such had not been the case when I came down. I entered, and a voice struck upon my ear with an impulse of delight which no music could ever equal. The maniac was found! I rushed across the yard, to a large shed which formed its boundary on the side farthest from the road, and

beheld a scene that would have convulsed me with laughter, had I not been too anxious and excited with emotions of a different character. Within the shed was a long platform, used, I believe, as a joiner's bench; upon this were ranged the frozen bodies of some eight or nine large deer, standing upright upon their legs as if alive; and in front of these, bare-headed, gesticulating violently, and pouring forth a torrent of rapid and energetic language, stood Colonel S——. It was evident from his manner, as well as from some of his expressions, that he fancied himself in presence of a court-martial, and beheld in the stiff, inanimate forms upon which he gazed, the appointed dignitaries whose sentence was to be his doom. At the time of my arrival, it seemed that the testimony was all taken, and he had entered upon his defence. I listened but a few minutes to his incoherent rhapsody,—just long enough to ascertain that he had not yet completed his exordium, which consisted mainly of assurances of his profound respect and deference for the honorable president and gentlemen of the court, and a pathetic description of the persecutions he had undergone from the fiendish emissaries of his prosecutor, artfully designed to enlist the sympathies of his hearers. Under any other circumstances, I could have enjoyed the farce, but my own feelings and my apprehensions even for the life of the unhappy man, urged me to lose no time in getting him home. I called to him, but he did not seem to hear me, so that I was forced to compel his attention, by laying hold of his arm. Even this did not startle him, or change the current of his hallucinations; for it was not until after he had claimed the protection of the court against interruption by any of its officers, that he noticed my presence, and asked me what I wanted. I saw at once that his humor must be indulged, and therefore answered in a tone of authority, that the court was adjourned, and he must go with me. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'go back to my dungeon without being allowed to defend myself? Is that the pleasure of the court?' he continued, turning to the row of frozen venison. No answer was returned, of course, but the silence appeared to strike him as equivalent to a reply in the affirmative, for, after pausing a few moments, he bowed profoundly to the imaginary tribunal, and putting on his hat, suffered me to lead him away, with the simple remark, that it seemed a strange mode of proceeding, but 'the court were honorable men, and he had no doubt justice would be done him in the end.' Notwithstanding his submissiveness, however, and the comparatively tranquil state of his mind, day was already breaking when we reached the house from which we had set off so unexpectedly on our race: for although the distance was but a short half mile, he so often started aside upon one chimera or another, that we were three times as long in accomplishing it as we should have been if our progress had been uninterrupted. Besides, he began to feel the re-action of his long excitement, and want of sleep, and perhaps the enormous quantities of opium he had swallowed were not altogether without effect upon his muscular energies. At length, however, we arrived safe, and less affected by our wild ramble in the moonlight than might have been supposed. The alarm and deep anxiety of the family may be imagined; and their joy

at our return. The physician was instantly summoned, and prescribed nothing but more opium for the patient, and bed for me,—a medicine to which I required no importunate urging.

I arose soon after ten o'clock, and found Mr. S — still awake, and still a maniac, although much more quiet than he had been. Soon after I came into his room, he called me to his bed-side and told me that he must shave: it was impossible, he said, for him to go before the court with such a beard upon his chin. His wife, who was in the room, started with terror at the proposition, and I confess that my own equanimity was somewhat shaken at the ideas which it conjured up. I attempted to coax, to reason, and finally to drive the notion out of his head, by a show of authority,—but it was all in vain. Shave himself he would, and at last, rather than irritate and worry him by contradiction, I consented: inwardly resolving, however, to keep so near him as to be able to interfere in the fraction of a moment, for the prevention of untoward consequences. The apparatus were brought, accordingly, and the colonel rose from his bed, planted himself before the glass, and commenced his operations. I was at his elbow, watching his movements as a suspicious cat watches those of a stranger in the house. He strapped his razor very deliberately, and raised it to his face,—but before he had given a stroke, yet without letting down his hand, he turned suddenly to me with an expression in his eyes which I could not define, and said, 'I don't see what occasion there is for you to be quite so near me!' Let the reader conceive my sensations. I will not attempt to describe them.

Before I could answer, or even move, the dangerous instrument dropped from his hand,—his eyes closed,—his limbs relaxed,—and he fell back into my arms in the first access of a profound sleep. The opium at length had gained the mastery.

I.

SONNET: FROM THE ITALIAN.

I see the anchored bark with streamers gay,
 The beckoning pilot and unruffled tide;
 The South and stormy North their fury hide,
 And only zephyrs on the waters play:
 But winds, and waves, and skies alike betray;
 Others who to their flattery dared confide,
 And late, when stars were bright, sailed forth in pride,
 Now breathe no more, or wander in dismay.
 I see the trophies which the billows heap,
 Torn sails, and wreck, and graveless bones, that throng
 The whitening couch, and spirits hovering round.
 Still, if for Woman's sake this cruel deep
 I must essay, not shoals and rocks among
 But mid the Sirens may my bones be found!

THE KNIGHT.

Was er trug von eyen an
 Das were wiser als ein Swaen
 Seta Walfenrock gab lichten sehia.

Di clare sūne reine,
 Di werde unskorne
 Di adelhochgebome
 Eyn vil hercelibes wip.*

Rudolf.

Who yonder rides through wind and rain,
 With plumed helm, and shield, and spear?
 How fleet he dashes o'er the plain,—
 The distant shelter soon is near;
 With bearing bold he scours along,
 He bends with practised hand the rein:
 From clash of arms and battle throng,
 To wife and home he turns again.
 He who so proudly speeds afar,
 Is the famed champion, Adhemar.

On gallant steed, in armor bright,
 To serve his king, he rode to war:
 Erect he moved in burnished light;
 Mid crowds his helmet shone, a star.
 He couched his lance; he burst away;
 His gallop thundered o'er the field:
 In dust the bleeding foeman lay;
 Unhurt by splintered lance his shield.
 He drew his flashing blade,—and wide
 Rolled startled back the warrior tide.

The victory won, with glory crowned,
 To wife and home, as country, true,
 As praise and blessing echoed round,
 Back to that wife and home he flew.
 Loud bursts the storm; the river swells;
 He dashes through the roaring wave:
 Nor field nor flood his spirit quells;
 Life has no terrors for the brave:
 And now across that sweep of plain,
 See, see! the gallant champion strain.

She gazes from the highest tower,—
 The night is dark; the wind is chill:
 Through midnight's wildest, dreariest hour,
 With sleepless eye she gazes still.
 The bright, the pure, the chosen one,
 Of noblest dames the fairest star,
 In worth, in loveliness, alone,
 Through night and storms, sat watching there.
 Hark yonder horn! He comes!—she springs,
 And flies, as if her feet were wings.

* What he had of iron on,
 That was whiter than a swan;
 Light and bright his armour shone.

The bright, sweet pure,
 The so rily chosen,
 The nobly high-born,
 A wife to heart most dear.

She draws the bolt; the ponderous gate
Rolls back, as from a giant's hand;
Quick falls the bridge,—she cannot wait;
Love draws her forth with magic band,
Tramp! tramp!—her Adhemar is near,
And now she sees his armor bright,—
His eager welcome meets her ear;
He comes,—he springs,—she clasps her knight.
What cares he for the wind or rain?
He holds his Ylia again.

L I F E ' S D R E A M .

Ach! dürfen wir mit Träumen nicht
Die Wirklichkeit verweben,
Wie arm an Farbe, Glanz und Licht
Wärst dann das Menschenleben? *

A. W. Schlegel.

Wer trägt Lebenslast und seine Leere,
Wenn nicht der kurze Traum der Liebe wäre? †

Meyer.

Des Lebens Traum verschwindet,
Mit ihm das Lebens Glück: ‡

Ernst Schöckl.

LIGHT and bright the vision plays,
Like the evening's fitful blaze
Over meadow careering along—
Fairy phantoms hover; blossoms strow
Thick the verdure, as with snow;
Breathes the elfin's magical song.

Fair the moon in azure floats,
Bending o'er the enchanting notes,
As if longing to glide from her sphere:
White wings faintly quiver; near and far
Glow-worm twinkles back to star,
Lighting a softer galaxy here.

Sweet by sparkling fountains sings,
Sweet and clear, as tone that rings,
Pure from Harmony's chrystalline throne:
Sweetly sings a spirit; still the air
Drinks the song,—its pulses bear
Far through the night the heavenly tone.

Peering quick from shadowy glades,
Glancing back to deeper shades,
Forms too bright and beautiful play:
Gentle voices whisper; snowy doves
Circle forth, as sent by loves,—
Wheel them on fanning pinions away.

* Ah! could we not entwine reality with dreams, how poor in color, glow, and light, wert thou then, Human Life?

† Who would bear the burden and emptiness of life, if the short dream of love were not.

‡ Life's dream disappears,—with it life's bliss.

Quick steps hurry to my side;
 Round my heart soft touches glide,
 Wreathing fetters of lily and rose,—
 Viewless forms embrace me; whispers say,
 'Press the joys,—not long they stay:
 Comes like a stream the pleasure, and flows.'

Sweetly dim the trance of love;
 As through veil of roses wove,
 Steals its purple light to the soul.
 Break the magic slumber,—cold and bare,
 Waste and dark, life meets us there;
 Break the dream,—thou hast withered the whole!

THE HEXLI, (LITTLE WITCH.)

I lauf so alli Dörfer us,
 I such und frog vo Hus zer Hus,
 und würd mer nit ni Hexli oband,
 es würd ebe nitmere g'sand.*

Rebel.

I WHITTLED at a stick one day,—
 'Twas just to pass the time away:
 A little girl came tripping by,
 With rosy look, and witching eye.

With artless smile and simple grace,
 She looked me sweetly in my face,
 And said: 'That knife is sharp, I ween,—
 Another thing will cut as keen.'

And then she laughed, and said 'Good-day,'
 And like a dream had flown away;
 The voice, the look was with me still,
 When all at once I felt me ill.

I could not work, I could not play,
 I saw and heard her all the day—
 That witching eye was sharp, I ween;
 O! that was what would cut so keen.

I saw and heard her day and night—
 Her voice so soft, her eye so bright:
 When others lay in slumber sweet,
 I heard the clock each hour repeat.

I could not stay and linger so:
 Like one entranced away I go;
 Through field and forest, far and wide,
 I seek if there the witch doth hide.

* I ran through all the villages,
 I seek and ask from house to house,
 And if I do not find my Hexli,
 Then I shall never be well.

By bush and brake, by rock and hill,
Where'er I go, I see her still :
The little girl with witching eye
Is ever, ever tripping by.

Through town and village, too, I stray ;
At every house I call and say :
'O! can you tell me where to find
The little girl that witched my mind ?'

I've sought her many a weary mile ;
Methought I saw her all the while :
Ah! if I can't the witch obtain,
I never shall be well again.

THE MAIDEN.

Ein schlichtes Mädchen nur,
Einfach und treu dem angeheirathen Stande,
War seine Welt dies Thal.*

Schink.

Solch einen Geist, in einem solchen Blicke,
Zeigt nur dein Lächeln aus.†

Von F. v. d. Berg

Through a valley flows a gentle river,
Gently flows, with waters deep and clear;
In a flowery meadow, spreading near,
Silken leaves of slender poplars quiver.
There a quiet maiden singeth ever
Simple melodies of truth and love :
Pure and artless, as the snowy dove,
Evil thought hath stained her bosom never.
Lovely too, as rose but half unfolded;
Modest as that rose, when bent with dew ;
Blue her eye, as heaven's own softest hue ;
Lip as fresh, as living ruby moulded.
Smiles she hath, that tell of sunny feeling, —
Only smiles like hers, such feeling tell ;
Touch the chord of grief, and at the spell,
Tears of love and innocence are stealing.
Home and parent, kindred, friend and lover,
All embraced within this lonely vale —
All beyond is to her but a tale :
This her world, and Heaven just arches o'er.

* Only a modest maiden,
Simple and faithful to her native manners,
Was all her world this vale.

† Such a soul, in such a look,
Thy smile alone reveals.

OLLAPODIANA.

GOOD READER, let us have a talk together. Sit you down with benevolent optics, and a kindly heart, and I doubt not that we shall pass an hour right pleasantly, one with another. Pleasantly, in part, but in part it may be, sadly,—for you know it is with conversation, as with life,—it taketh various colors, and is changing evermore. So we will expect these changes, and meet them as they come. Sometimes we shall be in the cheerful vein, and at others, in that *subjunctive* mood which conquers the jest on the lip, and holds Humor in bonds. But for 'gude or ill,' I shall desire you to sit with me. In the voices of Mirth, there may be excitement,—but in the tones of Mourning there is consolation.

So I think, dear reader, as I write this last sentence, and tell you melancholy tidings. CHARLES LAMB is dead! Yes, the mild, the gentle *Lamb*, is gathered at last, pure as the innocent, simple object that syllables his name, into the fold of God!* Perfect Creator of rich conceits,—charming Architect of Periods, whose delicate aroma, like balm from Gilead, yet loiters around me!—'how shall I mourn thee?' Reader, I hope you knew him, in that fond acquaintance, which Authorship establishes between a writer and his admirers. What an Essayist was he! How shrewd in observation,—how discriminative of the burlesque,—how quaint, yet melodious in diction,—in expression, how varied! *Who* ever rose from his pages, without brighter thoughts and softer feelings? If any one, let him distrust his heart, and acquire new perceptions,—for in my sense, 'tis better he should have no perceptions, than be in the possession of qualities that cannot enable him to discern the merits of Lamb,—the contemplative graduate of 'Christ's,' at Oxford, who could fling the lustre of his serene and goodly mind over every object; who trailed the flowery vines of Poetry along the formal walks of Prose, until the scene brightened like a garden to the vision, and the air was redolent of celestial odors! *When* will his place be filled again? What hand may renew the leaves of 'Elia,'—fresher and greener than those of Spring? What dainty finger will trace that fair character of life, on foolscap or vellum more? Alas, dear reader, I fear me, none. How fine a scholar, too, was he! None of your plodding quoters of Greek and Latin, with sentences longer than the longest Alexandrian, and a style rougher than the wave by Charybdis,—but clear as the sky of May,—and smooth as the susurrations of a stream in Eden. O gentle Lamb! My heart could well indite, were my harp strung deftly for so sad a theme, a flood of mournful eulogy at thy departure. What could reconcile me to the truth that thou art indeed no more, but the sublime and most comfortable assurance, that what is loss to those who love thy memory, is but immortal gain to thee!

* CHARLES LAMB, the author of 'Elia,' and one of the sweetest and most graphic writers of the present era, died in London in December.

Lamb excelled as a writer, (though it was not his profession,) better than nine in ten, because he made the best sources of the language his study and his enjoyment. He walked with the god-like spirits of old English literature, like a compeer among his fellows,—he sat him down beneath the royal and purple shadows of their mighty mantles, and ate of the manna which descended around. How numerous and how worthy were his intellectual companions! Shakspeare was his bosom friend; and with Chaucer, Sidney, Warwick, Spenser, Overbury, Brown, and Walton, he 'strayed among the fields, hearing, as it were, the voice of God.'

Yet Lamb had his carping critics, and mayhap his delicious sentences were often caviare to the million. But they will live and be cherished, when we are no more. Every age to come will possess a fitting audience, but *not* a few, that shall wear him præminent in their approval, and venerate his name.

I will not consent to speak of the degenerated taste of modern times, until the comments on Shakspeare, the passages of Elia, or the pure nature of Elizabeth Woodville shall be forgotten,—and then, I will lament more in sorrow than in anger. I shall begin then to think, that the well of English undefiled has become polluted into a polyglott cistern,—that its freshness has departed,—and that, for the spirits who love it, it will well no more,—except from those rare and secluded fountains, the Elder Libraries,—tasted but seldom, and heard of by few.

Charles Lamb had no common mind. It was exquisitely gentle, but its simple delineations were ever true to life,—and therefore strong. His pen was imbued with the humor of a Cruikshank,—yet he was no caricaturist, and never distorted. Even amidst the cold and calculating details of the India House, his fancy was ever exuberant: yet he never outraged probability in the pursuit of his bent,—he traveled not out of his path for humor: it dropped like running water from his pen. In happy words, and forms of speech, he was lord of the ascendant. I do confess myself his warm admirer,—and I deplore his exit, not as one who grieves without hope: for though he is lost to lands below the sun, he has proceeded to set up his everlasting rest in a better country, where the day does not darken, and Death hangs no cloud. In all things a lover of purity, he has gone at last, full of years and ripe in wisdom, where all is pure,—among the troops of shining ones, in the heavenly Jerusalem.

TALKING of Jerusalem, reminds me—odd coincidence!—of Rapelje's Narrative. That handsome volume, from the pen of a fellow townsman, contains many an instructive and pleasant page. But it is the misfortune of the traveler, I think, that he has been too negligent in his records. When he sojourns in France or Italy, we are sure that what he says is the truth, even to the purchase of a night-cap; but when he quotes the language, we perceive at once, that he gathers his orthography from his ear. He speaks for example, of the *Save* (Serves) China Manufactory near Paris. Now, '*Save* China,' is very well, as an admonitory phrase

of household æconomy ; but in any other sense, especially when used as a proper name, it is at least radically wrong, in every thing but sound. In Rome, our author lodged in *Strada-street*. He *may* have done so : but I guess he mistook the name. Strada is street, in Italian, they tell me, as also is via,—and I was forcibly reminded by this presumptive error, of the remark made by an American sailor, in a letter addressed to a friend, from Paris, during the famous *trois jours*, wherein he describes a man whom he '*seen*, with skase the valey of a rag on his back, running down *Rue-street*, and yelling '*Vivy da Shirt!*'* The sound of a word, more especially in a foreign lingo, is a most delusive criterion of its orthographical construction. The unfortunate woman in Humphrey Clinker, made a sad verbal faux pas in her own tongue, in the description of a night passed in vexing and grieving, when she wrote that she had been '*a vizen and griffin* all along the corse of the night.'

To return. It is in the East that our ancient townsman sees with a clearer eye, and writes with simplicity and taste. His sketch of Jerusalem is distinct and vivid. Strange, mysterious city ! What a hold it hath upon every imagination ! How linked in, is it, with recollections of the times of youth,—with lessons from the Scriptures, delivered by the priest of our earliest days, from the sweet Olive mount of childhood ! Straightway as we read of that Metropolis of Faith, we go back on the posting wings of Reminiscence, to the green fields and fresh waters of serener years. We hear the chimes of Sabbath bells, the voices of the choir, and the pealing of that delicious organ, whose diapason was rapture, whose triumphant harmony kindled the soul. Associations of Bethlehem and merry Christmas mingle together,—and the babe in the manger is contrasted with the green-wreathed churches and blessings of Home. A hallowed word, indeed, is Jerusalem. The great temple of Solomon,—the gate that looked toward Damascus,—the *Via Dolorosa*, along which our Saviour walked, to suffer a guiltless death,—these, with a thousand other scenes of interest, arise to the mind at the mere mention of that devoted city, from whose mountain-girt circumference were once rejected the brooding wings of the Almighty. How many pilgrims have gone there,—how many have died there, in the '*entering in of the ways*,'—in the billows of Jordan ! How many crusaders, battling for the cross of their order,—franklins, deserting the oaken halls of their far eastern castles,—fair penitents, distrusting themselves and relying on God,—palmer, with '*sandal-shoon and scallop-shell!*' Good reader, in your black letter researches,—if haply you have made them,—did you ever meet with that right venerable tome, '*The Informacion for Pylgrymes unto ye holy land, that is to wyte, to Rome, and to Jherusalem?*' A pleasing '*4to.*' it is,—and was '*emprynted at Londone, in the Flete-strete, at the signe of ye sonne, by Wynkyne de Worde, in the yere of God, m cccc and xxiiij.*' In those days, Europe used to pour her yearly thousands into the lap of Palestine. How differently people traveled then, from the modern tourist, in the era of Rapelje !

* Vive la charte.

The author of the 'Informacion' went from Venice. With seemly modesty, his departure is thus set down: 'In the seven and twenty day of the moneth June, there passed fro Venyse, under sayle out of the haven of Venyse, at the sonne goinge downe, certayne pilgrymes toward Jherusalem, in a shyppe of a merchant of Venyse, ycalled Iohn Moreson. The patrone of the same shyppe was ycalled Luke mantell. To the nombre of lx. and syxe pylgrymes: every man payinge, some more some lesse, as they might accorde with the patrone.' There were no packet-cabins then, with fine wines and fixed prices! Every tourist was obliged to provision himself. The 'informacion,' on this point, and the advice, must have been very serviceable to those who followed the author. He says: 'Hyre you a cage for halfe a dozene hennes or chekyns to have with you in the shyppe or galey. For ye shal have neede of hem, manie times. And buy you halfe a bushell of mele sede at Venyse for them. Also take a barrel with you for a sege for your chambre in the shyppe; it is ful necessary if ye were seke, that you come not into the ayre. Also whan you comen to haven townes, yf she shall tarry there three days, go by times to lande; for then ye may have lodginge before another: it wyl be take up anone. And when you come to dyuers havens, beware of fruytes that ye ete none for nothyng; for they be not accordinge to our complexion, and they gendre a bloudie fluxe. And yf any englishmanne catch that there sakenesse, it is a greate mervayle but and he dye thereof.'

'The mountains stand yet round about Jerusalem;' and amidst the ravages of years and the visits of pilgrims, from Sir John Maundeville to Chanteaubriand and Rapelje, the city has kept her Great Wonders still. For ages, her objects of holy curiosity have not essentially changed. 'These,' says our author, 'ben the pylgrimages within the cytee of Iherusalem. The fyrst is before the temple of ye sepulchre dore. There is a four-square stone, whyte, whereupon Chryste rested hym vvith his crosse whan hee went toward the mount of Calvarie, where is indulgence vii yeeres and vii lentes. Also the howse of the ryche man which denied Lazare ye crommes of breed.' How little mutation has been made by Time, in these grand characteristics of Jerusalem! Yet since this pilgrimage was written, what changes have occurred among the nations of the earth! The cities of America have arisen, like exhalations, from the wilderness: revolution has followed revolution: rivers of blood, and 'hecatombs of men,' have testified the march of Death,—yet lonely, simple Jerusalem, afar in the East, surrounded by desperate hordes and gloomy plains, with none but *moral* attractions, yet lingers in her desolation. There the Roman, the Armenian, and the Greek Catholics fight bloody battles on the sacred mount of Calvary, over the multiplied holes of the cross,* and lift up the voice of riot and slaughter, even in the sepulchre of Christ.

* The holes of the three crosses on which our Saviour and the two thieves were crucified, have increased to between one and two dozen. Each of the divided threes are shown as the true ones. During some of the holy festivals, as we learn from modern travelers, the contests of the different parties claiming the true holes of those trees of death, are sanguinary and ferocious in the extreme. Several combatants have died in these bitter broils on the very spot where a God expired, to give peace to men.

There was a kind-heartedness among those ancient pilgrims, which is not to be found in our selfish days. If they encountered any unpleasant adventures, and they were avoidable, they would instruct others how to shun them. In the matter of diet, they used to be particularly minute; and I am strongly inclined to think, that those old cosmopolites used to be right good liver. They seemed to have an innate hankering after 'creature comforts,'—and whatever they found, at any haven, that was good, they speedily mentioned the same in their books, for the especial benefit of those who should come after, as a kind of advertisement.

By the way, while discoursing of advertisements, I think I may say that they form one of the strong characteristics of our enterprising people. Look into the newspapers,—how they teem with these tidings of life! I love to look them over. What a vast amount of interests they represent,—how many hopes and fears! From 'Tin plates and spelter,' to 'A Wife Wanted,' they are pleasing to read: and I am glad, when I see an *avis* that I have watched for some time daily, at last disappear. It is a sign that the author has had his wish accomplished,—has sold his commodities, or found what he sought.

There is just about the same difference between the orthography and grace of city and country advertisements, that there is between the manners of town and country people. Many of the rural merchants expose their wares in poetry; they sell muslins or groceries, by long metre, and chant the praises of wooden bowls and codfish, on the murmuring lyre. Methinks it should go hard with customers, if such harmonious notifications do not usually take good effect for their authors. Legal advertisements, by humble functionaries, have not this privilege. They must be confined to the prose—though not to the *letter*—of law;—for imagination sometimes gambols through them, in a most wanton quest of new combinations of letters. In the course of my researches, I have possessed myself of sundry notices in the advertising and business line, two or three of which I subjoin. That which immediately followeth, was not long since promulged in a sister state. It is an

'ADWERTISEMENT.

'To be sold by public vandus, upon Saderdey the 23th Day of November next, at the house of Eva T——n, wedo deseect in Newmanstown, all sutch personabel property of the said wedo in above menchent to wit—one good milcke cow and hey by the hundred 2 ten pleet stoves with pips one weel barow one close covert and kitchen treser rebells and 3 *cheers*, tups and barrils one larg cauper kittil and iron potts 3 beds and bedstets 3 cheests and a large quantate of flax and linnen stuff and all kinds of other hous and kitchen furniturs to tichues to menchen the vandue to begin at 10 of the clock of the forenoon. Reasonabel greted will be give and the condition maid noon on the day of sail by
S. B——, Administrator.'

There is no question at all, that the officer who penned the foregoing instrument, felt the full force of his station, when he committed it to paper. He luxuriated in the mighty authority reposed in him by the law; and looked forward, no doubt, with sublime anticipations, to the time when he should expose to the highest bidder 'the personabel property of the wedo deseect,' and receive his perquisites therefor.

He had no notion, I will be sworn, that he was writing himself down an Ass, as well as an Administrator. The effusions of such a linguist are exceedingly edifying to read. They remind me of a noted personage in one of our large cities, who has amassed a splendid fortune, by the manufacture of certain medicines of doubtful utility. Having neglected his education, and being often thrown into society above his sphere, he is as often the butt of many polished persons, who love to bore him with spurious learning, and who frequently resort to the magnificent mansion where he dwells in dismal and uncongenial gentility. 'Sir,' said one of these wags to him not long ago,—'your medicinal discoveries are invaluable,—immortal: they stamp you as the benefactor of your race: and it will yet be said of you, as HOMER said of *Oliver Cromwell*,—*Frigidi zoni, hoc belloni, lapsus lingua!*'

'No doubt of it!' said the flattered individual; 'and I thank you for the compliment. Yet still for all, notwithstanding what you say, my honors is very small, and my enemies is very numerous: numerouser, a great sight, than they was when I wa'nt so well for to do. It was only the other day, that I got a letter, threatening egregiously for to burn down my consarn by means of a conflagration, if I did'nt persist from uttering them medicines.'

'Was the letter anonymous?'

'Not it,—and there, you see, I had the author on the hip. He dassent prescribe a syonymous communion to me, and so with unparalleled insurance he subscribed to his epistle the signature of 'A. B. C.' It is well known, them letters is, to most people,—and I shall bring the author into a court, before the month is out, on a plea of *sash'-a-tarrow!*'

BUSINESS, like Misfortune, makes one acquainted with strange matters. Here, for instance, is a bill, written by a very choice Italian, in language which he fain supposed to have been the quintessence of good English. It was tendered to an esteemed citizen, well known for his taste. Such a document is worth four dollars, without any additional value received. I offer the original, and a translation which the author little thought it needed:

MR. HUON SQWAR,		TO JULIAN G——, Dr.	
Busto Vaccenton,	- - - - -	- - - - -	\$2 00
Busto Guispier,	- - - - -	- - - - -	2 00

I think it would puzzle any one to ascertain the 'intent of this bill,' without much pondering and reflection. It would be laid on the table, in despair, by nine persons in ten. But when touched by the key of cogitation, its latent meanings flash forth to day. Here is the literal rendering:

MR. HONZ, Esq.		TO JULIAN G——, Dr.	
Bust of Washington,	- - - - -	- - - - -	\$2 00
Bust of Shakspeare,	- - - - -	- - - - -	2 00

After such a document, I might best close. But I have one other notice from the interior, (the autographs of all are extant,) which I admire no less for its orthography, than for its grammar and punctuation :

‘ NOTICE

‘Of the supescriber hoses was misen august the 15 1834 Lost of a span of hoses straid or stole out of the comons at liverpool a small black mayor switch tale nine yeres old a sma^{ll} bay mair too white feet behine and a short taile and a bout eight teen yeres old five dolars reward on them the oner of them hoses lives in townd of clay.
D. R—D.’

Farther than these, nothing need be said. They are exhibitions of business talent, much to be applauded, but which at the same time, might be materially enhanced by the benefits of education. Howbeit, the schoolmaster is abroad : and the rising generation will embrace few who cannot understand the falsity of the dolt’s premises in Shakspeare, who contends that ‘ reading and writing come by nature.’

OLLAPOD.

THE DREAM.

I DREAMED that I traversed that azure sky,
Which foldeth the earth like a canopy,—
Where melodious numbers, on airy wing,
Played soft, with a heavenly murmuring :
Then sudden a cadence most sweet I heard,
Low as the note of the humming-bird,
Or the nightingale’s anthem, at eve, when all
On earth is enrobed in that sacred pall
Which Nature outspreads upon land and sea,
While religion is breathed in her minstrelsy.

And then, all bright on my vision came,
A form of light, with a blessed name,—
A name, beloved in my purer years,
Ere mine eyes were acquainted with Sorrow’s tears ;
A cheek of rose, and enkindled eyes,
Fair as the stars that illumine the skies,—
A brow serene, and as ivory fair,
Where lay in rich tresses the golden hair :
I knew her, I loved her—the loved of old,
To whom all the thoughts of my heart were told ;
The charm of my boyhood’s brightest hours,
When the path of life was inlaid with flowers !

I woke,—I gazed,—the form was gone,—
The breathing memory left alone !
I saw no more that floating hair,—
No holy music thrilled the air ;
Paled was that clear and cloudless brow,
And lost its smiling presence now !
’Twas but a dream when thou wert there,—
Thou, with the cheek so freshly fair.
The prayer, then breathed at Fancy’s shrine,
Was lost to every ear but mine !

Liverpool, (Eng.)

R. S. M.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TEN YEARS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI', ETC.

NEAR the close of May, at the grey of the dawn of a delightful New-England Spring morning, I rolled away from Boston over the Charlestown and Malden bridges, on a tour to—among other places—Lake Winnepissiogee, and the White Mountains of New-Hampshire. The turf of that region is a carpet of the tenderest and most brilliant verdure. The fruit trees were in full blossom,—the foliage half developed,—the air rife with a delicious aroma,—the flocks driving a-field,—the farmers going forth to their task until evening,—and Nature, on every side, was redolent of health, cheerfulness, order, and industry. I had seen richer prospects, a more luxuriant nature, and ranker vegetation, in the ever-verdant lands of the palm and the citron. But slavery was there, and hurricanes and pestilence, and deluging rains, and scorching drought,—an intolerable fierceness of the sun, and a nature often fearful in the midst of her lavishness. 'Peace to you,' I communed with myself, 'my native New-Englanders! If you turn a rough and rocky soil, which yields its scanty returns but to unremitting toil, you have health, and peace of mind, and contentment, and you grow old in the midst of your children's children, and depart full of years, soothed with the kind offices of friends, consoled by the voice of prayer, and followed with 'dirges due, in sad array, to your long home!' In no part of America, perhaps of the world, is summer travelling more cheerful and restorative to an invalid, than amidst this land of industry, high cultivation, democratic equality, white villages, frequent spires, neat and appetizing taverns, and rosy and beautiful faces. My associations, thoughts, remembrances, on the route through Reading, Andover, and Haverhill, may be imagined,—for these places are indented with the morning and spring-time of my years. I should never have done, if I were to broach this prolific theme, which would meanwhile, perhaps, tire all but those who have similar associations.

As we were passing through Haverhill, the house of Mrs. Atwood was pointed out. This dwelling is memorable as the natal place of Harriet Newell, whose memoirs created more interest, and had a more extensive circulation, than any similar book published before or since. Amidst a great amount of tiresome repetition, the true pathos, the deep feeling, the exalted poetry of religious sentiment abound in that little book. It honors the taste and intellectual character of New-England, that nature, truth, simplicity, high feeling, and a sprinkling of thought above the flat mediocrity of tame common-place, will redeem a book, and make it circulate, without leave of the critics, though it abound with a thousand faults. Who, whether sharing the religious sentiments of Harriet Newell, or not, has not been thrilled in reading her memoirs? In whose mind is not the remote isle of the ocean, where her ashes rest,—a spot consecrated to deep thoughts and feelings, as

well by her own works, as by the inimitable tale of Paul and Virginia? The New-England critics, one and all, denounced Pollock's '*Course of Time*,'—a book radiant with many a gem, glistening in the darkness and chaos of crude thoughts, and harsh sentiments,—sometimes ludicrously, sometimes revoltingly, exaggerated. But without leave of the critics, edition after edition of that powerful work continued to be struck off, and to sell. Give me the intellectual land, where genius, and the enthusiasm of true feeling make their way in spite of the interdict of pinched and narrow minds, fettered by dull rules! But to return.

I had not heard the Merrimac celebrated for its beauty: but rolling along its green banks, dashing over its rocks, filling its noble channel, it struck me as a singularly romantic and beautiful river. Concord, too, presented an aspect more metropolitan and spire-crowned than I had expected to see. The political capital of the Granite State has a most charming position, and has improved greatly in size and appearance since last I saw it. By many a secluded hamlet, beautiful grove, hill and dale, we rolled along, after leaving Concord, until the White Mountains, whose summits were still white with snow, began to stand forth on the Northern horizon, glittering in the beams of the declining sun.

These are unquestionably the noblest mountains in North America, east of the Mexican piles of Orizaba. Little can be imagined sublime in mountain scenery, that these grand and inaccessible summits do not present. There are the hoary peaks above the clouds,—there are the unmelting snows, the ancient and awful granite crags, the dark, ever-green woods, the deep glens and valleys, the nature-cut chasms, the roaring torrents, and to fill out the associations of by-gone times, there are the Indian tales of carbuncles, and glittering gems, hung out to tempt the white man's avarice, at heights to which mortal foot has never ascended. While roaming amidst this secluded and imposing scenery, in these haunts of grandeur, coolness, and health, the traveller in search of the picturesque is deeply impressed with an avalanche tale, of the deepest moral interest. As he listens to the roar of mountain winds, and the tumble of ice-formed torrents, and passes with a thrill along the cascades of the Saco, as it sweeps through the Notch, he is pointed to the spot where, in a night of storms, a whole family, residing in this wild and secluded place, were awakened from the profound slumber of their peaceful labors, by the first crashing of the disruption of an avalanche, torn by the torrents from its mountain peaks,—and who, in attempting to fly from the fearful path of its downward progress, were arrested, and buried under its superincumbent masses.

Of beautiful sheets of water, nothing can surpass Lake Winnepisiogee, with its hundred little emerald landscapes, rising from the bosom of water as pellucid as air, and affording to the angler the finest sport in the shape of pike and trout. Numberless little lakes and ponds of extraordinary beauty, diversify this route. The rich amenity of the Connecticut valley, with its fair, white villages, opens, successively, to the view of the traveler. He pauses but a moment at the beautiful cataract of Bellows Falls, before he begins to ascend the Vermont

chain, which, if not so grand as that of the White Hills, surpasses all others in North America, in beauty, verdure, romantic vallies, secluded nooks, healthy and robust inhabitants, and in the season of its supplies, of delicious raspberries, strawberries, and wild fruits. When wearied with clambering among the hills of this charmingly picturesque country, with its immense belt of ever-greens, and its cool, mountain trout streams, the beautiful shores of Lake Champlain at length open to view.

I leave others to describe the sail down this charming sheet of water, every where in view of neat villages, retiring and wooded bays, hills and mountains, as the steam-boat bears them rapidly towards the Canadian shores. To a person chiefly conversant with the anglo-Americans of New-England, the spruce, capoted, brisk, sun-burnt, chattering Creoles of La Prairie afford a striking variety, and remind him, that in landing on the Canadian shore, he has reached a foreign country. In visiting the sublime cascade of Montmorency, he witnesses a spectacle of this class, second only to that of Niagara Falls. The descent, indeed, is much greater,—the surrounding scenery more imposing. It needs only the prodigious mass of water of the Niagara, to excel that and all other cascades, in sublimity. As it is, no one has looked down upon this fearful mass, descending, as it were, from the higher to the lower world, without a blenching eye, and a thrill of revulsion. Who has seen the Niagara and the St. Lawrence for the first time, without having his imagination powerfully excited by the view of this noblest of American rivers,—without thinking of the immense space it traverses,—the vast lakes it drains,—the dark forests, the wild and desolate swamps, from which it collects its waters,—the numerous tribes of red men that dwell on its shores,—the tremendous precipice down which it pours its mighty flood from age to age?

It is after having the mind stored with such associations, that the traveler finds himself in the interesting city of Quebec. American travelers from the North and the South, from the West Indies, New-Orleans, Charleston, Philadelphia, New-York, Boston,—now that the prodigious, and, considering the age of our country, unexampled facilities in travelling have in some sense annihilated space and time,—meet in this city, or on some of the points of its magnificent river, above or below it. No where,—give the English their due,—are there finer or better found steam-boats, than those that ply between Quebec and Montreal. The broad stream, which, in a course of five hundred miles, has hardly yet forgotten its relationship to the sea, gradually narrows from a width of five leagues, to one. Nothing can be more romantic to the eye, or exhilarating to the spirit, than the St. Lawrence shores, as the swift steam-boat sweeps past them, giving to the groups of spectators the exquisite verdure, the trees, farm-houses, the continued village,—for such is the show of the dwellings,—the turrets, with their tinued roofs, glittering in the intervals of the green trees in the distance, the appearance of sliding down stream with a pleasing yet dizzying motion, while the sky and shores are beautifully re-printed in the sublime vault, that opens below the waters, curling, winding, centering and broken into wild, innumerable magic forms, by the waves of the

boat wheels. Listlessly promenading, sitting, conversing, playing at chess, harranguing, coquetting, love-making, watching their children's movements in the hands of the servants, the olive Mexican, the bronzed West Indian, the quick-moving planter from the shores of the Mississippi, the ruddy Bostonian, the portly Englishman, the officer, whose bearing, still more than his epaulettes, denotes authority, the brisk, erect Canadian Creole, the whole sprinkled with belles with huge sleeves, gay streamers, and bright eyes, contemplate these splendid shores, while they breathe the vernal air, so fresh and instinct with life, that one can scarcely imagine that the bleak and inexorable winter breeze but a few days since whistled over this same scenery, then a surface of snow, six feet in depth, and that this broad stream, now rolling on in holiday calmness, seeming only adapted to float barges like Cleopatra's, on Anthony's festival, was then bridged with ice, as thick and firm as the solid earth, in the midst of a desolate nature, where Winter and Death held undisputed empire. Now, corn-fields, pastures, trees, snow-white cottages, ornamented churches, gay peasants, the animals, wild and tame, the earth, the welkin,—every thing,—breathes gladness, as though Nature had never known the horrors of a Canadian winter. The delicious, moveable landscape melts away in the blue distance, mingling the green forests and the mountains with the sky. I throw out of this sketch the grand spectacle of the Montmorency, as surveyed from the abyss below, coming down upon the spectator as a snow-white spray from the heavens,—I pass, too, over the majestic Ottawa, rolling its tribute from its dark forests to the St. Lawrence,—I say nothing of those prodigious works of art, the Rideau and Welland canals, and the numerous towns springing up along their course,—nothing of the unique scenery about Quebec,—nothing of the strange Upper Town, perched in its eagle eyrie of rocks,—nothing of the historic plains of Abraham, where Wolfe and Montcalm, struggling for the ascendancy of the new world, both fell on that memorable and blood-stained spot,—nor of the place yet more interesting to a citizen of the United States, where Montgomery poured the still more precious blood of a patriot soldier. Whoever has surveyed the country about Quebec, and has ascended this noblest of rivers to Montreal, at the right season, has seen all of grandeur and beauty of scenery,—has inhaled all of balmy and health-giving air, that I can imagine,—has been brought in contact,—in the amiable, spruce, alert, and buoyant Creoles, crowned with roses, and the gayest flowers of the season, or goading their little horses to their utmost speed,—with as amusing and original a race of people, as the earth offers. To me, at least, there remain of this journey remembrances of recovered health, corroding anxieties laid asleep, pleasant acquaintances, and half-forgotten dreams, as gay and as agreeable to dwell upon in the retrospect, as I ever expect to have of any days still reserved for me in the future of this life.

T. F.

MAGAZINE WRITING.

'BRINGE necessitated to husbände my time and overtriple my diligence, I cooped up myself daily for some hours together; wherefore, betwixt the case and the prynting-presse, I did most usually afford the setter copie at the enratement of above a whole prynted sheete in the day; which, although by reason of the smallnesse of a pica letter, and close couching thereof, it did amount to full three sheets of my writing, the aforesaid setter, nevertheless, (so nimble a workman was hee) would in twenty-four hours make dispatch of the whole, and be ready for another sheet: He and I struinge which should the fastest compose,—he with his hands, and I with my brains: and his uncasing of the letters, and placing them in the composing instrument, standing for my conception: and his plenishing of the gally, and composing of the forme, encountering with the supposed equi-valve of my writing, we would almost every foot jump together in this expedition.'

SIR THOMAS URQUHART'S 'JEWEL.'

It is a pleasing matter, to lay aside all other worldly business whatever, and sit down with the afflatus of anticipated immortality stirring within you, to write an article for a magazine. If the work has a general prevalence,—if its fame is rife on good men's tongues,—your inspiration is the stronger. One says to himself, how many friends of mine will overlook these very lucubrations, perceive my initials, and recognize my name? How many pleasing associations will thus be awakened, and peradventure, commendatory remarks expressed concerning my powers? What a *quid pro quo* for wakeful nights, emendations of phrases, the choosing of words, and toilsome revision!

Thus I bethought myself the other day, when I stepped into the publication office of the Knickerbocker, to correct the proof of an article, and to examine in print, 'all the labor that I had labored to do.' The damp sheet was before me,—Kidder's best, in a tasteful receptacle,—and a good pen. I began to peer over my conceptions, and to mark down on copious margins the mistakes that had broken out over the body of the matter, (as medical parlance says of certain fevers) 'with a very aggravated type.' Before I had leisure to get through with even a page at a time, there would come, post haste, a lad for what I had read, as it was wanted at the office. I straightway fell into a train of reflection upon the large amount of care and labor which must be entailed upon the publishers and editors of an original magazine. My ideas, probably, were not new,—and many, doubtless, have felt them often, with more practice and feeling than myself.

Some one has observed, that when we listen to an exquisite opera, or any elaborate and intricate piece of music, we think not how vast were the pains and attention bestowed upon every note and cadence: what efforts for perfection in a solo,—what panting for a warble,—what travail for a trill! Taken separately, and at rehearsals, in disjointed fragments of sound, how different are they from that volume of sweet concords, which was produced when they were all breathed forth in order, to the accompaniment of flutes and recorders, in one full gush of melody! This is just like a magazine. How many minds does it engage!

Cherished thoughts and cherished feelings, polished or sublimated, there find utterance, and demand—yes, *demand*, for they should not supplicate—that honor and deference to which they are entitled. In his beautiful Introduction to the Harleian Miscellany, Johnson, that giant in literature, sets forth the necessity and benefit of similar writings, with reasons as conclusive, as the language in which they are expressed is chaste and strong. ‘Give me,’ says another, ‘the ballads of a people, and I care not who may make their laws.’ In a country like ours, where the vast population move by common impulse,—think promptly, are enlightened with ease, and turn to the best account that knowledge which is received with the greatest facility,—are inspired with sacred and patriotic feelings from the bar, the senate, the pulpit, and the press,—it is important and just, that the readiest methods and means of instructive moral amusement should be the most esteemed, and the best supported.

I confess I never look into a magazine, that I do not liken it to a large and pure reservoir of refreshing waters,—derived from many streams, and pranked around its borders with the flowers and garniture of poesy,—possessing qualities agreeable to every taste,—the grave, the solid, the scientific, the light, the gay. It is a map of the higher moods of life. It conveys a sustenance with the relish of pleasure. All who favor it with their productions, have different tastes and faculties of mind. Each one endeavors to do the best with his theme. He ornaments it in diction, or tasks his fancy, or explores the secrets of science, or illustrates the events and scenes of his country; he excites broad-mouthed laughter, by salutary jest and pun; he expatiates in pathetic sentences, or murmurs in the mellow cadence of song; or arouses interest, by the embellishments wherewith history is refined, and which shed a light over the dim annals of the past, making them to smile,

———‘even as the radiant glow,
Kindling rich woods, whereon the etherial bow
Sleeps, lovingly, awhile.’

Now what I thought besides, while looking over my proof, was this: that a ‘circulating medium,’ through which so many minds communicated their thoughts, produced and clothed with befitting language in solitary labor, smoothed, strengthened, or harmonized by revision, and rendered impressive by those helps and researches of which every *readable* writer must avail himself,—such a medium, I say, merits the esteem and respect of all. It deserves not to be taken up for judgment, at a momentary glance, by the undiscerning eye of careless inquiry. It should be read impartially, and spoken of, in all worthy points, with praise,—in faulty ones, with tenderness. Our literature, I take it, is not yet a sufficiently flowery pursuit, to enable any of its votaries to sow its walks with brambles. By its influence, *the country* is to be mentally illustrated,—the clanking shackles of transatlantic humbug are to be flung to the winds; and the establishment of wholesome feelings, and reliance upon our own intellectual resources, firmly effected. I love to see the general Press engaged now and then in cheering onward

the laborers in the more unfrequented and toilsome avenues of our literary vineyard. It sends a God-speed to the bosoms of those whose travails are more for their country than themselves; and who are content, in anonymous pride, to believe, that it heralds that bright day of mental refinement which will ere long, among the freest and noblest confederacy of nations on earth, irradiate the utmost borders of that holy circumference,—

'Our Native Land'

RIVERS.

DEATH, TIME, AND ETERNITY.

There, once stood palaces of Kings, whose breath
Gave law to millions: scarce a mouldering stone
Told of their site. Who dwelt there? Ask of Death,
The king of all: He hath usurped the throne;
Where myriads dwelt, the wild fox dwells alone,—
Where banners streamed, the yew and cypress wave:
Where trumpets pealed,—the hollow breezes moan.
The mail-clad warrior and the naked slave
Mingle their ashes in one common grave.

A common grave! The universal doom
Falls on the monarch's, as the peasant's head;
There dwells no charm within the proudest tomb
Which shrines the dust whence consciousness hath fled:
There is no sceptre for the throneless dead!
And he, who living, kept a world at bay,
Shares with the worm his cold and narrow bed.
The worm, that makes man's soulless form his prey,
Knows not a Cæsar's from a peasant's clay.

What then is Death?—the doom of all that lives,
What is this Earth?—the tomb of all that dies;
And what is Time? A boon that mercy gives,
By fools neglected: 'Tis the test that tries
Love, Honor, Friendship, and all human ties.
What is Eternity? Who shall assign
Form to Infinitude? The theme defies
All finite wisdom. 'Tis the mighty line
That God hath drawn between his state and thine!

Seek not to know what ne'er shall be revealed
Till thou shalt see thy maker in his might;
Wait, till that hour when all that now is sealed,
Or half concealed, in mercy, from thy sight,
Shall burst upon thee with unclouded light!
Then shall the universal grave be riven,—
The past shall seem but as an arrow's flight;
Then to the soul shall faculties be given
To comprehend the mysteries of Heaven.

B.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ALLEN PRESCOTT: Or the fortunes of a New-England Boy: By the author of 'The Morals of Pleasure,' and 'The Young Emigrants.' Two vols. pp. 434. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

LAYING out of the question the historical,—which if executed with superior skill and ability is decidedly the best, and if wanting in these requisites the dullest, that is, the worst class of novels,—there seem to be, at the present day, but two great forms or characters of fictitious narration: one in which the writer aims to excite and startle, the other in which his effort is simply to please. In the first, less talent and labor are required, at least for partial success, because there is less restriction as to the means employed; the effect is the great object of consideration, and if this be attained, readers are little critical upon all other matters, as, for example, nature, truth, probability, and consistency. The writer has *carte-blanche* for his invention, in point of character, motive, and incident, and may set all rules at defiance, provided he do but create and keep up a highly-wrought state of feeling. The romances of Victor Hugo are perhaps at the head of this class of fictions.

In the other, the means of success are more difficult. The writer's imagination is not at liberty to create beings without model or prototype; to combine qualities which are never found co-existent in real life; to describe incidents that surpass the limits of probability, much less of possibility; or to endow creatures of human birth, with the attributes of immortal and superior natures. He is to deal only with the recognized and exhibited feelings, passions, principles, and capacities of mankind; to display these as they are displayed on the stage of real existence, and to create interest without transcending the bounds of experience. In a word, to fix our attention upon the actions, designs, and fortunes of characters like ourselves, feeling as we do, susceptible of impulses like our own, and doing precisely what we should be likely to do in similar situations. Of this class the immortal tale of *Le Sage* is perhaps the most perfect specimen; the novels of Fielding and Smollett also belong to it; and so, too, though in a humbler rank, do many of the fictions that pour from the English press in our own day.

'Allen Prescott' is a novel of this character, and a very good one. The writer has, indeed, confined herself more strictly than is customary within the bounds of actual nature, and exhibited a more than common anxiety to avoid any resort to the wonderful, the improbable, or even the unusual, in search of materials wherewith to excite pleasing emotions in

the reader, whether those emotions were to be of the joyous or sombre cast. Her personages are, without an exception, such as have fallen or might fall within the knowledge of every one; and there is not an incident in the whole progress of the story that almost any one could not match from the stories of his own experience. What is it, then, that makes 'Allen Prescott' a most delightful book to read?—for such it unquestionably is. A chapter might be written in answer to this question: but as we have room only for a paragraph, we must endeavor to answer it very briefly, and only in generalities. We conceive, then, the extremely pleasant effect wrought upon the reader by the perusal of this story, to result: *Firstly*, from the very fidelity to nature which we have mentioned as one of its striking characteristics. The people with whom we are brought acquainted, in its progress, seem like old and valued friends. We are constantly discovering some trait with which we have been pleased and interested in real life,—some peculiarity of mind or disposition, that has been a subject of agreeable study to us, in our own intercourse with the world. *Secondly*, from the skill with which the most interesting points only are brought forward,—the tact exhibited in framing incidents happily adapted for the development of these,—and the ingenuity with which different qualities or feelings are elicited in that succession which best ensures the charm of variety. *Thirdly*, from the delicate, graceful touches of humor with which the narrative as well as the descriptive portions abound,—and *lastly*, from the flowing ease and beauty of the style. Now these we conceive to be the elements of success in the natural domestic story; and in 'Allen Prescott' we conceive them to be exhibited in that happy combination which constitutes perfection. If we have not succeeded in making our definition clear, we have an expedient to propose which may assist the critical reader: let him read one of Miss Mitford's best village tales,—ascertain why he reads it with delight,—and then he may understand why the same effect will be produced upon his mind in the perusal of 'Allen Prescott.'

— *Chapman* —

A WINTER IN THE WEST: By a NEW-YORKER. Two vols. pp. 683. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It is very rarely indeed that the records of travel present so many features to interest and charm, as are lavishly scattered through these admirable volumes; very seldom that we find in them so happy an assemblage of all the requisites that go to make up a book of the highest attraction. Let us pause for a moment, to examine what these requisites may be. In the first place, novelty of scene is almost indispensable: the places and persons brought to our knowledge must be such as are not familiar to our understandings, either from personal observations, or the reports of preceding travelers; secondly, they must be not only new, but striking; not only different from what we have been accus-

tomed to see or read of, but different in those particular qualities and characteristics which address themselves forcibly to our imaginations: thirdly, the traveler himself must be liberally endowed with the faculty of observation, with knowledge, with judgment to select from what he sees, those features which will be pleasing to others; with the capacity to feel strongly, and with skill to convey to the minds of others the various impressions made upon his own, by the objects and occurrences which make up the sum of his acquisitions in the journeys of exploration he performs; and lastly, he must have a certain expansiveness and activity of mind, or rather of imagination, that he may be enabled to fill up the outlines of locality, feature, character, and adventure impressed upon his memory, or preserved in memoranda during his progress, to be wrought into form, arranged, heightened, and set off to advantage at an after period, for the entertainment and instruction of the world. This last, by the way, is a most important item. There are few minds upon which the impressions of the moment are not vivid, true, and graphic,—but a peculiar faculty is required to recal these long afterward, in all their pristine freshness, and to present them in such happy guise to the minds of others, as to produce almost the effect of actual presence and observation.

In Mr. Hoffman's volumes, we have an instance of this felicitous combination. The portion of our country through which he wandered,—the much talked of but little known regions of the Indian frontier on the west,—abound with objects, characters, and recollections, not only of perfect novelty, but also of the most striking, varied, and exciting quality. They contain scenes of the wildest, grandest, and most touching beauty,—states of society in which the strangest and most primitive elements are wonderfully displayed, in every variety of union and of contrast,—habits and manners adapted to every stage of human intellect, from the wildness of the savage, to the extreme of civilization and refinement, existing not only in juxtaposition but in the concord of necessity, and presenting the most extraordinary combinations. Here, then, are two of the great requisites. The power and effect with which Mr. Hoffman has brought before us all that he saw, and heard, and did, and thought,—the magnificent picture he has given us of that remarkable country, and the still more remarkable forms and shades of human character of which its population is composed,—sufficiently attest his possession of the personal qualifications we have attempted to enumerate. Hereafter let no man speak as in doubt or ignorance of life in the 'Far West:' a skilful painter has been among the prairies,—among the broad rivers, the lakes, and mountains, and eternal forests of that vast region, through which the Mississippi pours his floods to the distant ocean, and has brought home to us a gallery of pictures, full of truth, and strength, and animation. He has looked upon nature with the eye of a poet, yet with the judgment of a statesman; upon man with the investigating spirit of a philosopher, to discern what he is and of what he may be capable, yet also with the moulding and creating spirit of a novelist, reveling amid such stores of materials for the exercise of his genius as his imagination never could have framed.

WONDERFUL CHARACTERS, comprising Memoirs and Anecdotes of the most Remarkable Persons of every age and nation. One vol. pp. 510. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is a 'made-up' volume, but it is one of much interest. No less than eighty-four 'wonderful characters' are presented to the reader, and their several histories have attractions which will amply reward perusal. The research necessary for the compilation of such a work must have been immense, and the selections are made with good judgment, generally. The reader may fall, occasionally, upon old acquaintances, as in Whittington, Trenck, Foote, Joan d'Arc, etc., but for the most part, the 'characters' might date their American fame from 1835. The editor adduces, in proof of the utility of the book, the observation of Lord Bacon, that it would much conduce to the magnanimity and honor of man, if a collection were made from the faithful reports of history, showing 'what is the last and highest pitch to which man's nature, of itself, hath ever reached, in all the perfection both of body and mind.' These wonderful characters in some measure supply the desideratum hinted at. Much valuable information is contained in the remarks upon the physical organization of man, in various-ages and nations,—as unusual instances of bulk, height, or diminutiveness of stature,—strength, weakness, or deformity,—extreme longevity, and precocity of talent, etc. In short, the volume is one of mingled instruction and amusement, presented in an agreeable, unpretending style. The mechanical appearance of the work is creditable to the publishers, and the engravings, and portraits in *mezzo-tint*, are well executed.

THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA. An Historical Romance. In two vols. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE gave, in our last number, a brief notice of these charming volumes, then passing through the press. Reference was merely made to the scene, time, and general plan of the story, without adverting to the striking incidents, graphic descriptions, and well-delineated characters, with which it abounds. The work is, in the first place, strictly historical,—and it is almost the only American novel to which the same praise may be truly rendered. The time chosen, is an excellent era for the purposes of a novelist; the field of action is unfettered, and our author has not left these advantages unimproved: and while his principal personages stand out in bold relief, the subordinate performers in the drama are not less worthy of admiration. As the work is already extensively disseminated,—the first edition having been nearly exhausted,—we must content ourselves with the simple mention of much that has pleased us. The deep mystery which hangs around the Recluse,—the visit of the heroine to his romantic cave,—the beautiful portraits (and they *preserve* their distinctive characteristics throughout the vol-

umes,) of Virginia Fairfax, and Wyanokee, the Indian girl,—the history and progress of the hero,—the battle between the Cavaliers and Round-heads, described in the first volume, 'the last convulsive throes of the Independent faction in the British dominions of North America,'—the wedding scene in the chapel, with which the first volume concludes,—the scene at the stake in the opening of the second volume,—the escape of the hero from prison,—the finely-illustrated character of Sir William Berkley,—these, with many other points, which the tether of our space will not permit us even to specify, will justify all the encomiums we have passed upon the 'Cavaliers of Virginia.' We should not forget to mention Brian O'Reily, a hopeful son of the Emerald Isle, who, although made to repeat his witticisms, now and then, and who is on the whole, rather *too* talkative, is nevertheless a most important adjunct in the story, and when his tongue is in motion, the reader will find original humor dropping from it, in no sparse scintillations. There is scarcely a task in the whole range of literature more difficult of execution, than a historical novel. It requires good discrimination, sound judgment, and a chastened imagination. We find in the one before us these characteristics, and another quality,—not its least agreeable feature,—a tone of high and patriotic American feeling.

FRIZZLE PUMPKIN, and OTHER TALES. One vol. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THIS is a very clever re-publication, as those things go,—but we are constrained to say, it is nothing more. The title is soft, and squash-like. 'Sir Frizzle Pumpkin,'—Phœbus! what a name! Give us John Jones Smith, rather! Any other story in the book,—and several are extremely good,—would have furnished a better title. The author has tact, talent, and quick perceptions; but though often striking and humorous, he is sometimes coarse and absurd. If we had room for extracts, we should be pleased to quote some for praise, and obliged to offer others for blame. The volume, at any rate has an excess of merit,—the good matter preponderates. To those who are fond of whiling away an hour or two in careless enjoyment, it may be freely commended.

THE DRAMATIC WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. In six volumes. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN.

MR. DEARBORN, whose splendid editions of standard works have become so generally known, has published, in six beautiful volumes, the dramatic works of Shakspeare, with the illustrations of Johnson, Steevens, and others, revised by Isaac Reed, Esq. The same publisher has in press, in two volumes, all the poetical, and a portion of the prose works of Dryden,—the whole embraced in that unequalled American series, the 'Library of Standard Literature.'

THE COQUETTE, a Novel: By the author of MISERRIMUS. Philadelphia. E. L. CARY AND A. HART.

THESE volumes will furnish a not unpleasing antidote to the gloomy and exaggerated book of which the author seems anxious to preserve the memory. He had better permit it, or rather assist it, to be forgotten. Miserrimus was a mass of overwrought and improbable horrors. From first to last, it had no similitude to nature,—it was *inconceivable*. Passions and desires, such as therein represented, never yet had existence, in man or woman.

We are happy to find that 'The Coquette' exhibits none of these disgusting characteristics. The incidents are natural,—the episodes cheerful or didactic; and the personages are such as we can fancy,—beings of actual flesh and blood. The author,—undoubtedly possessed of a capable taste,—expresses in his preface a belief, that he has succeeded in presenting to the public a work open to none of the objections urged against Miserrimus. This is true,—and to his credit be it spoken. 'The Coquette' embraces a large amount of exciting incident, judicious reflection, and keen knowledge of life. The author is not constitutionally of a morbid temperament; and it affords us pleasure to notice, that he affects the sunshine as well as the shade. His genius is undisputed,—it remains for him to give it the right direction.

PINNOCK'S IMPROVED EDITION OF DR. GOLDSMITH'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. One vol. pp. 454. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

NO ONE who has an ear for the melody of words, or a regard for the purest style in our language, is ignorant of the extraordinary merit, both in prose and poetry, of Oliver Goldsmith. His verse is dear to the children of Freedom. In all its forms, it breathes a hatred to oppression, a love of liberty, and the warmest regard and solicitude for the equal rights of man. His history is as faithful to truth, as it is captivating and graceful in diction. In the volume before us, the value of this esteemed original has been enhanced by the improvements of notes, etc. by Mr. Pinnock. The work can scarcely fail to receive an enlarged and ample patronage. The accentuation of proper names, and the commendable accuracy with which all the points formerly obscure or doubtful have been illustrated, are in themselves sufficient commendation of a work, whose original merit has long been undisputed.

EDITORS' TABLE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—The London Athenæum, of the 3d of January, has a paper upon the literature of this country, which contains, among some amusing errors, many wholesome truths. When the writer tells us that Quarterly Reviews, miscalled 'American,' are searched in vain by Englishmen, at the club and reading rooms of London, for favorable notices of popular American books, we can readily believe him. When he informs the British public that Americans have been wont to wait for the literary opinions of English reviewers and journalists, before they formed their own, we cannot gainsay the assertion. 'Tis true, 't is pity, and pity 't is, 't is true.' We must needs admit, too, that we have been ridiculously sensitive in regard to the caricatures of 'half-pay English officers, and lady-bankrupts in tape and bobbin, who pay their outfits and passage money home, by ministering to the general appetite for abuse in relation to America,'—that there is in this country,—although every day lessens the justice of the charge,—a want of proper respect for its mental resources. But the writer in the Athenæum errs, egregiously, in the inference, that, because Reviews, professing to be American, do not encourage the intellectual exertions of native authors, their labors must necessarily remain on the shelves of our book-sellers. Edition after edition of indigenous works of fiction are purchased with avidity, by readers who think and judge for themselves,—the great body of the people. Let us correct another grave error,—viz: that 'every thing in the way of narrative, that finds a publisher in England, is re-printed in New-York.' Let not the small-beer novelists across the water lay this flattering unction to their souls! Admitting that there is much foreign trash re-published here, yet not one in five,—as we are informed upon the best authority,—of the novels sent to this country, and strenuously urged for re-publication, are ever presented to American readers. We have little to say of the tributes paid to Brown, Irving, Cooper, Paulding, Miss Sedgwick, Channing, Wirt, etc., save that they are quite too summary, to do justice to the merits of their several subjects. The writer,—who is evidently an Englishman,—erroneously attributes to Mr. FAY the very clever volume of 'Crayon Sketches.' That work is the production of WILLIAM COX, Esq., an English gentleman, now in London. High praise is awarded, and justly, to the dramatic writings of HILLHOUSE, and Dr. BIRD. Brief allusion is also made to the author of 'The Usurper,' 'Love and Poetry,' etc., as one 'who had long besieged Melpomene, and whose praise had traveled far,—on trunk covers.' 'The Doctor was satisfied,' says the writer, 'with *once* feeling the pulse of the public.' This is a great error!

Upon the whole, our readers will perceive, that while some of those who aspire to take the lead in letters among us have been striving for years to convince our people that they are incapable of original genius or thought,—that we have no poet or novelist worthy to be read,—no orators, divines, or statesmen, who can be compared with similar personages abroad,—we say, while this game has been carried on in certain quarters at home, some of the best foreign journals have been endeavoring to show how self-neglectful our nation is,—and how great is the puissance of the infant lioness, would she but rise from the careless slumbers of her youth, and shake the dew drops from her mane. This discriminating liberality will work us good. We shall come anon to see as we are seen, and to know ourselves as we are known. Every circumstance of our

condition favors the prospect. The weak hypercriticism, (not of *native* growth,) which has depreciated us in our own borders, is subsiding into the forgetfulness of disdain; national feeling is coming healthfully into play,—and those who would rob us of a proper self-respect for our intellect as a people, are 'passing away.' Our legislatures, journals, and churches, are developing on all sides, the march of mind. The flame has been kindled,—and it increases, upward and around. If this nation is true to itself there is no coloring of words that can exaggerate the splendor of its destiny. Many among us, have been engaged for years, in the guise of friends, to decry its merits and underrate its moral strength, who will ere long fawn for its favor, and claim to have prophesied favorably in its name. They will be remembered!

'OUR OWN COUNTRY.'—We are glad to perceive, that the article thus entitled, which appeared in the January number of this Magazine, has met with a wide and warm approval. It has pleased us to observe its paternity attributed to several of our most eminent statesmen; and the author cannot but be gratified with such high conjectures. His subject is one upon which every American can dwell with delight. The gigantic and almost magical improvements exhibited every where within our borders; the simplicity of our forms of government; the inexhaustible resources of our soil; the natural advantages for commerce,—and above all, the invincible strength of the *national heart*, throbbing as it does in patriotic unison, and guided in its impulses by a vigorous national mind,—all these are themes on which every true citizen of the States is fain to dwell. We have only, as a people, to be true to ourselves, to keep the bonds of Union unswayed by the rust of sectional antipathies, and to bring out, through all possible channels, the intellect of the nation,—to continue as we are—the happiest and most prosperous nation on the globe.

To keep the national pride fervently and equably alive, local exhibitions of the power or prospects afforded to every quarter of the republic, are indispensable. We like to see all classes, professions, and sections, vying with each other in every thing that can illustrate the greatness of the land. *The West*, that green and living picture of an Arcadia or an El Dorado, has an historian in almost every citizen. Its dwellers revert to what it *was*, and point to it as it *is*, with a pleasure which is honest without vanity, and strong without excess. An eloquent clergyman of that region, while soliciting aid for a collegiate institution, recently presented the following *tableau* of the great Western Vale. Presuming the details to be accurate, we are surprised at the magnificence of the scene they unfold. Who can contemplate it with apathy? 'The chief wonder in North America, is the Vale of the Mississippi. It embraces all that tract of country which empties its waters into the Gulf of Mexico. On the north, it is divided from the waters that fall into Hudson's Bay, by high lands. On its western bounds, the Rocky and Chippewa mountains divide the waters that fall into the Mississippi. On the east, the Alleghanies are its boundaries. It is the largest division of our round earth, the waters of which fall into one estuary. The Vale includes two thirds of the territory of the United States. It embraces four times as much land as the whole of Britain; and comprises an area of a million and a half of square miles. It is fourteen hundred miles in length,—in breadth, nearly the same. It will sustain a population as great as that of all Europe. The great valley of the Nile is a pigmy in comparison. For thousands of years the magnificent Mississippi has rolled on in solemn grandeur, leaving its rich alluvion upon the immense plains which it intersected. There now may be seen the Vale of Empires,—the Vale of Cities,—the throne of Freedom! It would feed and clothe two hundred millions of inhabitants,—one fourth part of the number now alive upon the whole earth.'

COMMENTARIES ON SHAKSPEARE.—No man has been so much the theme of criticism, as the immortal bard of the Globe Theatre. The mere names of his expounders and interpreters would fill a book. While the world has never entertained but one opinion of his mighty genius, many of those obscene birds of prey, the critics, have indulged very different notions on the subject. In the number of this work for July, we gave a fair specimen of the summary manner in which Byron, Scott, Irving, and a few other master spirits were disposed of by one of these kind of scribes; we remember the man, contemporary with Milton, who spoke of *Paradise Lost* as 'a poor, spiritless production, with little good learning, and less genius;' and we now take the liberty of, introducing an Ancient to the reader, in the shape of one of Shakspeare's first critics,—namely, Mr. Rymer, author of 'A Shorte View of Tragedie,—its Exelencies, and Corruption; with sundry Reflexions on Wil. Shakspeare, and other Practicioners for y^e stage.' This personage flourished in 1693. He shows the swan of Avon to have been, in his opinion, the veriest goose that ever waddled. The tragedy of *Othello*,—containing some of the finest passages ever written by man,—receives the full blank discharge of Master Rymer's denunciation. The chief merit that he discovers in the work, is,—it furnishes a moral to wives that they look well to their linen,—and a lesson to husbands, that before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs be mathematical. *Othello's* account of his course of wooing, delivered to the Senate, is stigmatized by our author, as a pack of arrant nonsense. He believes Shakspeare would have made *Desdemona* love the Moor, even if he had worn a cloven foot. 'A meaner woman,' quoth he, 'might as soon be taken by *Aqua Tetrachymagogon*. With us,' he continues, 'a blackamoor might rise to a trumpeter, and marry some little drab or small coal-wench: Shakspeare must make him a lieutenant-general, and provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord.' Iago, he says, is intolerably unnatural, and Shakspeare knew it: but he must, forsooth, 'entertaine the audience with something new and surprising *against common sense and nature*; he wolde passe upon us a close, dissembling, false, insinuating rascal! No woman bredde out of a pigge-stye, colde talk so meanly as *Desdemona*. There is nothing in her that is no below a kitchen maid. Yet oure poett wolde have her murdered in sober sadness, purely for beinge a foole. Has our Christian poesie no generosity,—no bowells?'

We have not room to follow Rymer through all his criticisms; but he decides unhesitatingly, that 'Shakspeare profaned the name of tragedy, and instead of representing men and manners, *turned all morality, good sense, and humanity*, into mockerie and derizione.' He ends his comments on *Othello*, thus: 'There is in this play, some burlesk, some humor, and ramble of comical witte, and some *mimicry* to divert y^e spectators,—but the tragick parte is clearly none other than a bloudie farce, without salte or savour.'

Rymer descends upon '*Julius Cæsar*' with the swooping pounce of a vulture. That production shares the fate of *Othello*. He thinks that Shakspeare might have had familiar acquaintances like Iago and the Moor: 'but Cæsar and Brutus were above his conversations: to putt them in fool's coates, and make them Jack Puddens in y^e Shakspeare dresse, is a sacrilege beyonde any thinge. Every one must weare a fool's coate, that comes to be dressed by him. His Portia, like *Desdemona*, is silly, impertinent fleshe and bloud. Shakspeare's genius (poor man!) lay for comedy and humour. In tragedy he appears *quite out of his element*; his brains are turned,—he raves and rambles without any coherency, any *spark of reason*, or any rule to controul himme, to set bound to his phrenzie.'

How Shakspeare's reputation came to survive these disdainful thwacks, passeth man's conjecture to tell. *Perhaps* it was because he *did* really possess some genius, in

both tragedy and comedy! We are led to think so, at any rate; for he hath his commentators, even until now. A right merry and scrutinizing critic, in the Literary Emporium, has offered the following conjectures on certain sentences in *Macbeth*. To us they are irresistibly convincing. The logic is well chopped, and must weigh down all precedent. Was it not Canning, who wrote the famous review of 'Jack and Gill,' and the mishaps attendant upon their joint crusade after a pail of water? That was a master-piece. It betrayed a knowledge of metre, and the lyric requisites, unknown to all surviving cognocenti. Since that superior effort, we have seen none better than the one which follows. It is *too* good to be lost. We embalm it for posterity:

'Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd,—
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.'

Macbeth.

I never was more puzzled in my life than in deciding upon the 'right reading' of our motto,—

'Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd,—
Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.'

It is an important inquiry. Did the hedge-pig whine 'once,' or 'thrice and once?' Without stopping to inquire whether hedge-pigs exist in Scotland,—that is, pigs with quills in their backs,—the great question occurs, *how many times did he whine?* It appears the cat mew'd three times. Now would not a virtuous emulation induce the hedge-pig to endeavor to get the last word in the controversy,—and how was this to be obtained, save by whining 'thrice and once?' The next learned commentators upon *Shakespeare* have given the passage thus:

'Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd,—
Thrice;—and once the hedge-pig whined.'

Thereby awarding the palm to the brinded cat. The fact is, they probably entertained reasonable doubts whether the hedge-pig was a native of Scotland, and a sense of national pride induced them to lean on the side of the productions of their country. The juvenility of the pig is a consideration in favor of his whining, whereas the cat, having attained its matured state, cannot be supposed to give utterance to its feelings on slight occasions.

I think a heedful examination of these two lines will satisfy the unbiased examiner that the hedge-pig whined *at least four times*; nevertheless, a reasonable doubt must be acknowledged to exist on the subject, and we feel constrained to say that we leave the question just where we find it, viz. in doubt.

Our jovial critic then proceeds to discuss the ensuing colloquial couplet:

'Apparition.—Macbeth—Macbeth—Macbeth!
Macbeth.—Had I three ears, I'd hear thee!

Why, he eagerly enquires, does *Macbeth* want three ears? Why could he not have made out with two,—the usual assortment? No,—he must suppose an ear for each ejaculation. It is conjectured, also, had not an original misprint marred the text, that *Macbeth* should have said,

'Had I three years, I'd hear thee:

because, observes our clever commentator, *Macbeth* had a great deal of business on his hands, and could not attend to the gabble of apparitions in a shorter time. Leaving this unsettled, however, the author ensconces himself behind another hypothesis, and inclines at last to the opinion that the hero of *Dunsinane* meant to say,

'Had I one ear, I'd hear thee.'

and this he thus establishes. Who can gainsay such laborious ratiocination?

Now, is there any way of explaining *three* to mean *one*? Poetical license will admit of taking great liberties with common sense, but it is almost too bare-faced to reduce the strength of an epithet two-thirds. Undoubtedly the term *three* was used in a poetical manner. *Shakespeare* undoubtedly meant 'one ear.' Let us see. I have it. The 'brinded cat' shall not mew 'three times,' without furnishing a clue to get us out of this labyrinth. A cat, to common observers, has but one tail, but by the aid of logic, we prove that animal to have three; thus:

'A cat has one more tail than no cat:
No cat has two tails;
Ergo, a cat has three tails.

'Now, if by arguing forward, we prove a cat with one tail in fact, to have three tails in reality, by reversing the argument, we prove *three* in reality to be but *one* in fact, and therefore reconcile *Shakespeare* with common sense, and give the right reading to be,—

'Had I but one ear, I'd hear thee.'

THE AUTHOR OF ELIA.—A tribute, richly merited, to the memory and worth of this estimable man, will be found in the course of an article on other pages of the present number. It has obviated the necessity which would otherwise have imposed the mournful task upon ourselves. Yet we cannot omit our cordial assent to the praises bestowed upon Lamb's works and name. That writer, we fear, was the last of those sweet and gentle essayists who kept the spirit of the Addisonian age, and shed it abroad in every effort they made. His contributions to the London Magazine were rich and beautiful. Tenderness, a pathos which glides into the heart, and a perception of the humorous, keen without coarseness, are their prevailing characteristics. As a specimen of the sportiveness of his fancy,—with which we imagine few of our readers are acquainted,—we are tempted to subjoin an extract from one of his essays, entitled, 'Reflections of a Man in the Pillory.' This instrument of punishment is too well known to need description. It was situated in the midst of the wildest rabblement of London. The culprit was placed in a high frame, or enclosure, his neck begirt with a collar of wood, his extended hands secured, and his feet 'made fast in the stocks.' There he was subjected to all sorts of unseemly missiles from the crowd, standing for a quarter of an hour at one point of the compass. The unhappy varlet at the end of an hour, was generally a most pitiable object, looking, when liberated by Ketch, the hangman, as if he had exchanged his humanity with a monkey. This character, Mr. Lamb has placed upon a throne, and invested with more than regal dignity. Who ever shed, before, such gushes of poetry around so dark a subject? The hero is represented as a respectable merchant, with a certain dash of humor in his composition,—and who, for a trifling peccadillo, was elevated to the pillory, where, among other sentiments, he regaled himself with these

REFLECTIONS.

SCENE OPPOSITE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE : TIME, TWELVE TO ONE, NOON.

KETCH, my good fellow, you have a neat hand. Prithee, adjust this new collar to my neck gingerly. I am not used to these wooden cravats. There,—softly, softly: * * now it will do. And have a care, in turning me, that I present my aspect due vertically. I now face the orient. In a quarter of an hour, I shift southward,—do you mind? and so on till I face the east again, traveling with the sun. No half points, I beseech you, N. N. by W., or any such elaborate niceties. They become the shipman's card, but not this mystery. Now leave me a little to my own reflections.

Bless us, what a company is here assembled in honor of me! How great I stand here! I never felt so sensibly before the effect of solitude in a crowd. I muse in solemn silence upon that vast miscellaneous rabble in the pit there. From my private box, I contemplate with mingled pity and wonder, the gaping curiosity of those underlings. There are my Whitechapel supporters. Rosemary Lane has emptied herself of the very flower of her citizens, to grace my show. Duke's Place sits desolate. What is there in my face, that strangers should come so far from the East to gaze at it? (*Here an egg narrowly misses him.*) That offering was well meant, but not so cleanly executed. By the tricklings, it should be neither myrrh, nor frankincense. Spare your presents, my friends; I am no ways mercenary. I desire no missive tokens of your approbation. I am past those valentines. Bestow those coffins of untimely chickens upon mouths that water for them. Comfort your addle spouse with them at home, and stop the mouths of your brawling brats with such olla podridas; they have need of them. (*A brick is let fly.*) Discase not, I pray you, nor dismantle your rent and ragged tenements, to furnish me with architectural decorations, which I can excuse. This fragment might have stopped a flaw against snow comes. (*A coal flies.*) Cinders are dear, gentlemen. This nubbly might have helped the pot boil, when your dirty cuttings from the shambles shall stand at a cold simmer. Now south about, Ketch. I will apostrophize my tabernacle.

Delectable mansion, hail! House not made of every wood! Lodging that pays no rent; airy and commodious, which, owing no window tax, art yet all casement, out of which men have such pleasure in peering and over-looking, that they will sometimes stand for an hour together, to enjoy the prospects! Cell, recluse from the vulgar! Quiet retirement from the Great Babel, yet affording *sufficient* glimpses into it! Pulpit without note or sermon book, into which the preacher is inducted without tenth or first

fruit! From thy giddy heights I look down upon the common herd, who stand with eyes upturned, as if a winged messenger hovered over them, and mouths open, as if they expected manna. I feel, I feel the true Episcopal yearnings. Behold in me, my flock, your true overseer! What, though I cannot lay hands, because my own are laid, yet I can mutter benedictions. True *otium cum dignitate*! Proud Pisgah eminence! Pinnacle sublime!

Importunate hour-hand—stay! The clock speaks one. I return to common life. Ketch, let me out!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE YEMASSEE.—Such is the title of a novel, by the author of 'Guy Rivers,' now in the press of the Brothers HARPER. We have perused a large portion of the volumes, and can unhesitatingly assure our readers, that, in our judgment, they will justly claim as large a share of popular favor as any indigenous work of fiction extant. The 'Yemassee' is a successful effort to embody the genuine materials of American Romance,—such, indeed, as may not well be furnished by the histories of any other country. It describes the border strife, and adventure common to that period, in the story of civilization, when it first plants its standard in the wilderness, and claims the homage and allegiance of the savage. It paints the manners and domestic habits of the aborigines,—their preparations for battle,—their modes of torture,—their appetites and character, while, as yet, they are undegraded by the consciousness of inferiority to their English invaders. In the progress of the narrative, the unintellectual nature is also made to minister to the creation of native romance. The supposed power of fascination possessed by the rattle-snake,—the terrors of the ferocious alligator, the American crocodile,—contributes to the formation of two admirable pictures, not less novel than poetical. Then comes the expatriation from his tribe of a native chief,—the fire-torture of a victim,—the massacre of the borderers,—and, finally, the annihilation of a great nation, fighting for their homes and liberties, and only yielding up the contest with life itself.

Messrs. HARPER AND BROTHERS have in press: 'The Mayor of Wind Gap,' by the author of 'The O'Hara Family'; 'The Rebel, and other Tales,' by the author of 'Pelham,' 'Eugene Aram,' 'Pompeii,' etc.; 'Voyage of the Potomac round the World,' by J. N. Reynolds, Esq.; 'The Most Unfortunate Man in the World,' by the author of 'The Life of a Sailor,' 'The Young Muscovite,' etc.; 'The Study of Medicine,' by J. M. Good, M. D.; 'The Sacred History of the World,' Vol. II., by Sharon Turner; 'Family Library,' No. 72; 'History of the United States, No. II.; or, Uncle Philip's Conversations with the Children about the History of New-York,' 'Boy's and Girl's Library,' Nos. 23 and 24; and 'Outre-Mer,' by Professor H. W. Longfellow.

BOOK OF SOCIAL PRAYER.—**Messrs. MARSHALL AND COMPANY**, of Philadelphia, have published a 'New Book of Social Prayers,' by the Right reverend Bishop GRISWOLD, of Massachusetts, which deserves a more extended notice and commendation than we can accord to it at this time. The volume is tastefully executed, and the excellent contents well deserve such a guise. The praise of the work is already in the churches; and we cannot do a better service to a very large body of Christians, than to make an early mention, brief though it be, of a book so valuable, from a prelate whose reputation for piety and talent is so well established.

THREE YEARS IN THE PACIFIC, by an Officer in the United States Navy, favorably noticed in the December number of this Magazine, has been published in London, and is received at the hands of the higher Reviews with marked favor.

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THE USES AND ABUSES OF CRITICISM.

'On that mine adversary had written a book!' * * 'Surely I would take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown unto me.'

THIS language of the great Idumean Bard, has been often quoted, as a proof that there is a strong disposition in man to play the critic at all times; and that Job, in the depths of distress, when he was calling on God to answer him, was desirous, in modern language, to 'cut up' his adversary's arguments, if they had appeared in the form of a book. Now we modestly opine that this was not the meaning of this 'upright man, who feared God and eschewed evil.' He was tired of the everlasting form of ordinary conversation, in which his friends escaped the main point of the discussion, and with a torrent of words had attempted to overwhelm him. This may be inferred from the language of Elihu, who, when his anger was kindled, reproached the friends of Job, and said: '*Great men are not always wise; neither do the aged understand judgment;*' thinking that they had rambled over a great extent of reasoning without pith or point; and he proceeds to say: '*Yea, I have attended unto you; and behold, there was none of you that CONVINCED Job, nor that answered his words.*' The wish of the good man that his adversary had written a book, contains nothing more than a desire that his friends had put down their arguments in writing, that he might have answered them distinctly, and have kept them from wandering so widely from the subject. This is clearly shown by an exclamation from the same drama, in which Job is made to say: '*Oh that my words were now written! Oh, that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock forever!*' He wished that his own words were written, that they might not be tortured by caviling opponents, nor misunderstood by the vain, who were bursting to reply. Job was no syllable-catcher, and had no malignant wish to make satire the test of truth. We know that this is not the received opinion of the interpretation of the text, but nevertheless we believe it to be the true one. We have no reverence for hoary error, and call no man master, in this age of freedom of thinking, as well as in acting: but if Job did not wish to turn critic, yet such a race of men did exist in the early ages of literature. We can often infer much from a name, and the Greek word for critic has a good meaning. Its definition was, a discerner, a judge,—one who could with sagacity and

penetration separate the strong from the feeble, the good from the bad; who could sift the wheat from the chaff. In this sense it was used, and many deserved the honorable appellation of critics. The first critic I know of in history, but probably there were numerous generations of gad-flies before that period, whose productions were filled with malignity, was Zoilus, who undertook to find fault with the writings of Homer, and of Isocrates: but an indignant prince, or a more indignant people, put an ignominious end to this Homeromastix, instead of encouraging his vituperations, as many now-a-days do less acute critics. The love of the works of Homer had sunk too deep in the minds of the tasteful, to suffer a snarling critic to disturb it. There were, no doubt, many critics in the best days of Athenian literature,—and many heart-burnings among authors who probably turned upon each other at times with bitter remarks, when struggling for popular favor. Zenophon makes no mention of Plato, his contemporary and superior, but their spleen is in most instances buried in the dust. The Augustan age of literature had its critics. Bavius and Mævius wrote bitter sarcasm upon the poets and orators of that age, which, it is recorded, annoyed them much at the time, and the names of these critics are synonymous with ill-nature and coarse criticism, to the present day.

Quintilian, in the next age, was a true, legitimate critic. A grammarian, a rhetorician, and an elegant writer, he gave the best rules for judging of the merits of composition, and never showed the least particle of spleen against any one, although he lived in an era which furnished matter enough for severe criticism. Pliny, and Tacitus, too, were critics, but never descended to ill-natured remarks upon those who had preceded them, or on their contemporaries; their severity, as well as that of Juvenal, fell rather upon the profligate and wicked, than on feeble writers, or bad reasoners. But the noblest of all the critics of that age of Grecian and Roman literature, was Longinus. He wrote with the fire of an orator, and the justice of a judge. He was full of the *divine afflatus*, and wrote like one whose soul was elevated to the task of a true critic.

‘The great Longinus all the Nine inspire,
And fill the critic with the poet’s fire.’

The work of Longinus, called a *Work of Criticism*, was most judiciously made a classic in most of the universities in Europe, and in this country. The language is pure, the sentiments noble, and its rules unerring. There is a melancholy remembrance in his fate, that one so learned and amiable should die so tragically by Roman brutality. Had he lived when Alexander warred upon nations, he would have had a crown instead of a cross; but the Romans never felt the softening influence of letters after their primitive days. They passed from fierce and sturdy warriors to corrupt voluptuaries, and onward to degradation and ignominy, through every stage of their false pride and vain glory, and through their decline to their fall, without bringing back at any time the age of Numa and the Muses. The Roman sword knew no satiety of blood; and Roman judges wore at all times the red cap of

condemnation, and Roman altars had no horns for the wretched to lay hold on to secure mercy.

The brilliant age of Arabian literature produced but few critics, for it was marked by an enthusiasm that carried letters so rapidly forward, that the cool or malignant critic, had but little chance of distinction. They wrote history with poetical fervor, and their biography was mostly eulogy. If they had critics, they are no longer remembered, being the first of their authors who were buried under the ruins of their golden age. They had more rhapsodists than cynics, and were more desirous of increasing the number of their authors than of plucking the eagle wings of their geniuses; they forgot that sometimes the heat of the ignited mass is increased by throwing cold water on the flames,—a philosophy that Vulcan discovered at his forge, and which has become common since.

The criticism of the dark ages was produced by the numerous religious sects. They attacked each other's creeds rather than their literature. Their disputes made hordes of critics in a religious sense, when they impugned each other's sentiments; being about equal in coarseness and illiberality. Instead of witty remarks and pungent animadversions, they poured out anathemas on each other, as political writers do now-a-days, which passed off without leaving any permanent wounds, or stains upon each other's literary reputation. They persecuted each other with words and deeds, but felt not so much the putting down a rival by bitter arguments, as they did by procuring his banishment or the sacrifice of his life. Calvin was a better writer than Servetus, but was not content with a consciousness of this fact. A bull from his Holiness was a more effectual extinguisher, for the day, of every light that was thought to be too bright and shining, than the satire of Erasmus, were it ever so cutting. The power of the Pope passed away, but the satire of Erasmus is immortal. The very errors of the age are in a manner preserved, by the caustic wit he used to burn them out. When we find such power employed, not to injure the just, or disturb the quiet, but only applied to vaulting ambition and inordinate rapacity, we take sides with the critic.

In the early ages of English literature, there was but little professed criticism. One author would sometimes make an attack upon his contemporaries, for the purpose of elevating himself. The most admirable satire of the age of Elizabeth, is to be found in one of Shakspeare's plays,—*'Love's labor Lost,'*—in the character of the Schoolmaster, Holofernes. It was just the period when the English language was gaining a fullness, and began to be written with nature and ease, and common household words were admitted to good books, that Shakspeare wrote his plays. His superior mind, enriched with knowledge, repudiated the tasteless, pedantic style of writing, then too much in vogue, among professed scholars. Holofernes is not represented as an ignoramus, but as a pedagogue capable of instructing his pupils in many languages, and who could not in conversation hide his vast acquirements. The dignified *Sir Nathaniel* admired his wonderful learning, and *Dull* brushed up his mother wit, knowing that he had 'never fed

of the dainties that are bred in a book.' This ridicule is most severe, for there is often a rare choice of words in the phraseology of this pedant; but they come so mingled with words from other languages, that well might *Moth* say, 'They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.' Notwithstanding this keen and elegant satire, from such a mighty mind, aided by his own example and that of Sir Philip Sidney, in his 'Pedagogue,' and by his style, which is sweet, flowing, and easy, yet pedantry lingered long among the subsequent writers of England. Burton's work abounds in it, but the genius so often displayed in his '*Anatomy of Melancholy*,' in some measure atones for the pedantry and quaintness every where found in this great work. The divines imagined that this pedantic style was suited to grave and solemn subjects, and it was used by them, and brought to this country by the Cottons and the Mathers, and of course was imitated by all the lesser lights of the church among the puritans of America.

Dryden was one of the great pioneers in English criticism. He taught the English to know and value their early dramatists. He gave a candid and just judgment upon their merits. Dryden was learned in the proper rules of criticism in all their schools; both ancient and modern, were familiar to him. He was above all envy, and glorified Shakspeare as he should have done. He spoke as one from the professor's chair, and not as a furious critic, who believed that the world would calculate the extent of his powers from the number of stabs he had given a rival. Dryden wrote some of his critical and satirical works while smarting under a sense of wrong; but still he has preserved his magnanimity to a wonderful degree, and speaks out as a poet, above a few scanty rules of the art, with the vivacity of one who feels, and in the power of one who reasons. His criticisms are not so much read by the generality of enlightened men, as by more professed scholars. He had more of learning, I mean the love of the ancients, than perhaps any one of his successors,—surely much more than Pope. Critics were found in the new world to worry the pedants. Dr. Douglass was a thorn in the side of Cotton Mather, the most voluminous of American writers, for nearly thirty years. If Mather was incorrigible, these criticisms had a good effect on others, not so wedded to their own faults. At the same time that Douglass was goading Mather in this country, Dennis was attacking Pope, and others, on the other side of the water. If Dennis was dull as a dramatic writer, he was an acute critic, and sometimes that which was thought to be the offspring of spleen, on examination was found to contain no small share of good sense. Dennis and the minor critics, if they shortened the life of Pope, made him, no doubt, a better poet than he would have been, if constantly surrounded by flatterers, or even by honest friends, who might sometimes speak their opinions freely. Most certainly these critics drove him to writing the *Dunciad*, one of the most terrible pieces of vindictive retaliation to be found in the whole history of literary vengeance. He attacked all classes, slanderers, plagiarists, libelers, and the low party writers whose duty it was to slander the good and great in the nation. This poem is a sort of mock heroic production of a vigorous mind, well stored with

knowledge; and if some of the satire was too severe, it must be remembered that he had been stung by every insect of literature that buzzed about Grub-street and Drury-lane. It must be confessed that sometimes his indignation obscures his vision, and that his fancy shoots into the forms of caprice. The changes made in his heroes remind one of the renowned Lord Dexter, the only nobleman of that order whose title was ever acknowledged in this country. He had adorned his garden with nearly an hundred colossal figures, on lofty pedestals, comprehending all from Mars to Washington, among heroes, and those from Diana to the goddess of Liberty, among women; and statesmen were seen in abundance, while the poets were not forgotten: but as he read, (and strange as it may seem, this self-created lord could read a newspaper,) he found new objects of admiration, and sent at once for a painter to obliterate the name of one of his figures, (for the name was written under them, or they never would have been known,) and substituted that of another. Caprice was the origin of both,—the former flowing from some new indignity, and the latter from some new burst of admiration. It is amusing, at this late day, to look at these controversies of the heroes of the pen, Pope and Dennis. The latter says of Pope: 'He is a little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candor, truth, friendship, good nature, humanity, and magnanimity. He is so great a lover of falsehood, that whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contemporaries, he brands them with some defect which was just contrary to some good quality for which all their friends and acquaintance commended them.' The poet retorts with characteristic severity:

'Should Dennis publish you had stabbed your brother,
Lampooned your monarch, or defamed your mother;
Say, what revenge on Dennis can be had?
Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad:
On one so poor, you cannot take the law:
On one so old, your sword you cannot draw;
Uncaged then let the harmless monster rage,
Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age.'

While Pope was fighting with the wasps about him, and pinning them in tortures to the wall, Addison was performing another part. He had a mind to conceive the beauties of Milton, which his countrymen had, generally speaking, overlooked. The reading part of the people were more willing to acknowledge his merits than fond of searching for his beauties. Addison brought these beauties so distinctly before his countrymen, that they were under the necessity of forming a judgment of Milton's great powers as a writer, and when it came to that point, those capable of comprehending him were at once established in their opinions. Lord Kames, and Dr. Samuel Johnson were contemporary critics. The former had no early habits of mortification and spleen to poison his mind. He was above dependence and of a cheerful disposition, without a particle of superstition to sway his sentiments. His acquaintance with the best orders of society gave him opportunities of mixing with social man, and of seeing his good nature and natural

philanthropy, while Johnson was brooding, with a wounded spirit, over the indignities to which his poverty subjected him. Johnson, in his critical writings, had a constant motive to keep writers from rising too high. Kames had no fears of their reaching the comforts and honors which he enjoyed.

Johnson had great strength, and met his antagonist with skill and power. Junius, who had bent his vigorous bow rather upon politicians than writers, was nevertheless a critic, and has given his writings fame, spirit, and elegance, by the force of his style. Blair should not be forgotten as a critic. He was truly a disinterested one. He wrote to guide youths in the paths of pure composition, not to lessen the reputation of a rival, or to show how well he could use the pruning knife. His writings have done more to bring forth candor and fairness in judging and pronouncing on the merits of writers, than any learned critic of his day.

Blair had no politics in his professional duties, but the next class of critics in England were full of political rancor. The author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, in a satirical poem, with numerous notes, came down with a murderous beak and outstretched talons, upon all who did not agree with him in politics. He poured upon them anathemas in many languages, and insisted that they should be drawn from the halls of science and the groves of learning, if they did not join Burke 'in thundering on his foes.' The great philosopher, Dr. Priestly, he dispatches in a few words,—and those not very poetical. Dr. Parr meets with hardly as much ceremony as his great friend Priestly. His worth is compared with the uncurrent half-pence of Birmingham, the city in which he resided. Gifford wrote a satirical poem called *Bavius and Mævius*, to ridicule the affected style of certain sentimental poets, who were bandying compliments from one to the other, in melting and luscious rhymes. Anna Matilda and her friends were swept like a swarm of flies away, and the people were brought back to a better taste. The enchantments of French and Italian poetry lasted but a short time: that it should be more admired than English verse, was not natural. The tinsel and mawkish sentiment of this school were fit subjects of satire, and the triumph over them was not a matter of hard fighting. The critics of Edinburgh, by their undue severity, made Byron a poet, or rather broke up the fountains of the great deep of his mind, and caused him, with sweet and bitter waters, to overflow the land. Those rival Reviews, the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly*, have lost something of the tone of their vituperation, and seem more inclined to discuss subjects, than to torture individuals.

Criticism has never been a profession in this country. No chair at any of our numerous institutions has as yet been exclusively appropriated to this noble branch of learning. Some of the professors of the Humanities have thought it to be their duty at times, to make a few passing remarks on the merits of this author, or that, as they went on with the recitations in their classes; but no one has devoted his days to going up to the pure fountains of knowledge, and showing the current

and increase of the waters, as they flow on to the ocean. We have had caustic and witty reviewers, and sharp notices of works, as they came from the press, at all times since we have established presses in our country, and some of them have done much good; but criticism, as a profession, we have not yet had. The periodicals are obliged, in the form of reviews, to supply this defect. Sometimes a review of a work does not want good nature, but most generally shows but a partial knowledge of the subject, more from haste than from want of ability. A work, whether a newspaper or any other periodical, if it should once get a name for reviewing works with intelligence and fairness, pointing out defects with a physician's tenderness, attempting to heal the wounds that it was necessary to make, and opening to full view the beauties which ought not to be hid, would shortly take precedence of those who cut with a rude and unkind hand.

The ill effects of severity are greater than those of lenity: both should be avoided. An anecdote may illustrate the writer's meaning. Two friends living in the same town, who had for several years been intimate, had engaged to write an article each, for a neighboring periodical. The younger brought his review of a popular work, which at that time had appeared anonymously, to his friend. It was bitter and full of malignity, but without any discrimination or analysis. It was clear that he had not read one quarter part of the work. The elder friend remonstrated against his sending this article to the publisher; but the younger insisted, by some sharp remarks, such as 'I must have a victim,—there is a glory in flaying an author alive,—no one ever objected to the use of satire who could wield the pen of a satirist,' etc. This was said with a knowing sneer, and the subject was dropped. Some laughed at the criticism, and others praised it for having so much of the scalping-knife and tomahawk about it. Shortly there was a Fourth of July oration to be delivered in the town. The younger friend was appointed to the task. It was delivered, and the whole country around were delighted: it had some bold and novel features which made it remarkable, as these productions are generally cast in the same mould. The audience were clamorous, and insisted that they must have a copy for the press. It was granted. No sooner did it appear, than it was noticed as a plagiarism, with many severe remarks upon the temper and talents of the pretended writer. He was spared in no respect. He was charged with the disposition discovered in all his severe articles, and taunted for the ignorance they exhibited. He was destroyed, root and branch. On its appearance, the town was in a bustle; the orator, with his father, brothers, and others, instantly demanded the author of the piece. The printer stated that he was authorized to give him up, if he would be at such a public hall, with ten of his friends, and no more, at five o'clock in the afternoon. It is needless to say that he was punctual; but whom should he meet there but his elder friend, with ten other gentlemen with him. The printer pointed to the author of the attack. The confusion for a moment was terrible. 'Wait a moment, gentlemen,' said the writer, 'and I will

prove what I have declared in that article.' Drawing a letter from his pocket, and inquiring if they knew the hand-writing, he proceeded to show that the author of the letter had requested the friend, who now had it in his hand, to write him an oration for the fourth of July. He was then living at the South. The rough draft was shown, and the exhibition of the manuscript of the oration, lately delivered, demanded. The impostor had one ray of hope left. The chirography was neither that of the author nor his friend to whom it was sent; and he boldly asserted that the rough draft, so called, was a forgery, and some of his friends took sides with him, when a writing-master was called and made affidavit that he copied the identical paper some years before, from the loose sheets now exhibited. The impostor was overwhelmed with shame. The one who had brought it on him was the author of the book the younger man had reviewed with such a savage disposition. The man to whom the oration was sent was dead, and by some accident the manuscript had fallen into the possession of the one who used it. The disgrace was beyond the strength of his nerves. He left the town next morning, and died on his passage to the north-west coast. The defender of his own wounded feelings never forgave himself for taking such a deep and terrible revenge. In fact, the insult had almost entirely escaped his mind, when he listened to his own production palmed upon the public by the speaker, as the offspring of his own ordinary brain. He had maintained a reputation for talents, only by decrying the true merits of all he knew.

I would not have the critic too tame. He should hold in his hand the lash, and if he forbore, with parental solicitude, to use it, when he must strike, let it be with magisterial justice and mercy. Proud profligacy, bloated assumption, and cold inanity, should be scourged with a powerful hand, whenever they reared their heads among men. If there were not courts of justice, the wicked would prevail; but let those courts consider themselves rather the protectors of laws than avengers of blood. These judges should themselves be impeached and brought before the tribunal of the public, if they be guilty of bribery, partiality, prejudice, resentment, or incompetency, and '*laid by the heels,*' to use the language of my Lord Coke, and forever after be ineligible to office. The deliberative assembly is watched with national jealousy; the courts of law are obliged to give sound reasons for their decisions; the professional man is bound by oaths, and strict rules, in every step he takes. Every creature, however humble, is protected by laws and customs. No parent feels that the unfeeling hand of power can be laid upon the offspring he may leave behind him, when he is gone; but the offspring of his mind is left to self-constituted judges, rancorous enemies, and imbecile rivals, who, with inquisitorial ingenuity, apply the instruments of torture in their own form, and whenever they please.

The best method to correct such evils, if they exist, is, to enlighten the public mind, and brace it up so fully with sound literature, that each one may become a judge of what he reads, particularly of that which is strewn along the common paths of life, and is in his sight every day.

A vigorous mind should never hang around others, and watch the scales they hold, to ascertain the weight of the mental labors of his friends, or even of those whose fame is indifferent to him. We never should call on those who are, or pretend to be, the Herculean guides of our minds, until we have tried to remove the obstacles in the high-way ourselves.

S. L. K.

THE TOMB OF JOSEPHINE.

'À Josephine, Eugène, et Hortense.'

Express of Earth's most polished clime!
Whose path of splendid care
Did touch the zenith-point of hope,
The nadir of despair,—
Here doth thy wronged, confiding heart
Resign its tortured thrill,
And slumber like the peasant's dust,
All unconcerned, and still?

Did Love yon arch of marble rear,
To mark the hallowed ground,
And bid those doric columns spring
With clustering roses crowned?
Say,—did it come with gifts of peace
To deck thy couch of gloom,
And like relenting Athens bless
Its guiltless martyr's tomb?

No! no! the stern and callous breast
Scared by Ambition's flame,
No kindlings of remorse confessed
At thy remembered name;
Alike the Corsican adjured,
With harsh and ingrate tone,
The beauty and the love that paved
His pathway to a throne.

He turned in apathy to gaze
Upon his Austrian bride,
Nor heard dark Fate's prophetic sigh
That warned the fall of pride,—
Saw not the visioned battle-shock
That cleft his Babel-fame,
Nor marked on far Helena's rock
A sepulchre of shame.

France!—France!—by thy indignant zeal
Were honors duly paid?
And did thy weeping fondness soothe
The unrequited shade?
Bad'st thou yon breathing statue strive
Her faultless form to show?
But rushing on in reckless mirth,
That empire answered—No!

Then, lo! a still small voice arose,
 Amid that silence drear,
 Such voice as from the cradle-bed
 Doth charm the mother's ear;
 And then, methought, two clasping hands
 Were from that marble thrust,
 And strange their living freshness gleamed
 Amid that sculptured dust.

Empress!—the filial blossoms nursed
 Within thy bosom's fold,
 Survived the wreath that throned Love
 To heartless Glory sold;
 Those hands thy monument have reared,
 Where pausing pilgrims come,—
 That voice thy mournful requiem poured,
 Though all the world was dumb.

Hartford, Conn.

L. H. S.

SKETCH OF A SELF-MADE SCULPTOR.

It is curious, in casting about us in this queer world, to see how some men are at odds with their situation. No matter what it is, or where. No matter who they are. It is as clear as daylight to any body who looks at them for a moment, that the character, and the condition, are not matched, but paired. They are unwilling, quarreling yoke-fellows; and get on at all only 'by hook and by crook,'—like the team, (which Smollet saw in France,) of a goat and a donkey dragging a plough, with a woman to drive.

This is not the miserable lot of all men, I am aware; nor of the mass of them. Far from it. The majority are more easily suited, and never quarrel with any thing—of their own. It is blessed that it is so, and so has been from the first. The fluctuations of the circumstances of life and society, as they are, are without bound or end, and as loose as the sea. The majority are afloat upon them, and subject to them. We must sink or swim, if we have no boat; and if we have one, it must yield to the sway of the wind and wave, as they toss it about—or be 'swamped.' How fortunate then this elasticity of the mind of most men! How happy that, though all different from each other—the minds as various as their index, the 'human face divine'—yet the whole diversity lies, like that in a sculptor's fresh model of clay, within the degree of induration. They are not only clay, instead of plaster, or marble, but clay never yet turned to a brittle fixedness of shape, and still wet beneath the hands of the workman. These are not what we call characters, to be sure. The multitude are not such. They bring minds into the world rather fitter for some one thing than another, or all others, perhaps—and perhaps not: but not finding, in that case, the thing—ninety-nine times out of a hundred—the precise socket of circumstances their tenon was fixt for—they are joggled about on the billiard-board of life, under Dame Fortune's stick, (speaking in the popular

sense,) till rather than come to the floor altogether, they drop quietly into the tolerable comfort of a large, loose pocket, at the edge of the table. How much better than if they were too big to get in, or so sharp as too cut through,—since they must be beaten about in this way.

But there is a class of a different formation. These are the characters. They begin life with strong tendencies, the infallible effect of certain decided arrangements of the mind's *matériel*. These are, or soon get to be, hard, beyond the plastic power. They are fitted only to fill one niche; and that they will fill, if they find it, with a fitness so nice that every body must say, who sees them: 'This man is in his element at last!' But as I remarked at the outset, there are numbers of people—and those of distinct developements too—who are obviously out of place. It must be so through accident, perversity, or other cause; and this in despite of an instinct always given to such minds, for the finding of the food that suits them. It is in exact proportion to the strength of the propensity, and goes before it, as it were, catering like the lion's jackal. But it is sometimes deceived, and very often disappointed. It is delayed also, almost always. Not one in a thousand of these people with a penchant are early favored with the means of its gratification by their position in life. It is better, probably, that they should not be, for reasons we have no time to dwell on. But be that as it will, it is curious to see how, if a man have the true vigor in him, which belongs to a true genius,—a genius for any thing,—how the impulse of its secret energy will prompt him on; and how its divine discernment, through ignorance, poverty, discouragement, disaster, every thing but despair,—will still guide him, (as the blind man's inevitable touch guides him,) till, stage by stage, from time to time, he gets nearer and nearer to the destination for which Heaven designed him to grope through the world. You can see that he feels his approximation. He looks more cheerily, and walks with a brisker pace the weary pathway; and when he reaches at last, in the evening of his days, perhaps, the threshold of the house which was made for him, and the image of which had been shadowed in his mind long ago,—oh! it is like the door of the very home where he was born to him, and he rushes in, with the light of a new life in his old eyes, to feel the heat of his childhood's fireside, and to grasp the hands that fly to meet him, and to go out no more forever!

But this is a digression. I was seduced into it by the story, which has just been told me—far better than I can tell it again—a very simple affair, too,—of a man of genius: I mean POWERS, the sculptor, who has just reached his perihelion, (as some say,) in the honor of taking off the President's head,—in clay, of course. A good deal has been said about Powers, in a vague way, by the letter-writers, and all and singular of that quid-nunc tribe who congregate in Washington, of all other places, round about the new rumors, exceedingly in the manner (begging their pardons) of a caravan of lean crows, cawing and circling, and circling and cawing, all summer long, over something which either is game for these wary wreckers, or in their humble opinion is likely enough soon to become so. They are right in this case,—

as usual. Their sharp sagacity is admirable, even afar off as they are. Powers is game; and what is more, he is dished. I shall serve him up to the reader, nolens volens; though I certainly hope not to mince the matter in such a fashion as to give it the odor of what is called a '*laïk* proceeding.'

Mr. Powers—though he has been a clock-maker, as I shall presently set forth—has been too busy about better things to take much note of time, so that he is far from being as clear as I wish he were as to the date of his birth. That is no concern of his, he says,—why should he bother his brains about that?—(as a fierce fellow said, when Ketch called upon him on the scaffold to stretch his neck out duly for the rope.) However, he has reason to believe it was the same year with the great eclipse; and that is near enough. He was born in a pleasant little village of Vermont,—a nest of a place, among green hills, on the banks of the Water Queechee, which is a twig of the White stream, which is a branch of the Connecticut. There was a meeting-house in the place, and a court-house, and a powder-house, and a school-house in every district, and a pound for the stray game. There was also a great business done at a tilt-hammer forge, over a fine 'privilege,' where 'the sweet waters meet,' in this Vale of Avoca: and our hero remembers resorting to this rendezvous of the sentimental, to try his hand in the iron-ical way, as among the earliest events of his life. He was an active little fellow, by all accounts; and as full of queer capers as an egg is of meat; and his patron, the blacksmith,—his shop being *one* of the places about town where caucuses and such things were held,—would not unfrequently suspend work, (when there was nothing to do,) to amuse the by-standers with betting on Hiram's ability to mount on top of the great T, a block they forge the rings upon, and lift it, with his own weight, from the floor. Ah! many 's the pot of small beer the brawny old fellow has swallowed in that way. But of him, '*Nihil nisi bonum!*'—that is, '*Rest his bones!*'

Charity begins at home, and I should have mentioned ere this that our hero was the eighth child in a family where there were seven brothers and two sisters, (six of them being still living,) and that his father was a farmer. He of course was brought up to the hoe. But he was slender and feeble at best, and never felt so poorly, (I rather fancy,) as when he was put to work: he confesses about as much as that. His mechanical keenness failed him, too, on these occasions, in an alarming manner, till, what with his weakness and all, his hoe would perhaps even fall from his hand, and he felt obliged to brace his nerves and restore his composure, in the refreshing airs of the blacksmith's forge. To speak in plain terms, he was considered not much better than the drone of the hive. Such is the meed of genius!

However, he was sent to school, and attended to it as well as most boys do, and acquired a common English education by the time he was thirteen, more or less,—counting always by the eclipse, in the absence of the family bible. He found leisure, moreover, during this period, from seven or eight years up, to acquire, nobody knows how,—or to exercise, at least,—no inconsiderable skill in divers devices of handi-

craft. Drawing was among the number, and like Romney, and Raeburn, and Wilkie, in their day, he beat the boys far and near in the business of caricature and portraiture both,—on board-fences, old hats, the backs of his comrades, or slates,—with charcoal, chalk, pencil, or pen. There was great fun, you may be sure, in the little realm of the round school-house, when Hiram would slyly turn out, on his great slate, the favorite picture of a flock of rats chased over a precipice by a foraging party of dragons. The latter would be led on by what they call in school-sports a go-devil, prancing about in high horns, and a spear on the end of his tail. The dragons danced after him, like master, like men. The rats fled harum-scarum: some over the abyss, some half way round for the rear, some reining up and bracing on the last edge of the solid land, and all of them uttering their sentiments on this occasion through the aid of labels forth issuing from their lips.

But this was the day of small things. He came to be the owner of a jack-knife—an era in a boy's life. Old hoes, and rakes, and forks were fashioned into shapes fitter for his purpose, and doubtless the man of small beer might occasionally be liberal to him in rusty tit-bits, (of no service to himself.) So he made mill-dams, waggons, and wind-mills—the best any where about: and the boys came to see him, of a Saturday afternoon, from every quarter. Among the rest was a wonderful mill, exceedingly improved by the addition, in some way, of the iron-monger's tilt-hammer on a small scale, but sufficiently ponderous, when the boys set up scores of them on every house, barn, and shed in the village, to discourse such music as kept the country awake in the night for miles around; and so the 'patent wind-mill' went speedily out of fashion. Hiram turned his attention to casting pewter and lead into cannon and anchors, and supplying the whole navy of the Water Queechee. There was a pond behind his father's house, with a swampy shore on one side, divided by a board-fence; and here the young marines would muster in all weathers. They had their sham-fights, too. They would set trains with a slow match, let loose the craft, and follow them up on one side till the battle came on of itself. On one occasion, our hero relates, that his eagerness made him forgetful that the ounce balls with which the guns were filled, might possibly reach to the shore. In the midst of the fight he heard a whizzing over his head, and turning round noticed that a ball had passed through an inch board behind him,—whereupon a change came o'er the spirit of his game; he waded back through the swamp, and not increasing his glee much by treading with bare feet on the back of a huge mud-turtle, he returned demurely to work at his casting. This he was paid for in ammunition, lead, powder, and so on, pounds and pounds of which the little fellows would bring loose in their hats on their heads. Where it came from, is no concern of mine; and any body may guess what it came to.

I must record briefly how this great business was broken up. There was a very particular rogue in the village—the son of a man who got his sustenance by trout-fishing, and selling ginger-bread, of a holiday. This fellow bespoke a gun of the largest calibre, had it mounted on wheels, loaded with all manner of stuff, up to the mouth. He got the

boys (of whom the caster was not one,) together one dark night, and in a council of war it was resolved expedient, *nem. con.*, (and of course *sine die*,) forthwith to proceed to the premises of a poor old gentleman, no special favorite, to be sure, in the town. who, with a family of nine children, occupied a rather rickety mansion that consisted wholly of a single room. There was one window in it, and he, with part of the family, in the juncture at which our epic commences, was in or upon a bed, as it was understood by the boys, which passed along the wall under the window,—while the rest of the household went to make up the contents of a 'trundle-bed' nearer the floor. The mischievous rascals approached and reconnoitered. Nothing was seen or heard. They planted the artillery on the sill of the window, and sustained the aim with a brick, to shoot high. A coal was produced, and the gun discharged with a tremendous report wherewith the welkin rung. Such a screaming, and swearing, and such a scrambling among dry bones, never were known before. The town was roused, but nobody could explain. Every boy in the village was in his bed, sound asleep, and never heard of this affair till the next morning. The author of it was 'very anonymous,' of course. But murder will out: the old gun was found finally, where it had kicked itself, in the bushes, near the site of the enterprize. It was bulged out of shape, but the owner's mark could be recognized; and the friend he had so politely saluted, gave him a toll for the grist he ground that night, of which I venture to wager the charge isn't canceled from his books to this day. The gun business came to an end.

Farmer Powers 'moved' to Ohio when Hiram was thirteen or fourteen, and he went with the rest of the family. The circumstances of that event, though important to the actors in it, and sufficiently picturesque to excite some interest in general readers, will be readily conceived by such of them as some fifteen years since happened to reside in any part of New-England where what was called the 'Ohio fever' prevailed. From this time he was destined for a rough life of it. For a year or two he worked on a farm rented by two of his brothers, a few miles out of Cincinnati. Then he went into the city, and read some law, and some Latin, with another of the family who was in the profession. But finding that the 'Viri Romæ,' though very clever fellows, were like to be a long while getting his bread for him, and ambitious to do something for himself, he set up a reading-room, under the encouragement of a patron who, like most patrons, soon afterwards backed out; upon which he starved out, and the business fell through so shabbily, that for some months after he felt much as he used to at home, after the constable had dragged him through the village to the 'Squire's house,' for helping the boys to knock out a little unnecessary glass in the windows of the old school-house. However, a yankee is not easily outwitted by fortune, or any other woman, and Hiram went into a grain-store. There he remained a year or two. During all these changes he kept up his mechanics. At length his skill came under the eye of Mr. Watson, the organ and clock-maker, who deceased recently, the owner of a large estate acquired in that line. He was set to work polishing organ stops, and finished them so nicely that the whole

metallic department was shortly surrendered to him. Then he was sent out by his employer into the backwoods of Ohio, on a forlorn expedition to collect his wooden-clock debts. This proved an odd-enough business of some six months, and brought him into the strangest scenes the society of this country presents. It is sufficient to say that he passed for a lawyer by dint of his horse and his Viri; and that he acquitted himself well: he even brought back the animal safe, maugre a disease of the poor devil in the shoulders,—called the ‘sweeney’ in those parts,—which made it impossible to get him down a steep hill, except by turning him round, and ‘backing.’ He went to clock-making after this, improving and inventing his own tools, as he found occasion,—one or two of which I believe are in use still, and much valued.

He was in employment now, by the way, dignified at least by great names. Every body remembers Ferguson’s account of the first wooden watch he succeeded in making,—enclosed, as he says, in a case ‘very little bigger than a breakfast-cup,’ and quite convenient, of course, for a dandy’s fob. The Scot, also, before he went into the fine arts, (portrait painting,) like the yankee, got his living for some time by clock-cleaning and making. Arkwright was early in that business; and so was Northcote, (whose father lived by it,) long after he began painting. I doubt if it was time lost for any of them. It was an approach, in each case, to the art by which they were afterwards immortalized. The manual skill was as serviceable as Inigo Jones’ carpenter’s was to him. Hogarth began with silver-chasing, Banker with earthen-ware, Bird with painting tea-trays, and Sharp with engraving dog’s collars. They all indicate the gradual groping of the instinct of which I have spoken above.

The drawing propensity had never slumbered in our clock-cleaner; the soul of the sculptor passed through all the forms of his metempsychosis, and the Cincinnati boys of that period will remember well the signs by which he was recognized. But, to pass on,—the first glimpse of his own art was derived from Mr. Ecxtein, a Prussian instructor, somewhere in the West, and I imagine the son of a person of the same name mentioned by Nollekens as a student in sculpture. There is a good head of Frederick the Great, in the Western Museum at Cincinnati, which *he* is said to have taken immediately after his death. Ecxtein was making the bust of General Jackson, and employed Powers to cast the head for him. Here he learned the use of the tools, and the plaster, in some degree, and that is the sum of his professional education. This was some years since. It was sufficient for a hint to a predisposition like his. He thought he might do as well for himself, and at length set about a model of a beautiful child. It proved very popular, and induced Derfeuil, the proprietor of the museum, to set him repairing, and then making, wax-figures, which he succeeded in so admirably that his employer has since been unwilling to spare his services. He took a room in the establishment, and has devoted most of his time to it. He made, among other things, the extraordinary apparatus so celebrated in the West under the name of the *Infernal Regions*—a show of shrewdness, in its way, which nothing has equalled in America, perhaps, with the exception of the works of Maelzel, who has

expressed his great admiration of this. Of its character in other respects the description is not sufficient to enable me to speak. With the sin of versimilitude it is probably not chargeable, being no representation of any thing which mortal mind ever conceived before; but every audience of all who have given their thousands and thousands to see it, will attest the startling vitality and vigor which mark the looks, movements, and the whole aspect, indeed, of this singular collection. His fountains, also, at this establishment, have excited a just admiration; and his portraits in wax are unequalled.

His second bust was that of Hervieu, a French artist who was in company with Mrs. Trollope at Cincinnati. It was not till April last, that he took the portrait of Dr. Bishop, President of the Miami University. He was engaged in November on the head of Mr. Nicholas Longworth, when that gentleman, who had once before furnished him the means of foreign travel, (which an accident prevented his using,) proposed his visiting the Capital, and with a liberality worthy of all praise, put him at once in the way to do so. There he has taken the busts of the President, Mr. Calhoun, and Colonel Johnson, in a style of excellence to which the papers have done no more than justice. The likeness in each, though by no means the only merit, is wonderful. The nicety of it, indeed, has been made a ground of exception. As the critics have said of Roubiliac's Handel, every wrinkle seems to have sat for its portrait. It is for others to decide whether *they* would prefer the true representation, to one more or less fanciful, of a distinguished character, whose appearance the world is generally anxious to know; but Mr. Powers, in this respect, takes sides with the world against the critics. Those who differ with him must beware how they expose themselves to his eye: he is no grave-digger, but he will turn them to *clay* in a trice.

He will visit the North this season, and take off a few heads of citizens, and then go to Italy,—with the commission of Congress, we trust, for the busts of the Presidents. These he will take time for at his leisure, being well aware of the means of improvement to be found there: and like Banks, and Raeburn, and Flaxman, being so well established in another respect as to feel no pressing necessity of return. Sir Joshua told Flaxman, when he first met him after his marriage, that he was spoiled for an artist. Our sculptor is no believer in that doctrine. His heart is no ossification, however it may be with his head,—and there is little need that it should be.

Powers, like Osgood, has had his fair share of being jostled about the world; and it has done him good. Especially has it chipped out, as nothing but the chisel of sharp necessity can do, all the abeyant arrangement of faculties which were essential to his success. It is developed now like one of his own noble faces,—standing as firmly on the pedestal it was made for,—and looking as steadily, too, as the man in marble, to the niche it is alike fitted to occupy, and able to adorn. His honors will be germane to his labors; and we rejoice, for his country's sake, and for his own, in the bright prospect of both, which awaits him.

B. B. T.

THE WRECK.

* We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to the spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long sea weeds faunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over,—they have gone down amid the roar of the tempest,—their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. All that shall ever be known of that ship is, that she sailed from her port, and was never heard of more.

Washington Irving.

The melancholy winter day
 Across the darkening ocean spray
 Its parting glimmer cast;
 And by that dim and dreary ray,
 Amidst the hollows of the waves
 That yawned around our path-like graves,
 I saw a blackened mast!
 The green sea-weed around it hung,
 The rough sea-shell against it clung;
 And at its tapering end
 A soiled and tattered flag was flung!
 And the sad relics of the dress
 Of those who in their deep distress
 Found there a helping friend!

As the wild sea around me heaved,
 As the wild breeze around me grieved,
 My heart with sadness filled:
 I wept to think of all the sighs
 That once above that wreck did rise,
 The groans, the loud, heart-rending cries
 That would a fiend have thrilled!
 The famine, and the parching thirst,
 The prayer in vain for one poor crust,
 That one poor drop of rain might burst
 From heaven's exhaustless store:
 I thought of the fierce eye of death,
 The rattling throat, the gasping breath,
 The corse when all was o'er!
 The agony, the pain of heart
 Of him, the latest to depart,
 Alone upon the sea,—
 Still tossed upon his rolling bier,
 And praying that his God would hear,
 And set his spirit free!

Ah, fatal ship! How fair the gale
 Did murmur in thy spreading sail,
 When thou didst part from home!
 How bright did shine the morning ray
 Upon thy stately decks that day,
 When thousands lined the green-shored bay
 To see thee cleave the foam.
 Fair hands, perchance, did wave farewell,
 Fond hearts for parting friends did swell,
 That little dreamed that holy bell
 Would never o'er them sound,
 Nor prayer be said above their bones,
 Nor o'er them placed the church-yard stones,
 In consecrated ground;
 But the dark tempests of the deep
 For ages o'er their manes would sweep!

Boston, March, 1835.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'TEN YEARS IN THE VALLEY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,' ETC.

NUMBER TWO.

ONE of the beautiful diversities of traveling in our country, is the strong contrasts of climate, scenery, and manners, which, from the rapidity and recent facilities of traveling, the invalid, tourist, botanist, or the mere traveler in search of amusement, may enjoy in a few days. He who shivers in the Northern breeze, labors with pulmonary difficulty or apprehension,—he, who instead of enjoying the winter's evening, 'when fast comes down the snow,' feels a painful stricture over his whole surface, and a still more distressing stricture over his thoughts and affections,—who feels that winter is as thoroughly searing, blasting, and death to imagination, enjoyment, and hope, as it is to the vegetable world,—can hie away before the October frosts, in the Charleston steamboat, and in five or six days luxuriate in

'Das land wo die citronen blühen;'

where the soft breeze comes charged with the balmy airs of the palm groves of Cuba,—to St. Augustine. When weary of the fish and fowl, the sea-bathing, and the society of hectic invalids assembled there, and forewarned, that a bright white frost may soon light upon the orange groves, steamboats and Southern stages, (of the latter I have no good to say,) soon convey him to the beautiful banks of the Alabama, soothed by the lulling moan of the wind, swelling and sinking away in the distance in the interminable pine forests through which he passes. He finds himself in Mobile, in a new universe, and among a new class of rationals. In New-York, glory was in Wall-street,—in the brilliant assemblage, at the fashionable party of the fortunate English goods' merchant of Broadway, or a few hours above, at the re-union of the Albany regency, settling the nation. There every thing was money, fashion, a fine house, fine parties, distinction. Here it is cotton and negroes. The appearance, manners, and thoughts of the people are as different from those of Broadway, as the pine forests are from Long Island, or the climate of Mobile from that of New-York. Another day places him in the centre of the motley city of New-Orleans, among the people and manners of all countries and all climes, where, along with the omnipotence of cotton and negroes, he sees abundant touches of Wall-street science in regard to stocks, fine parties, dazzling ball-rooms, a gaudy and imposing theatre, and no humble pretensions to the masonic secrets of good society and high fashion. Here the talismanic words, the *open sesame* to all hearts, are *qui vive*, money, and pleasure,—sought with so much the more intenseness from the unavoidable consciousness, that they gather in their harvest of roses upon the very palmetto margin of the 'wet graves.'

Hence four or five days will transport you to Vera Cruz, amidst a population differing little in complexion from our red men, full of mer-

cantile bustle, in a new and strange language, and where you must imagine all you can of loveliness and beauty from a single uncovered eye, which the promenading belle mercifully permits to twinkle upon your sight. A few hours bear you hence to the strange city of Montezuma, with its singular contrasts of magnificence and meanness,—its sumptuous squares and mud-walled dwellings of the poor,—its affecting memorials of a past race, and oft changed dynasties,—its masses of uncouth indwellers,—its luxurious climate, sublime scenery, and unique position in a deep valley, among the clouds.

But the greater number of those invalids, who, like myself, with the sea-fowl and swans, anticipate the autumnal Northern storms, and sail before them to the land 'where the citron tree blooms,' and frost is unknown, repair from New-Orleans, in a voyage of from three to five days, to the great mart of Havana, not to remain pent up in the narrow and sunless streets, but to mount the *volanté*, and through lanes bounded with coffee plantations on the one hand, and cane on the other, to seek shelter among the palms, in the quiet and secluded families of the interior.

Here had I passed my winter in air, in sun, or shade, as temperature or my feelings inclined me, in which simple existence itself is almost voluptuousness. I had resided in a planter's family, in the middle condition, of which half were New-Englanders, half Creoles, catholics, easy in circumstances, gentle and affectionate in their intercourse, kind and forbearing to their servants, attentive to me, and their language and movements invested with an amusing, languid, sleepy kind of drawl, which I traced to their indolence and delicious climate, inspiring drowsiness, like the distant roar of the sea, a waterfall, or the incessant, breezy tones of an *Æolian* harp. Not that the gentlemen and ladies had not a full touch of human nature in their constitution here, as elsewhere. I must have shut my eyes, not to have seen that smirking, and coquetry, that infliction of bright eyes, and that inclination on the one part or the other to be murderous, and leave permanent mischief behind them, which we must expect wherever the sexes congregate. Strangely different as the country and manners are from those of Boston, the water there too runs down hill, the ladies love to sport new fashions, and the rich fare better than the poor, just at the one place as at the other.

Toward the middle of March, the heat began to be so high and sustained, that coolness fled, even from the whispering palm groves. From the delicious aroma of the blooming coffee-trees, from fields of forests all in blossom,—from ladies plying their fans,—from friends eloquent in expressing regrets, but who, I dare say, survived my departure,—from all, mounting the *volanté*, I returned to Havana, to attempt to beguile ill health in the revolutions of perpetual change; and exchange this drowsy clime of sunshine and indolence, for the exhilarating and spirit-stirring airs of the North. A glorious morning had crimsoned the sleeping waters protected by the Moro Castle. The gay streamers from the forest of masts flapped indolently just above the long lines of smoke from the city and the ships. The negroes chattered, and numberless casks were draying and rolling along the streets, and the dews dripped from the graceful palms, just as they will at the same hour

next March, when I entered the good ship Union for Boston, and we slowly floated away from forth the harbor. As though the indolent inactivity of the climate followed us, for the first two days, we were becalmed, as if in a sea of glass, down the glorious depths of which cones of light of inexpressible brilliance opened to the imagination heavens beneath more bright than those above, in which dolphins and innumerable sea-dwellers were plying in another firmament, in hues more radiant than the gems of Golconda. The sea, the air, the elements slept,—and every thing above and around, except the fidgeting passengers, and the impatient crew. Even for the latter, the formidable spectacle of water-spouts, sweeping toward us in their spiral motion, and the distant muttering of thunder, gave evident presage that we were soon to exchange too little movement for too much. But during the calm, in which the stillness and the oppressive heat naturally invoked the passengers on deck under the awning, I had ample opportunities to become acquainted with them. There were a number of merchants, whose rubicund faces were slightly browned with the sun of Havana; portly, clever personages, who loved champagne, and cent per cent. I was as much out of their line, as they out of mine. We had a rich widow, too, not uncomely nor stricken with years, who had just laid aside her sables for the loss of a husband, who had left her, after an eight hours' attack of the cholera, half a million of dollars, and a son and daughter, with whom she was returning to her native North. My vanity furnishes me no clue to explain why this lady honored me with a particular share of attention. Widower though I am, and marriageable widow as she evidently felt herself, I am sure she never dreamed of giving me a partnership share of her half a million of dollars, nor investing me with the rights of step-father over her children, though I had the present torment of them to a degree, that inclined me to surmise, that there are worse evils than cholera, and that the exit of her poor husband might have been to him a merciful release. Unused to slaves, this lady had estimated them more entirely the passive instruments of the caprice and tyranny of their master's family, than persons who had been born and reared amidst the indulgences of slavery. The consequence was, that these two children, of whom the one was six and the other nine, were precisely the most annoying and mismanaged cuba, that ever sinner was tormented withal. The mother being restive under their inflictions, and having with her but a couple of slaves, upon whom to let their genius of torture escape, I had the fortune to be selected as the victim of their purgatorial talents. They were ugly urchins, which rendered their evil manners so much the more unendurable. But what capped the climax of misery of being greased with turkey bones, and daubed with eggs, and having my books covered with ink, and my laboriously-collected herbarium scattered leaf by leaf into the sea, was, that the learned Theban of a mother was an harranguer, a tedious *preacheuse*, upon the subject of education. She had read a whole library of the modern dull books upon this theme. Most profoundly was she imbued with the theory of education; and I was placed in a dilemma of bores, between the preaching of the mother, and the prac-

tice of the children. I soon gave the imps to understand, in all practicable ways, that I was neither their step-father nor their slave. If pins sometimes happened to point upward through my dress, when my persecutors bounced into my lap, or if they sometimes tumbled over my legs, when racing past me in the dark, I hope the charitable-minded will attribute it to accident, though I fear their mother did not. Alas! I have heard drunkards declaim in favor of temperance, misers against avarice, and debauchees talk of chastity, and our country is infested, as every one knows, with flights of office-seeking patriots, as numerous and devouring as locusts, who prate eternally at elections, and in the papers, about their love of country, while the miserable rogues never knew another love than that of themselves.

From the annoyance of these little limbs of mischief, I escaped, on the third day of our voyage, by the conversion of our dead calm into a furious Norther, that tore up the sea, in the stormy gulf-stream, from its lowest beds. The fierce mountain waves heaved our ship on their surface, as it had been a floating cork; and the sleepless spirit of mischief in my tormentors, and the education lectures of their mother, were quelled in the all-conquering sedative of sea-sickness. Added to this, the widow and the passengers, who had not been broken in to the experience of sea voyages, were in agonies of terror. The wind indeed blew, and the sea rolled fearfully. But as we had a new, strong, and well found and manned ship, those of us who had witnessed storms at sea before, suffered no other inconvenience than nausea, and the inability to procure the cooking of any food during the fury of the gale.

One pleasant passenger, we had; and it atoned for all my sufferings, inclusive of my young scourges, lectures, sea-sickness, and the incompatibility of all the rest. Why should I be withholden from giving the name of this delightful young lady? The disparity of our years interdicted the thought of any airs of wooing between us; and yet we perfectly understood each other, after one short hour's acquaintance. Kindred minds soon know each other, notwithstanding the barriers of sex, unequal age, and circumstances. As in the intercourse of angels, the sordid thoughts that terrene minds attach to youth, and beauty, and riches, to marrying and giving in marriage, belong not to their intimacy. Grace and beauty were the least of her endowments. Intelligence, the treasured stores of reading, imagination, fancy, wit, a rich and varied mind, alternately playful, or serious, which could give birth to smiles or tears, as the train of thought demanded, all blended and crowned by kindness of heart, by goodness, and the quick tact of a sensitive nature. Such were the traits of the accomplished and beautiful A——, who had been spending a year with her opulent relations in the interior of Cuba. When she arrived, there were alarming symptoms of hectic flush in her fair cheek. Her's was one of the instances, in which the climate had wrought the perfect cure of renovated health. Invested with the radiance of restored health, and native goodness, and bright prospects, she was now returning to her parents,—a bright and strange gem, to find in such an assortment of passengers as ours. She remained perfectly tranquil and self-possessed, during the fiercest of the tempest,

for an hour or two of which, even the hardy and weather-worn master and his crew carried an expression of anxiety on their countenances, which they no longer struggled to conceal. 'For me,' said I, 'who have already accomplished the common purposes of life, who have been for years an invalid, and never expect to be otherwise, it is of little consequence whether I make my exit now, or after a few more days or years of suffering. But for one like you, to whom life must hold out so many hopes, so many charms, this calmness appears strange and almost misplaced.' She replied: 'Like men in general, you have probably considered a woman incapable of reflection and moral courage. I came to Cuba with my mind tranquil and made up to die. May I never lose the power of similar self-control! I am fully aware, that the indulgence of fear in this emergency will neither avert the danger, nor mitigate whatever I have to suffer. On the contrary, the danger is uncertain. Indulged fear would bring a great and certain suffering. Besides, up to this time I have found life almost a continued scene of enjoyment. I shall, probably, never be more reconciled to leave the feast than at this moment. But give me no more credit for my present philosophy, than is my due. I really do not, like the rest of the passengers, see much ground for alarm. I discover the captain and crew self-possessed; and they must understand, much better than I do, the ground for confidence and alarm.'

Such were the spirit and deportment of this admirable woman, in a furious storm, when our ship was one moment tumbling on the summit of a mountain billow, and the next plunging down the abyss. How much agony we might spare ourselves, if we all possessed this philosophy in the hour of danger! But the storm subsided, and at length we sped on our course before a breeze as propitious as ever blew; and, after a passage of sixteen days, doubled Cape Cod, sped up the bay gemmed with islands, on which Spring had just shed its brightest, tenderest verdure; and when we neared them, I could hear the lark, the bird of my natal remembrances, pouring forth its gay notes, seeming in my ear to utter the vernal song of the Scriptures, for lo! the winter is gone, and the voice of the singing bird is heard in our land. What a change in the short period of sixteen days! At Cuba, nature kept the carnival of high Summer. Here there was a freshness, a chilliness in the air, that warned me that winter and snow still lingered on the interior hills. The passengers were now pointing out houses, spires, and landscapes, that were to them beacons of memory, endeared by having been residences, or as containing friends. The city of money and hills began to be seen over the waves, and objects in the country beyond were every moment springing into distinctness of vision. The strained eagerness of observation appropriate to such positions shielded me from the young tormentors of my friend the widow, who were on the deck along with the gazing and fidgeting passengers, as though their impatience would enable them to leap ashore, before the ship had landed.

Here too, again, was my fair philosopher, sitting as calmly on the deck, as though nothing but the view of sea and sky still invoked attention. 'My dear A ——,' I remarked, 'I am sure there is no lover

there, or you could not seem so tranquil, when on the verge of ending a voyage, and bringing back a renovated nature, and a new lease of life, with all its prospects and hopes, to your friends.' 'Of that you are not certain. I love quiet enjoyments, and dread to be agitated. You are partial, I think I have heard you remark, to the French, who on such occasions are full of exclamation, movement, and rapture. If I had a lover, I should strive to meet him calmly. I cannot endure a feverish and merely physical agitation.' 'I discover,' said I, 'that you are a philosopher of the greater dye. I was catching nervousness from those bustling souls yonder. It is like an anodyne, to see philosophy so beautifully and quietly embodied.' 'A courtesy for that,' she said, (sweeping me a graceful bow, a little ironical in the expression,) 'I see you have designs upon my little moiety of philosophy. For a lady to nullify flattery would be arrogant and unfeminine. Your compliments have at least the value of being rare, if not just.' 'Never was I more sincere, my dear madam. I owe you heart-felt thanks. Kindness to an invalid, and a senior, from one like you, must be the kindness of sacrifice. You have helped the flight of these sixteen days, and have given them wings. You are not aware how many aches of head and heart you have beguiled. I shall make no love to you this bout of my existence. You know there is a Platonic year. After thirty thousand calendar years, every thing that has been, will come around again. No offence nor jealousy to any one of your actual lovers. I shall then be a young man,—better looking and cleverer, I hope, than I have been through this career. Remember, I lay in my declaration in advance for that time.' 'I am thrice grateful,' was her answer, 'for this early offer, and shall not forget, that your claim was first in the order of time. I see, however, you are cautious about making me an offer for the present life.' Saying this, as we now neared the wharf, she put her card into my hand, assuring me, that she should not consider a call a declaration, and that if I had not flattered in talking about obligations, she should expect me to repay them by visiting her at her father's house. A minute afterwards, the passengers were surrounded by their friends, and I took my solitary direction to Tremont House.

HERE was I, once more, in the metropolis of steady habits and notions. The buildings, the external arrangements, were so changed from those to which I had been used in my young days, that I should not have known them again. I had left them of wood and brick. Now all was magnificent, of granite and marble. But however changed the streets, mansions, and public buildings, there was the Boston identity of men and character remaining. The children were growing up in the forms and likenesses of their parents, with the same habits and tastes, a little modified by the general march and improvement of things in progress every where. Here were precisely the same sort of farmers, with the same garb, and with the same dialect, bantering for the sale of their early green peas, fresh salmon, and butter. The

same style of thinking, writing, criticism, and politics, pervaded their papers and periodicals. Every thing seemed the slow and gradual evolvment of the Platonic year. But my object in this interesting city of authors, books, and hospitality, not being to observe, figure, or seek pleasure, I remained here only long enough to call on the friends of my youth, and arrange the route and means for continuing travels, which had chiefly for their object to beguile the time rendered wearying by ill health, and to seek improvement of that health; and partly to distract, by noting diversity of character, objects, and incidents, the painful attention, which undiverted, an invalid is too apt to turn in upon the observation of the ever-varying symptoms of his illness. I forgot not, however, to make an early visit at the residence of my kind *compagnon du voyage*. My reception from her was what I expected,—that of a younger sister to an elder brother,—cordial and affectionate to the last degree. Unpretending as she had seemed, during our passage together, in comparison with our rich widow, and some of the other passengers, I found her a member of one of the most opulent and distinguished families of the city. I was unexpectedly honored with a party, made, as I was led to believe, on my account; and I was introduced by my fair young friend, as the person who was to stand first on the list of her declared lovers, when she should re-visit Boston, after thirty thousand years, and she declared that my chances should be predicated on changing nothing but the state of my health. Before we parted, it was settled that I should meet her, and some other friends, to whom I was introduced at this pleasant party, in the course of the summer, at Niagara falls, or Buffalo.

T. F.

PRAYER IN SOLITUDE.

AND there—upon the mountain—where no eye
 Could see my homage—with the sultry sun
 To light mine altar, and the crimsoned sky
 To roof my temple—kneelt I to the one
 Eternal God: for all that He had done
 To render thanks and praise: nor was my prayer,
 (Though costly fane and altar I had none,)
 Less prized by Him whose Scriptures doth declare
 When the heart speaks, He makes his temple there.

A thousand birds, of every varied hue
 That tints the rainbow, were my choristers;
 Myriads of blossoms, bathed in perfumed dew,
 Furnished my incense, while gigantic firs,
 Of that rich soil the first inheritors,
 Pillared the gorgeous cupola of heaven.
 Can temples filled with gaudy sepulchres
 Compare with this, by Nature freely given,
 Which shall stand firm, when man's slight works are riven!

B.

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

NUMBER TWO.

In a former number of this Magazine, we endeavored to awaken public attention to the long neglected subject which forms the title of this article. From the opinions expressed by the public press, on our effort, we cherish the hope that it was not wholly useless. As we there spoke of the general *effect* produced by our pulpit oratory, we shall here endeavor to trace the *cause* through the academy, college, and theological seminary, to its final influence on the feelings of a promiscuous congregation. Our remarks will be confined rather to the *manner* than the *matter*. There is no manifestation of defective *literary attainment*, in much of our pulpit eloquence. The *matériel* is there, but the workman is defective. The tomes of ancient literature have been amply consulted,—the ancient fathers have passed and repassed before the vision of the young divine,—a host of the great departed have become his mental companions: he has consumed the midnight oil in their company,—drank of the inexhaustible streams at which their thirst was quenched,—felt the same inspiration of genius, and looked forward to a higher and more important destination. Yet in the *effect* produced, how striking, how wide the contrast! Where shall we look for the cause of this amazing difference? In the neglected cultivation of the vocal powers,—in the total absence of all that can enrich the visions of fancy, or give power to the conceptions of genius. The great orators of antiquity,—whose names have descended to posterity surrounded by a glory which even the withering influence of Time could not destroy,—who trod the marble halls of Athens, or of Rome,—spent years in the cultivation of their voices. Seated on the summit of *literary* eloquence, they deigned to look down, from the proud elevation, on the moral constitution of man,—to consider him as a being in whom feeling and passions were mingled with the high gift of reason,—remembering that if the temple of the latter was that in which humanity must finally worship, the former were the avenues by which it must be approached. They saw that the *ear* was the medium through which the *heart* must be acted upon,—the attention enlisted,—the unknown resources of intellect called into action,—and all the nobler faculties of the mind expanded,—that their power to act upon this organ would be proportioned to their vocal facilities for the display of those varied emotions of which nature is susceptible,—that literal without oral eloquence might be compared to a vast storehouse, deficient in the machinery necessary to forward its abundant accumulations.

Were these great masters of the power of moving the passions in error? We appeal from such a decision to the records of history,—to the *effect* of their vocal labors,—to the decline of all that was great and good in Greece and Rome, when the former lost her Demosthenes and her Plato, and the forum of the latter was graced with the bleeding

head of her darling Cicero. We shall not inquire whether a more impassioned oratory was necessary in those darkened ages. It is sufficient for our purpose that the *end* was accomplished,—that the effect was proportioned to the cause. Human nature ever has been the same. The mysterious, though undefinable sympathy, which existed between the intonation of the speaker and the feelings of the hearer, in the period to which we have alluded, was the same yesterday,—will be to-day,—and to the end of time. There are things in the human heart which have their corresponding intonations in the human voice, and will vibrate to no other; and the pulpit orator who cannot strike the latter, can never fulfil, to perfection, the high and holy purposes of his dignified vocation. Has he not every inducement held out to acquire them? Can the objects of those of whom we have spoken, be compared to his? They are as a drop of water contrasted with an ocean,—like time compared to eternity. His appeal is to a higher tribunal than that of the sages of antiquity. The past, the present, and the future are before him. He stands as the intercessor between the finite actions of man and the infinite judgments of Omnipotence. If the defective manner of our pulpit orators was confined, in its consequences, to themselves, it might be left as a question of conscience between the servants and the master: but their vocal labors are the property of the human family. If, then, deficient in energy and power, how great must be the loss! We have not to *learn*, that there are those who will deny the force of our remarks,—who will not admit Truth, though she descended from the regions of Omnipotence in the garb of an angel of light,—who will contend that *sincerity* in the laborer will insure a plentiful harvest,—that He who directs a 'special providence in the fall of a sparrow,' can bless the most humble efforts in his cause. We readily assent to the fact, that the infinite power of the Master can control the finite operations of the servant, but we deny the conclusion drawn from this proposition. Articulate voice is a boon fresh from the hand of the Creator,—the grand line of distinction between man and the inferior creation over which he is the ruler. The uniformity in the great system of nature is not among the least of her visible beauties. While intellect has been given to enable the creature to unravel, to a certain extent, the mysterious works of the Creator, voice has been superadded to the munificent gift, that he might give utterance and power to the revelations which the former had unfolded. Speech,—one among the choicest endowments of Omnipotence,—the most easily susceptible of cultivation,—is neglected for acquirements which glitter but for a moment in the paths of folly and of fashion,—which soon vanish, and are seen no more.

Future generations will scarcely believe that *song* should have been carried to so high a point of perfection in our day, and *speech* utterly neglected. They will be led to ask: 'Could a generation so refined as that of the nineteenth century, amidst its host of philosophers and musicians, find but one man who could discover that speech was a branch of musical science, governed by the same laws as song, but modified by peculiar circumstances?' But when the mystery, which had been

concealed in the slumbers of ages, burst upon the view,—when articulate voice was shown to be a science, and the power of moving the feelings dependent on the appropriate use of its elements, who were among the first to become acquainted with the new development? Those whose particular duty it was to act upon the feelings and sympathies of mankind?—to lead them to the hope of a higher and better inheritance?—to calm the turbulence of passion?—to heal the wounded spirit?—to bind the broken heart?—the pulpit orators of the day? In the anticipation of what *will* be, we will not predict what *must* be, the reply. The pulpit orators may say: 'Our duties were of an order too high and sacred to think of the *manner* in which we gave utterance to the precepts which they prompted.' They will be answered: 'You had *human beings* to act on, like all former generations. They had their passions and feelings. In their intercourse with their fellow creatures, they observed that sorrow, joy, anger, indeed every feeling with which the path of life was chequered, had its peculiar voice. They came to hear you address the Monarch of the Universe in the *language* of supplication,—but the *intonation* of sorrow, the *pathos* of prayer, were not there. The words of supplication, and the tones of the suppliant, were antithetical to each other. They heard you express in the *language* of positiveness the certainty of final happiness to the good,—but your *voice* conveyed a *doubt* of its fulfilment. 'We endeavor to be *natural*,' says our sacred orator.

'What are your conceptions of a natural manner?' asks the orator of a future age. 'That which we have been taught in our early youth,' replies he of the present. The final response may be: 'You formed your habits at a period when you were incapable of judging of what nature really was: time has confirmed them: but who are best able to form a correct opinion? You, the self-constituted judges of what nature should be, or those who feel, in the effect produced by your manner, that her object has not been accomplished,—that of impressing her beauty and power wherever she exists in purity? Her *effects* are the tests of her presence: by these we are willing to judge your labors, and leave the decision to future times.' To what organ shall we trace the defective elocution of which we have thus freely spoken? To the Academy. It is *there* those vocal habits are acquired, which finally destroy the usefulness, the prospects, if not the health, of their possessor. There it is, that nature is perverted, and a fine voice sacrificed, on the altar of ignorance. The pupil is taught the *name*, not the *power*, of letters, and expected to declaim, before he has learned to *read*. An exhibition must be got up. *Without any knowledge of the elements of speech*, the boy is taught, like the parrot, to repeat the intonations of his instructor, whether correct or not. The day of trial arrives: the parents and friends assemble to hear the young prodigy perform that which he never knew: and amid high vociferations, and half articulated words, admire the *fire* and *spirit* of the youthful orator. We will now accompany our pupil to the college. Among a class of twenty or thirty, he is perhaps called on once or twice in each week to declaim. Before whom? Probably, as we have known, the professor of mathe-

matics, who, although perfectly *au fait* at performing the problems of Euclid, or of solving the differential calculus of Young, is equally conversant with the principles upon which the voice is formed as the ill-fated student who has fallen under his criticism. The task is performed,—that is sufficient. No remarks are made on the vocal qualities of the speaker. No rules laid down, by which to draw forth the resources of a rich though uncultivated voice. If any corrective is offered, it is of that general character in which verbosity supplies the place of principles, and authority that of philosophy. In the total absence of every thing bearing the semblance of elementary instruction, can we wonder that the habits acquired in the academy are strengthened, if not confirmed, in the college? After four years consumed between indolence and study, the student quits the college to enter on the important duties of the theological seminary. The wasted time in the former must now be made up. Fresh duties are imposed; the oriental languages must be studied; and while the theologian is tracing to their radix the most difficult Greek verbs, a knowledge of theology, the main object of his future ambition, must be acquired,—the works of the ancient fathers consulted,—the doctrines of the schools reviewed. Amid employments so varied in their character, the *cultivation of the voice* is not even thought of. The student sits in his easy elbow-chair, through the livelong day, enriching his mind, and *destroying* his constitution. The period of probation past, he comes forth from the seminary, with a frame enfeebled from the want of exercise,—a mind stored with theology,—a voice weak and inefficient for its future purposes. A serious truth now rushes on his mind,—in a voice not to be hushed. He has neglected the first object of his vocation,—that of cultivating and strengthening his vocal organs. To increase the compass of his voice, the lungs are called into violent action: in a few years they become diseased, or the larynx, weakened by its overstrained efforts, refuses to perform its office; and the young pulpit orator either prepares to renovate a broken constitution, in the climes of Europe, or for a final termination to his labors in the repose of the grave. His disease is, in the latter case, consumption. The *cause* of this desolating malady becomes a question of some moment to the living,—particularly to those who are heedlessly, though unconsciously, treading in the footsteps of their departed friend. We shall digress for a few moments, in order to satisfy their inquiries, and to lead them, we trust, to a happier result.

Speech, circulation, and respiration, are three functions of organic life which act and react upon each other. As the blood passes from the right chamber of the heart to the lungs, the latter expand, by the aid of the muscles of the chest and diaphragm, for the purpose of receiving it. At the instant the cavity of the chest is enlarged, the atmospheric air rushes down the windpipe, producing a chemical change in the heavily carbonized blood, which has been propelled from the right side of the heart. The latter portion of this process constitutes what is termed inspiration. The opposing muscles of the chest now diminish its cavity, for the purpose of propelling the newly changed blood into the left chamber of the heart, and expelling the inspired air. This process is termed

expiration. During its continuance, we are enabled to give utterance. By well devised experiments, it has been proved, that an easy expiration cannot be extended over more than six syllables, the first of which is under what is termed the primary accent, and that *three* is the more usual number. Here, then, we have the commencement of a rhythmus, founded on the actual necessities of the living machine,—a measure which shall accord with an easy *expiration*, and a pause, which shall bear the same relation to an *inspiration*. Respiration and circulation are *measured* actions in the great machine of life. Nature has decreed that the vital stream shall return at fixed intervals, to be renovated in its passage through the lungs. Let it be supposed that more syllables are compressed into one expiration than nature ordained it should contain,—in other words, that the cavity of the chest is expanded,—even for a period less than that of an instant,—beyond the time destined for a fresh return of blood from the right chamber of the heart. What will be the effect from such a cause? The stream of life is obstructed at the fountain head,—waiting, like a traveler at the gate, to pass: the lungs are imperfectly supplied with fresh air,—the right receiving-chamber of the heart becomes distended; a portion of deep, dark, carbonized blood is thrown back upon the venous system, as may be seen by attention to the veins of the head and neck in all violent and rapid speakers; the circulation between the head, heart, and lungs, becomes partially obstructed. The pressure is at length removed, (death would ensue from its continuance,) and the blood rushes with great force into the lungs: they are thrown into unnatural action: the chain of circulation thus quickened, the respirations become quicker and less full; the speaker is compelled to gasp for breath at the end of broken sentences. Finally, the exhausted powers seek repose in a short, half-vocalized whisper, or they compel the speaker to obey them, by silencing him entirely, until they have become renovated. Such appears to us to be the physiological connection between the functions to which we have above alluded,—we need hardly add, the relation between rapid speech and the general health. From this digression, we proceed to point out a remedy for the defective education of the voice in our literary institutions. We know of no people who produced greater orators, or who were more solicitous in forming the minds and vocal habits of their youth, than the Greeks of Athens. Even in the iron bonds of servitude, they retained their superiority. The haughty conqueror was proud to be educated by the conquered; and when wandering amid the avenues of their desolate Areopagus, felt awed, as if in the presence of the Mighty Departed, whose vocal efforts had made empires tremble, and whose spirits seemed still to hover around the melancholy ruins which rang the knell of their departed glory.

Among this highly gifted people, the elements of music were taught with those of grammar. A degree of skill in the art, as well as the science, of the former, was an essential in the education of the scholar and the gentleman. Would not the revival of this practice in academies, have a happy effect on the vocal efforts of our pulpit orators? We would not recommend a minute inquiry into the science of music, as necessary

to the early instruction of youth,—but we are persuaded, that he who is able to *speak* (not sing) the notes of the musical scale, ascending and descending, will be less likely to offend the ear of his audience by that dull monotony, which wearies where it should attract, than he who trusts to the resources of a voice naturally heavy, and an ear obtuse to the beauties of vocal harmony. In reference to much of our pulpit eloquence, it may be truly said, that we listen without hearing. There is no lack of *literal* expression. Virtue is before us in the garb of loveliness, and vice in that of deformity; yet the *heart* is cold and untouched. We strive to enchain the attention,—to abstract the mind,—but, in opposition to volition, it *will* wander to some scene, perhaps of little moment, and convert the sanctuary of religion into a temple where the merchant may calculate his gains, and the politician his chances of success. We are ready to present the offering, but the fire which should consume the sacrifice has not blazed upon the altar. The vocal intonations and language of the speaker are in opposition. An identical *pitch* shades every sentiment and feeling,—paralyzes the pathos of supplication, and weakens the convictions of truth. We have frequently heard our pulpit orators deplore the great want of variety in their voices, and lay the blame of the defect on the gifts of nature. Has nature denied to *them* the boon she has bestowed on others? Have they not the same vocal organs? The defect is *not* in nature, but in the perversion of her objects and purposes,—in the neglect of that which she has imparted,—in the weakness and inefficiency of the architect—*not in the strength of the matériel*. That there are voices *naturally* musical, and varied, which fill the ear with their rich tones, and gently undulating changes,—that reach the heart, and rivet our sympathies,—is no argument against the attempt to *acquire* them. They are possessed alone by the ‘chosen few,’ who, like the land of Goshen, amid the plagues of Egypt, appear to have been preserved by some great deliverance, from the general contamination. Harmony in delivery is obtainable by all who are willing, like the conqueror of antiquity, to *make*, where they do not *find*, a way. Industry and perseverance alone are wanting to place them by the side of those to whom nature has *seemingly* been more bountiful,—*above them*, if they more assiduously cultivate that which is the common property of all. We are aware that many of our readers will doubt the position we have laid down. Its *truth* can only be tested by the *active* and *energetic*. To their labors we willingly leave its confirmation,—to the benefits conferred by them on the human family, its practical results. If our limits would allow, we could enlarge much on this *sine qua non* to a pleasing or impressive delivery: but we have other defects to notice in our pulpit eloquence, more glaring, and more generally remarked. Prominent among them, is an *indistinct articulation*. In a country where education is attainable by all, which claims a superiority in its general pronunciation of the English language, a stranger must be struck with amazement at the varied manner in which the appellation of the Deity is enunciated from the sacred desk. We have heard it pronounced *Gawd*, *Gord*, *Gad*, *Ged*, and *Got*: for the three latter modes, we can in nowise account. The

two former have doubtless arisen from an imperfect acquaintance with the resources of our bold and nervous language. Sentiments of veneration, awe, or sublimity, can only be expressed through a *prolonged* vocality—a *quantity* in the voice. The Greeks felt the force of this truth, and their sublime language is a record of its power, and peculiarly adapted to the impression of this all-powerful element of human expression, its terminations being generally in vowels. Among the modern languages, the Italian is highly susceptible of its application, from the cause above alluded to. Hence the richness of its music, in song. That which gave sublimity to the languages of Greece and Rome must produce the same effect, when exerted on identical elementary sounds in our own. Quantity is an element of human expression; it is that fine prolongation of voice which gives *expression* to the noblest feelings of the heart, and which has always been used, though not acknowledged, in giving effect to the *spontaneous* effusions of grandeur, solemnity, or awe.

It is the want of this element, in the voice, which transforms what should be the solemn utterance of truths destined to lead mankind to heaven, into the mere common place articulation thrown over the parlance of the day,—deprives our liturgy of its *feeling*,—our prayers of their supplicating spirit,—our sermons of their usefulness and power. Independent of the vassalage in which it holds the moral and devotional feelings of man, it is the key-stone to a *distinct articulation*, and however neglected it may be in the present day, by the builders of Education, it is yet destined to become 'the head of the corner.' Contrasted with the clipping, shortened, half-enunciated manner of many of our pulpit orators, it is like the stroke of the hammer on the anvil, compared to the rich tones of the violincello. The cause of this defect in the voice, may, like that in pitch, be traced to the early instruction of our youth. Children are taught the *names*, but not the *power*, of letters. They are told that our consonants are without sound, in themselves: our *d*'s and *r*'s are rarely, if ever, *heard*, where they are placed. Hence arises the difficulty of distinguishing, by the speaker's enunciation, the present and past times of the verb, in much of our pulpit eloquence,—the substitution of the sound of *u*, as *heard* in cut, for the preposition *of*,—as: 'The Lord giveth *un* the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name *u*' the Lord,'—for: 'The Lord giveth *and* the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name *of* the Lord.' In reference to the name of the Deity, with which we commenced our remarks on quantity, every one feels that a degree of solemnity is necessary to its utterance, and nature has decreed the feeling only to be expressed through a prolonged time of the voice. She asserts her power, and leaves its application to the wavering opinion of man. The quantity is heard in *Garod*, but it is misapplied. the proper elements have not been prolonged,—the *g* and *d*, the vowel is short, as in *nxt*. It is on the extended time of the *consonants*, that the beauty of utterance in this word rests, and which alone can save it from that drawling disfiguration in which it is so generally presented. We would have our youth taught the *sound* of the *consonants*. The acquisition is of easy attainment. The pronuncia-

tion of the word *orb*, will, if fully extended, give the *initial* sound and *quantity* of *u*. The rule applies to the whole class of what are called, by grammarians, consonants. They should be repeated until they are fixed by habit on the ear, and obedient to the efforts of the voice. Let the vowels, also, be prolonged. Their rich musical qualities once properly appreciated, the vocal eloquence of our pulpits will be, what it always should have been, alluring and attractive to all. Under the present system of teaching elocution, pursued in our schools, articulation must necessarily be defective. The instructors are, generally, unequal to the task,—the time too limited for the purpose. In our colleges, we can look for no *better* specimens, until their trustees shall appoint persons who have made the philosophy of the voice their study,—who understand the practice as well as the theory of speech,—as professors of a department inferior to none other within their walls. We have omitted to notice one prominent feature in the delivery from our pulpits,—an inadequacy to throw the voice over the limits of a large assembly. In many cases, this is considered a *natural defect*. We have already stated that the human voice is placed in the power of man to be exerted and improved,—for his own use and the benefit of its author. If he neglect to improve the gift, or to be thankful to the giver, (and we consider gratitude as best manifested in the *cultivation* of the boon,) let not nature be blamed for the omissions of human folly. If the arm were always confined, the muscles would contract and wither: its full, fleshy form would give place to the skeleton-like appearance of rapid decay. If the feet are contracted, as in China, they will not serve the body. Nature bestows her gifts, not for abuse and neglect, but for cultivation and improvement. Where no organic defect exists, a weak voice is the offspring of indolence and inactivity,—the result of a bending posture in an easy chair,—an effect, arising from *non exertion* as its cause,—the neglect of physical education, generally,—the sacrifice which nature claims at the hands of human apathy. It is in theological seminaries, that the bases of weak voices are laid. There mental labor goes hand in hand with physical neglect. The genius of learning triumphs for a period over that of nature. But the day of retribution comes, and the latter, in her ample revenge, destroys the effects of the former.

If our pulpit orators would have effective voices, they must, in the theological seminary, exchange indolence for activity,—the upright attitude for the sitting posture: they must frequently ascend the mountain top, where the genius of nature presides, and where she breathes forth her pure and refreshing breezes to all who are willing to inhale them. It is here they may acquire powerful voices, by making the mountains re-echo with their vociferations. A *DAILY* exercise of this kind, will soon transform a feeble into a strong voice, and at the same time give vigor to the system generally. Can it be supposed that he who *sits* to study in his elbow rocking-chair, (rarely rising from his seat, excepting it be to eat a *heartly meal*,) in a room heated to excess in winter, and in summer too close for respiration, from the scorching beams of the noon-day sun, should have a powerful voice? When

the current of nature turns in its course, and the blessings of Providence are proportioned to the wanton neglect of his gifts, we shall look for such an anomaly: but while the blood continues to flow purely and vigorously in the veins of the active and industrious,—while the respiratory organs are strong in the breast of the vocalist who is compelled to call them into frequent and energetic action,—while the muscular developement is in proportion to the constancy of exercise in the laborer,—while the husbandman, who retires from his daily task, lies down on his bed weary, and rises refreshed and healthful,—we shall deny that the system pursued by our theological students can ever form, in its best condition, the '*mens sana in corpore sano*.' Nor is the indolent seclusion of the student repaid by a proportionate addition of knowledge. The mental and physical constitution of man are too nearly connected, to act in opposition to each other. If the body is diseased, the mind will be enfeebled. That, by a powerful effort, the latter will, for a time, assert its prerogative over the wasting remains of the form to which it imparts intelligence, may perhaps be admitted: but it will, eventually, give way under the application of the stimulus, and its flashes, like the wasting flame of the taper in the socket, become more brilliant and quick in proportion to the decay of its elements. The exercise, which we have advised, of the vocal organs, will ensure a powerful and impressive utterance, if regulated by the rule which we now present: the vowels' elements should be the first on which to exercise. They should be uttered in a *low, forcible pitch*. We feel it necessary to insist on the latter portion of this rule, to accomplish two purposes: first, that of correcting a prevalent opinion, that a high pitched voice is louder than one on a low key: secondly, to prevent what is termed its cracking, by forcing it, on a high note, beyond its natural range. The utterance should be from the *throat*; coughing up, as it were, the sounds. This practice will give a firm *opening* to each impulse of the voice,—it will, indeed, effect a change both in its compass and pitch, but it will be accompanied by an increase of power and beauty. It will neither be the thin, lisping voice of the frivolous and talkative, nor the swelling, inflated voice of bombast,—but that which, while it imparts satisfaction to the hearers, gives confidence to the speaker. But let us not be misunderstood. Such a change can only be effected by perseverance. He who makes the attempt once or twice, or at long intervals, need never expect to possess the boon which is assured. It can only be the reward of those whom difficulties inspire with increased ardor,—who see in the cultivation of their vocal powers the accomplishment of one great end in their creation, and who are resolved, at the end of their earthly labors, to look back on the past with that confidence which arises from a knowledge of having improved, while they *dispensed*, the blessings of heaven. We have advised our theologian to climb the mountain's top when about to strengthen his vocal powers,—but the valley, occasionally, presents great advantages. Her echoes will acquaint him with that which his congregation will rarely have moral courage to impart,—the *pitch, compass, force, and exact melody of his voice*. Let him repair

to some wood, or to any situation which presents an extensive reflecting surface, in the manner we have recommended above,—let him practise, and the re-echoings of the plane opposed to him will teach a more useful lesson than he can learn amid the blandishments of friendship, or the honied accents of flattery—a *knowledge of his defects,—in their original and true colors.* Our clergy are of all men the most unfortunate in acquiring a knowledge of their imperfections, so far as it depends on the candid information of others. A respect, and we think a mistaken one, for their character as divines, appears hermetically to seal the tongues of mankind in relation to any faults they may possess, either moral or physical. With the former, we have nothing to do,—of the latter we would warn them before the day arrives when it may be of no avail,—when they may seek, in vain, for health amid the fragments of a once mighty constitution, and a powerful voice,—when the withering causes to which we have alluded shall have destroyed the power of the latter,—their congregations shall gradually diminish,—premature decay shall force them from the path of duty and usefulness, and they shall remain, like a solitary peak in the desert, which the lightning's arm has struck, but not *consumed*,—a melancholy monument amid the ruins of the past,—a warning beacon on the threshold of the future.

We can see no ray of hope for a better style of delivery in our pulpit orators, until the *teachers* themselves are *taught*,—until the trustees of our colleges shall create Professorships of Elocution,—until the students in our theological institutions shall deign to cultivate the gifts of nature,—to reflect, that something more is necessary to their future usefulness than theology in the abstract,—that they have to act on beings, whose audible sensibilities are at least equal to their own,—that the value of their labors will be proportioned to the steadiness with which they advance in the improving spirit of the age,—that science is gradually unfolding what can be, and mankind will dictate what shall be, done, in improving the eloquence of the pulpit. If our pulpit orators, in the confidence of their vocation and the supineness of their neglect, should assert that Religion, independently of any aid from science or art, can overcome all her opponents, we willingly concede to them the fact. But the Supreme Ruler of events, although able, by a single act of volition, to create or annihilate, has ever made use of *means* to obtain his ends,—and if HE thus stoops to the condition of humanity, who shall dare to neglect the fulfilment of his plan? Surely not those to whom it is given to expound the mysteries of his word. We anticipate no such argument, as a screen for negligence, in the nineteenth century. We are willing to believe that our pulpit orators have felt the want of instruction in this department of sacred eloquence,—that they will listen to the teachings of experience,—and worship the genius of truth, whatever her dress or however humble her temple, and be led by her precepts, through the paths of cultivated nature, to that light which she alone can give, to clear the mist from mental, or illumine the darkness of physical, defects. Are the majorities in the congregations of our divines the pious, the serious, the aged? Are they of

those who are willing to receive the precepts of Christianity, in whatever form they are presented? If such be the case, the latter have some excuse to advance in favor of the old and beaten track of their forefather's oral eloquence, and have our best wishes in their monotonous journey. Are not those of whom we have spoken, out-numbered, in a ten-fold degree, by the young, the thoughtless, and the gay,—by those whom fashion leads to the sacred edifice,—whose ears are sensible to the impressions of harmony,—whose hearts are open to the convictions of truth? We feel convinced that an answer to these questions must be given in the affirmative. It is for this portion of the community, that we plead. They must hear, before they are instructed, and be *pleased*, that they may hear. We would gladly hail the period when Religion shall appear in her brightest and most beautiful robes,—borrowing every aid which can be drawn from the resources of art, or the treasury of science,—when the infidel, before her, shall be placed in the situation of the painter, who, dissatisfied in his first view of the walls of the Vatican, became riveted with his last,—when the cultivated voice of dignity shall give additional force to her commands and precepts, and when, in contemplating the additional power which a forcible and well-toned vocality has imparted, she can exclaim in the language impressed on the prophetic banner of the Roman Emperor, '*In hoc signo vinces.*'

B.

EVENING, NIGHT, AND MORNING, AT SEA.

'Twas a fair Eve,—the sky and ocean met,
Like bosom friends,—for not a single cloud
Dimmed their embrace. The glorious sun had set,
Without a shadow, in his azure bed,
And o'er his vacant throne—the heavens—had shed
His royal mantle,—crimson, edged with gold;
And o'er his nightly couch—the sea—had spread
His purple robes, in many a mazy fold
That waved and wantoned as the billows rolled.

And then came Night, with all the sparkling train
That in the Tropics centinel her rest,
Which the blue sea reflected back again,
With scarce less lustre, from its heaving breast,
Dancing on every wayward billow's crest.
My gallant barque, by wind and wave impelled,
Gaily and swiftly through the waters pressed;
With outspread wings by favoring breezes swelled
Half hid in foam, her bird-like course she held.

At length the farthest east began to gleam,
And Morning lit her love-torch in the sky,
Stars, planets, waned beneath the brightening beam,
Till not a single orb was seen on high,
To gem, or vary, Heaven's blue canopy;
Then from his ocean bed, the god of day
Came like a bridegroom! smiling joyously,
Kissing the waves that seemed to woo his stay,
And painting rainbows on their glittering spray.

THE BROKEN HEART.

'How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness. As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is praying upon its vitals, so it is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself, but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. . . . Look for her after a while, and you find Friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to darkness and the worm.'

Sketch Book.

PALE as a white rose withering, she lay,—
 Lovely, though dying,—and her eye divine
 Gleamed o'er the deepening shadows of decay,
 Like a stray sunbeam on a ruined shrine.
 She seemed too beautiful for Death's embrace,
 And holiness engirt her as a zone;
 Language had fled, but Music's pictured grace
 Hung on those lips that late had breathed its tone.

Oh thou! the perjured, cruel, faithless, blind!
 How couldst thou bow such sweetness to the dust?
 How break the heart, where thy loved image, shrined,
 Dwelt in the beauty of undoubting trust?
 But thou didst break it: Nature could not cope
 With love neglected, whose undying power,
 E'en from the very sepulchre of Hope,
 Gushed forth like perfume from a trampled flower.

Tears for thy absence, sighs at thy neglect,
 Prayers for thy safety, smiles at thy return,
 And a fond blindness to thy worst defect,—
 Thou didst repay with undissembled scorn.
 Yet there she lay, and on her dying bed
 She blessed thy name,—then kissed the lock of hair
 That from thy brow in happier days she shed,
 Then looked to Heaven, and prayed to meet thee there!

And with a holy look of hope and peace,
 She bowed her head,—the parting pang was o'er:
 Yet no convulsion marked the soul's release,
 The pallid lip a smile of rapture wore;
 Her fleeting soul one radiant beam had caught,
 Warm from the fountain of Eternal Day,
 And left the image of the breathing thought
 Impressed in beauty on the breathless clay.

I saw her buried with patrician state;
 The sable plumes waved proudly o'er her bier,
 With all the pomp that riches arrogate,
 To deck the dust, to which they yield no tear.
 And as I gazed upon the formal scene,
 Where all was cold collectedness and art,
 I thought one tear of secret grief had been
 A fitter tribute to a broken heart.

New-York, March, 1835.

J. B.

JOHN SMITH.

‘men of pith,
Sixteen called Thompson, and nineteen named Smith.’

BYRON.

My name is John Smith. The first important event of my life was my birth,—but of that, my reminiscences are faint, of course. John Jenkins Smith was my father's name; and, until my twelfth year, I was called John Jenkins Smith, Junior,—the middle appellation being in compliment to the sir-names of my uncle and aunt, Increase and Abundance Jenkins. In the fitness of time, my father deceased. He was an estimable individual, and did a good business in the line of bar-soap,—the avails arising from the sale of which article created a decent competency for the necessities of his surviving family. He was an industrious man, with habits uncommonly domestic. My mother, nine brothers, and seven sisters, lived to mourn his loss.

After the demise of my father, it was my mother's wish and advice, that I should drop the Jenkins and the Junior from my title, and adopt the simple cognomen of John Smith. Persuasion at last induced me to comply with her desires; and dearly have I paid for my acquiescence. The simplicity of the name has been fruitful of mystery. Innumerable are the vexations and difficulties into which it has led me. Were I to relate them, in the swelling style of modern writers, I do verily believe that the world would not contain my books. But the task is too formidable, even if I were fond of authorship, which, I thank heaven, I am not. My name forbids the thought. The wise may cogitate from the tripod, and the dunce twaddle on his stool. I shall not arise to push them from their places. Save in the Directory and the census, I shall be *nominis umbra*.

When one arrives in a large city, it is a common simile to liken him to a drop of water falling into the ocean; it mingles, and is lost, in the vasty deep. So I found it,—when I left my native village, ‘up the river,’ for the metropolis,—in more ways than one. I ascertained, by a glance at the Directory, that I was one among hundreds who bore my personal appellation. Having passed my time from youth to early manhood in the country, the bustle and buzz of a vast city like this almost drave me crazy. Like John Jones, in the play of that name, ‘I was excited.’ Forthwith I made my way to the Adelphi. I had a fair share of money, and the picture of that hotel, hung in the steamboat cabin, had captivated my eye. Glancing at the traveler's book in the bar-room, I perceived my name, three times repeated. I began to think myself of consequence. ‘Doubtless,’ said I, ‘the several coachmen who stood on the wharf with uplifted, beckoning whips, awaiting my commands, and who ascertained my destination, have come hither in advance, to record my arrival.’ I was unsophisticated in those days. Those things, which we chew the cud of wisdom withal, namely, eye-teeth, had not then been cut. I thought, with a pleasing sensation, of the truth of the old poet's remark, that one always finds ‘the warmest welcome at an inn.’

Purposes of business brought me to town. It was my intention, after passing a year or two at mercantile apprenticeship in the city, to become a country trader; and I had resolved from the first to make all the acquaintances I could. I was rejoiced to hear, the morning after my arrival, that several persons whom I did not see, had inquired after my health at the Adelphi. I knew I had many friends who had come to the Great Babel before me; but I had not the most distant suspicion that they would remember the 'gawkey,' as they used to call me, whom they knew at home. However, I solaced my mind with reflections on my growing importance, and indulged myself in pleasing anticipations of the success which these acquaintances would yet induce for me.

I was fond of strolling through the streets in the morning, when the glitter and stir of fashion were abroad, and I never failed to walk myself hungry before twelve o'clock. An advertisement which I had inserted in the newspapers, of, 'Wants a place, a young man from the country, with an extensive knowledge of figures, who writes a good hand,' had been successful. I had procured a situation, and was to enter upon its duties in a fortnight. Of course, I was delighted; and remembering my boyish scrape-maxim, '*Dum vivimus vivamus*,' I resolved to enjoy my time. So, on each day at twelve o'clock, I was wont to resort to one of those famous ordinaries in Broadway, where all that the human appetite can crave, is spread before the eye in rich profusion. 'A fig for the expense,' said I, 'the things are good, and I wish to make acquaintances for my employers.'

At the resort of which I am speaking, it seemed to me that all the town convened. There, from eleven until five, were to be seen vast numbers of voracious aldermen, and opulent good-livers, devouring their respective lunches. Many a one of these as he came out, went along the streets with a pleased and satisfied countenance,

'Smiting his thigh, with blythe Apician glee,
And licking eke his lips, right beautiful to see.'

Of course, there were many faces that I came at last, to know 'passing well.' One individual, especially, in a suit of rusty brown, a bell-crowned hat, and a bombazine stock of blue, used every day to enter the apartment just at the time I did, and seat himself at the marble table next me. By degrees, we became slightly acquainted. Being a regular visitor, my name and lodgings were soon known to the bar-keeper. One morning, the man in brown picked up a letter from the floor under his table, and asked me if I had dropped it. I told him I had neither written nor lost any.

'Very singular,' said he, without putting the epistle into my hands: I will make inquiries about it. He showed it to the keeper, who opened it, and after casting his eye down the page, bowed politely to me, and said 'Certainly—certainly,—with pleasure.' The whole affair was an enigma; but I was as green at that time as a new-hatched gosling. Supposing the person had mistaken his man, but not wishing to be outdone in courtesy, I bowed and smiled in return.

Shortly after, when I had taken my usual meal, and was about to render the trifling equivalent, the keeper said to me:

'This is Mr. John Smith, I believe.'

'Yes,—that is my name.'

'Got a certain note about you: the bill is all right,—put up your money.'

I didn't understand him.

'You are Mr. John Smith, at the Adelphi?'

'Yes. I am at that hotel.'

'Very well, my dear Sir, the note is accepted. Your bills are paid until further notice.'

Well, thought I, my friends *are* polite, that is truth. I have almost the freedom of the city. How curiously agreeable! I continued to go for days and weeks together, and eat at this ordinary, 'without money and without price.' He in the brown coat was ever present.

At the end of the month, I received at my hotel a bill of forty dollars, for edibles used at the ordinary aforesaid. I hurried to the place, and demanded an explanation. I was informed that the man in brown had given a letter to the keeper, under my very nose, requesting lunches for two every morning, the bill to be sent monthly to John Smith, at the Adelphi. References were given, and had been answered,—all by the same hand!

It was a broad *hoax*,—and after paying the money, as I was obliged to do, (it was left 'to my honor,' that potent opener of purse-strings,) I found that *one* of the three John Smiths whose names were written at the Adelphi, was a *chevalier d'industrie*, who passed as my friend at the lunch, and my cousin John at the hotel. He came down with me in the steam-boat. I never saw him after he was *blowed*. This was the first practical attack on my name; but by how many dozens was it *not* the last! Let me go on.

There is scarcely any body who has not been in love, as often as once, at least. I have had my flame,—but my name quenched it. About the third month of my mercantile apprenticeship, I was induced on a certain evening to attend one of those pleasing convocations, a sacred concert,—and at first sight, I became attached to a lady who was attached to the choir. She looked like a divinity,—she sang like an angel.

I followed her to her house, when the concert broke up, to ascertain her residence: and from that time, my life was one wild dream of suspense and passion. I used to see her every day or two at the window, and sometimes at church. A good looking young man, who lodged at the Adelphi, and for whom I had often been taken, seemed to me to be pursuing the same object. When I went in that direction, he generally walked a few yards behind me,—as constant to my trip, as the shadow to the substance; but as he went beyond, I supposed he had friends farther on, in the same street; for he *passed* the house, whereas I saw nothing worth a step beyond, and used to 'wheel about' like a militia-man, directly in front of the domicil, when my eye had drunk in its dizzy poison from the window. One evening, just at twilight, I saw my Adelphi friend standing on the steps of my lady's dwelling. Good heavens! Perhaps he knew her. I sought my hotel with a spirit of envy, that I find it hard to describe. Was that man my rival?

The next day I received a scented note, in a fine crow-quill hand, which ran as ensueth :

'No. —, — Street.

'MY DEAR JOHN: We do not know each other well,—for we have been thwarted by the presence of untoward circumstances; but surely my dear, my *only* John, the language of my eyes must have convinced you that since we first met, my heart has been wholly yours. Come to-morrow evening at eight,—and in a walk of a few moments, I will convince you, if words can do it, of the unalterable affection of your devoted

CATHARINE WALLACE.

JOHN SMITH, Esq., *Adelphi*.'

I have a notion that my punctuality the next evening was a model of mercantile precision. As the town-clocks were clanging eight, my hand was on the knocker of the Wallace door. A very attentive 'color' person' answered my call, and in a moment after my inquiry, the arm of Miss Wallace was in mine, trembling with hurry and agitation. We walked for the space of nearly 'a block,' without the utterance of any thing but low interjections of pleasure, and an occasional remark upon that inexhaustible subject, the weather.

We turned into Broadway. Here, in the blaze of gas lights, we met abruptly, two gentlemen, who turned after passing us, and striding hastily a few paces before, like Othello's lady, they 'turned again,' and as I was on the point of pouring out some tender sayings, one of the fellows, staring at the face of my fair companion, exclaimed :

'Good gracious! Miss Wallace, is that you?'

It was my *tracking* friend, of the *Adelphi*. I knew his voice instantly. The lady dropped her arm, as if she had received a death-shot.

'Why are you walking with this man,—and how did you come to know him?' Miss Wallace answered with a faltering voice, that she did not know me, but had mistaken me for himself. 'Dear John,' said she, 'did you not get my note this morning? I expected you to walk with me, and not a person with whom I have no acquaintance whatever.'

Guess my surprise. I was, as the Kentuckians phrase it, 'an *entire* stranger.' The gallant began to bluster.

'Will—you—just—permit—me—to—ask—you,' said he to me, cocking his hat fiercely o' one side, and drawling his words, *sotto voce*, through his set teeth,—'who the devil you are?—what you are here for? what's your name?—and what you are *a'ter*? (syncopating the last word, with a broad inflection of the first syllable.) I have seen you at the *Adelphi*, and I begin to think you are a puppy.'

'Puppy, I am none,' said I, coolly,—for I hate fighting,—'and my being with this lady at present, is the result of *concert*. I received a note from her this morning, requesting an interview.

'Liar!' said the gentleman.

'That phrase,' I responded, meekly, 'would not be borne, if I considered you a good judge of the truth in the present case. I happen to have the note in my pocket, Sir; and as you are very inquisitive, let me return the compliment, and ask *your* name?'

'My name, *sà*,—I am not ashamed of my name, *sà*,—as you appear to be of yours,—my name, *sà*, is——JOHN SMITH!'

'And so is mine. Here 's the heart of the mystery. I see at once that the similarity of our names has been the cause of this error. Your note fell into my hands. I never spoke to this lady, before to-night, in all my life,—though I have, for some time, occasionally seen and admired her, at a distance.'

We were friends in a moment. The young damsel had accidentally made *his* acquaintance, a week or two previously, after an extensive interchange of oglings, at churches, and other public resorts,—and they were, it was plain to see, quite desperate with each other. I could not help comparing myself to the man in the play, whose servant says to him: 'Maister, ar'nt your name Gregory?' 'Yes,—Sir R. Gregory.' 'So is mine.' 'Ah, then your name is similar.' 'No, master, my name ar'nt Similar,—my name 's Gregory!'

These amusing reflections were but a momentary gleam of sunshine on the cloud which darkened my spirit. My dream of love was broken. Another John Smith had stepped into my bower of hope, and plucked the brightest rose it ever grew. I became 'melancholy and gentleman-like,'—went to conventicles with great regularity, and read a multitude of books. By degrees, I began to have quite a passion for literature, and tried my hand in the light department, as a producer. With the assistance of Ossian, and a rhyming dictionary, I made some poetry, and sent it to a popular weekly journal. It was entitled 'A River Scene,' and bore for its motto the following couplet from some *grand inconnu*:

'T is sweet, upon the impassioned wave,
To watch the little fishes swim.'

Ambitious of distinction, I wrote my name in full at the top of the piece. What kind of reception, think you, did it encounter? Reader,—read:

'John Smith's poetry is received, and has gone to that vast receptacle of things lost for the present upon earth, on the cover of which it is thus written:—'Rejected Balaam:—*Claudatur in eternam noctem.*' We would advise John Smith to give up his visions of fame. Let them dissolve into airy nothing,—for they produce nothing,—and out of nothing, nothing comes. No man, with exactly his two names, need expect glory below the sun. The last one is not the objection; for the Jones's, the Browns, Thompsons, and Jacksons, with many other names, might compete with it in point of numbers; but the baptismal prefix of *John*, makes the title no name at all; and thus, if we mistake not, has the matter been ruled in courts of justice. We beg our correspondent to drop either the lyre or his name; for he will labor in vain for renown, unless he prays the legislature for a divorce from his present cognomen.

'John Smith,—John Smith,—oh Phobos! what a name
To fill the speaking trump of future fame!'

This unequivocal compliment almost extinguished my lyrical propensities. I was convinced that John Smith would never make any respectable sensation in literature. Cruel thought! A rose would smell as sweet, according to Shakspeare, even if it were called *ipeacuanha*, as by any other name. Why then, from such a cause, should a barrier be placed against the aspirations of an ambitious mortal? The idea was not endurable. I determined to be even with the editor who had so crucified my lines. A rival publication had offered prizes for an Essay, a Tale, and some poetry. It wanted a month before the

meeting of the committee. I spent a fortnight on one poem. The paper in question was great in a small way, and bore on its cover a learned motto, 'from the Greek of Alcæus.' The time arrived,—the committee convened,—the award was made: and what was my delight on reading in the public journals the following announcement:

' NOTICE.

'The committee appointed to examine the pieces of prose and poetry, designed for the prizes in the 'Oriental Olympiad and Weekly Sunburst,' beg leave to report, that after a close examination of the matters confided to their discrimination, they have come to a decision. Private notice has already been made to the modest and successful authors of the Essay and Tale. Before giving the name of the victorious writer of the poem to the world, the committee desire to state, that with reference to the two baskets of accepted and rejected productions, now in the office of the Sunburst, they cannot make a more fitting comparison, than by likening them to the figs of Jeremiah: (Jer. xxiv. 2.) 'One basket had very good figs, even like the figs that are first ripe; and the other basket had very naughty figs, which could not be eaten, they were so bad.' The committee now proceed, with a feeling of serene and solemn exultation, to commit to the public eye at this era, and to that which shall lift its lid in future ages, the name of the distinguished person who has won the guerdon of twenty-five dollars, and a year's gratuitous subscription to the Olympiad and Sunburst. It is John Smith, Esq., of New-York. He will readily comprehend his putative identity, when the committee remark, that his effusion commences with a spirited invocation to the Nine. The committee will be prepared to meet him, and to administer into his hands the twenty-five dollars, and a year's receipt for the popular journal aforesaid, on Tuesday evening next, at six o'clock, in the saloon of the City Hotel. That the author may be received without the embarrassment of self-introduction, he is requested to wear a white favor in the lappel button-hole of his coat,—whereupon, on his entrance, he will be introduced to the company, and receive the pecuniary tribute due to his extraordinary genius. Many ladies, amateurs, and literary gentlemen, will be present.'

'Nov. 25. eod. ass. dtf.'

I read this notice over at least forty times, before the appointed evening. On that day, after dinner, I dressed with studied neatness, and turning down my collar, *à la Byron*, brushed my reddish locks, Apollo-like, around my forehead, in a style of sublime confusion, and awaited with a palpitating bosom, the proud moment when I should enter the saloon. I paused some thirty minutes after the appointed time, so that expectation should be on tiptoe. At last I sallied forth, and with a queer feeling of transport opened the door of the saloon and entered. There was a large collection of people; and at one side of the room, like stunted wall-flowers, stood a line of wo-begone-looking individuals, to the number of fifteen, each with a white favor in his bosom,—but with *such* diversified garments! 'Motley was their only wear.' I was surprised,—bewildered. At the request of the committee, tendered through their chairman, I took my station 'in line.' A subdued snicker ran through the room, as two *more* persons, bearing white favors, entered, and stepped by direction into the ranks below me. I stole a glance at my comrades. They were silent, grim, and sad to see. We all of us looked like a small company, detailed for private exercise, from 'the great army of martyrs.'

At last the chairman rose, and waving his hand loftily, said: 'An unexpected duty, ladies and gentlemen, devolves upon the humble person who now addresses you. Called to my office at a moment of peculiar excitement, I wish to discharge its duties with approval. I expected

to-night, in the presence of you all, to pay a delegated honor to the genius of one bright son of song. But I am obliged to select him from yon troop of tuneful worthies now arranged before the assembly, every one of whom, by a singular concatenation of parental tastes, bears the name of——*John Smith!*

I could have evaporated through the key hole. My first impulse was to cut and run. A second thought told me, *I* might be *the* John Smith, and I determined to see the farce out.

'In this state of uncertainty,' continued the chairman, 'the only method of arriving at the successful author, is to read the accepted lines.'

He began to read them with the lungs of a Stentor, and the gestic grace of an elephant. *They were not mine*, that was certain: poor, drawling, spiritless stanzas,—mere verbiage to mine. My contempt for the committee was unbounded.

But a person now jumped out from our row, with the quickness of a Narragansett pacer,—bowed, was identified as the author, and took his perquisites. When he wheeled again, and made a derisive inclination of the head to the rest of us unsuccessful essayists, I did instantly, by the sinister smirk in his face, recognize the ecstatic entity. It was the rascal in brown, whose bill I had paid at the lunch!

I remember little of the occasion after this. I only recollect, that some of the 'great rejected' swore with emphasis, that they had been sadly misused. Each man contended for the peculiar merit of his own composition, every one of which, even to the entire eighteen, opened with an appeal to the muses for assistance. One man, who seemed a little excited with wine, declared that 'he came there for the prize, and the prize he would have: he had already engaged a supper below, for himself and a few friends, on the strength of the prize; 'and I would like to know,' he added, with a sardonic grin of defiance, 'who in the name of Parnassus, is a-going to pay the bill? My heart is heaving and bursting with emotion. What is to requite us all for our disappointment?'

'Of our soul-stirring hopes we are in at the death,
And we stand, as in battle array,
To find our renown but a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away!'

'Messieurs Smith,' said the chairman, entirely disregarding the loquacious member, 'you are dismissed. Your badges, besides being emblems of peace, which will prevent any wranglings among yourselves, are also signs that you feel independent, and ask no *favours*. Here the company laughed, in the manner of a certain popular actress, 'like hyenas.'

How the company broke up, I know not. I was the first at the door, and walked up Broadway with my hat in my hand, although the weather was drizzling. I have never entirely recovered from the acidity of spirit which that sore discomfiture entailed upon me. I had been crossed in love and literature; and my coming days seemed only to me, a helpless wanderer on the ocean of time, like 'breakers ahead.'

And so they have proved. I have been advertised in the newspapers; persecuted by females whom I knew not; had callow bantlings laid on my door-steps. In short, I have suffered every thing but death; and all for my name. In vain do I attempt to console myself, by thinking of *one* great name like mine, the captain, who was saved by the Indian girl, Pocahontas,—and *two* that are 'similar,' the renowned Horace and James,—the wittiest men living. I am still plodding along the vale of existence, looking at the bright steep of fame in the distance, knowing it 'impossible to climb.' My name hangs to my tail, as heavy as the stone of Sisyphus. I almost wish I was entirely defunct.

Having long ago removed from the Adelphi, in consequence of a 'collapse' in its prosperity, I have got a home of my own, and am well to do in the world. But I am not happy. I disburse the postage for a weekly mass of letters, of which three in five are intended for others. I read notices concerning me, hymeneal and obituary, several times in a month. I have been waited upon simultaneously, by persons who had come to wish me joy, in the expectancy of a punch drinking, and by rival tomb-stone cutters, desirous of a job 'to my memory,' from the surviving members of my bachelor household. I pay twice my own amount of bills. A John Smith lives next door, to whom half my choice rounds and sirloins, selected personally in the market,—for I love good feed,—are sent without distinction. My name is a bore, and my life a burden. Touching the debts I have paid, which were not my own,—they have harrassed me beyond measure. Such is the perplexity arising from their constant and unavoidable occurrence, that I begin to think myself a member of that class of reprobates, mentioned by St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, who have been given up by Divine Providence 'to do those things which *are not convenient.*' Heartily do I wish I could do as the Druids of old did,—who contracted earthly debts for themselves and others, and gave promissory notes, payable in the other world.

But I forbear to recite my infelicities. I skip over some hundreds, and come to the *latest*. Yesterday morning the following police report met my eye:

'John Smith, a new offender, was on Monday last committed to Bridewell, charged with having stolen several descriptions of clothes from various hotels in Broadway. He formerly made his home at the Adelphi, where he practised his light fingered arts for a considerable time. He was at one period 'well off,' and lived in Broadway,—but his thieving propensities have brought him up, at last, to a full stop. Bail having been procured, he is now at large,—but so well known, that his career is now comparatively harmless.'

This is the latest, but not the *last*. I have met scores of acquaintances since yesterday, and they all shun me as if they scented in my garments the air of a jail,—all but one puppy, and he asked me 'when I got out!' There is ample botheration in store for me. Its *kind* I know not, but the *quantity* must be enormous. I will bear it no longer. I have booked myself for Albany to-morrow; and if I am not released from my name by the House, I will go, for refuge, to that narrow house appointed for all living: and on my tomb-stone shall be recorded, in good 'slap-up' Latin,—*'Sic transit tristitia Johannes Smithi'*

A VISION OF STEAM.*

'Et jam summa procul villarum culmine fumant.' Virgil.

I LAID me down and slept on the floor,
And I had a wonderful dream,—
For 'coming events cast their shadows before,'
Or rather, a volume of steam.

I thought I had slept a hundred years,
'Midst ruins and rubbish dirty,
And suddenly waked to the smiles and tears
Of life again, and it rang in my ears,
'Twas nineteen hundred and thirty.

I thought a Spirit beside me stood,
Strange in his shape and dress;
He wore a cowl, and he wore a hood,—
Who he was, I might not guess.

But the silence broke, and the stranger spoke,—
I heard him in my dream:
'Fear not,' he said, 'but come and see
How all the world is governed by me,
The mighty Spirit of Steam.

Straightway, like to a falling moon,
With a rushing sound, there came
A mighty sphere; it lighted soon,
And what should it be but a steam balloon,
And we entered together the same.

And away we went o'er London far,
As swift as the lightning's gleam;
But in vain I looked from our lofty car,
For from Westminster Abbey to Temple Bar,
They were all in a cloud of steam.

'Come, let us nearer to the earth,'
The mighty Spirit cried;
The car sunk down, and I set forth,
Through the streets, with him for a guide.

'Now,' quoth the stranger, 'approach, approach,
I'm tired with wandering, I trow,
So we'll get us into that hackney coach,
'Tis the best in all the row.'

In we got, and strange, oh, strange,
The horseless coach moved on;
We fell from the clouds in Regent street,
We glided along in our chariot fleet;
But of all the folks we chanced to meet,
Alas! I knew not one.

* These lines were written by Miss Browne, literally *currente calamo*, when she was about sixteen years old. The tea-urn, smoking, hissing, and steaming, was brought in, one evening, and a young friend observed: 'You have never written any thing about steam.' Before tea was over, 'The Vision of Steam' was written, and is here presented, precisely as then penned.

We passed by Newgate,—a crowd was there,
And a scaffold was raised before;
The criminal knelt and whispered a prayer,
Then stood erect once more.

Much I marveled he stood alone,
But he suddenly uttered a scream:
Gone was all hope, on his neck a rope
Already noosed, from above fell down;
The bolt slipped from its band without a hand,
The corse swung away from its final stand,—
They were hanging the man by steam!

As we to our vehicle returned,
A figure before us stood,
It stood, broom in hand, at a dirty crossing,
I pitied the creature, and was tossing
A sixpence,—I thought 'twas flesh and blood:

But my friend held my hand,—says he, "'tis wood,'
A strange thing to you it may seem,
But, let me tell you, the plan is good,
We sweep our streets by steam!

We went into Paternoster Row,
It had a mournful look,
For passed away were Longman and Co.,
Their shop, and every book.

Yet clouds of vapor were issuing
From each window low and high,
As erst I have seen it, wondering,
From the Brentford Brewery.

'Strange, strange,' said I, 'that you should turn
Their minds to such a scheme!
'What scheme?' quoth he,—'you may discern
They publish still, but you have to learn
How we write and print by steam.'

'But, come, enough of this city wide,—
And yet one peep you must have
At the mighty house, where you have descried
Peers long ago in the grave.'

Straight we alit by the House of Peers;
It was silent,—silent all,—
Though all seemed ranged, as in former years,
On the benches round the wall.

Suddenly all arose, and each
A paper gave and took,
It stood, it seemed, in lieu of speech,—
Intently did I look.

I looked again, but they stirred no more,
They were almost as stiff and as stark as before.
Wooden was each,—blockheads were all,—
Mandarin numbers filled the hall.

Oh, strange, and stranger grew my dream:
As with a grim smile the Spirit said,—
'Think you not, of all you have heard or read,

That this is the best and noblest plan
To spare the tongue and brains of man,
And govern the nation by steam ?'

But slowly a little vapor arose
From the wooden Prime Minister's head :
It gathered and grew, and over his foes
In the Opposition spread.

Then came there a hissing and rushing noise,—
A crash, and a shout, and a scream :
The engine had burst,—and, oh, the smell,
The horrible vapor, who can tell,
At that bursting of Parliament steam ?

It was no joke, and so I awoke,—
The hissing still around me broke ;
The candles were out, my wife in a pout,
For in my struggling dream
I had seized the tea-urn, and turned it o'er,
The water was swimming about the floor,
And I was awakened by steam !

London, (Eng.)

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

THE LABORATORY OF NATURE.

NUMBER TWO.

THE substances heretofore noticed, viz. the oxygen and nitrogen gases, carbonic acid and aqueous vapor, are commonly considered as making up the atmosphere ; and all the phenomena which it presents, are traced to the agency of one or the other of these constituents. But we cannot in truth admit the entire accuracy of these assertions. It has already been stated, that the air is a reservoir in which a multitude of volatile matters are contained. A thousand substances that escape our senses, and are of too subtile a nature to be detected by the most refined processes of chemistry, we know to exist in it. For we know that almost all bodies in nature may be converted into vapor. When to this we add the fact, that of the fifty-four simple bodies now known, all, except ten or twelve, are capable of being acted upon by the oxygen of the air, we shall be enabled to form some faint idea of the complex nature of this fluid, and of the many and important changes which it is constantly working on the surface of the globe.

That organic matter is at times floating in the atmosphere, is proved by the fact, that it has been detected in rain and snow water. Fries, a very accurate botanical observer, has remarked, that the sporules, or seminal principles of the common mushroom, are so infinite, that he has counted above ten millions of them in a single individual ; so subtile that they are scarcely visible to the naked eye ; and that they are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, by insects, wind,

elasticity, adhesion, etc., that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded. We have also an account of a vegetable matter which fell suddenly from the sky in Persia, in the early part of 1828, and covered the ground to a great extent, and in some spots five or six inches deep. Upon examination, it was ascertained to be a species of lichen. But I must defer a more particular notice of these and similar facts, until I come to the consideration of the subject of meteors.

While the atmosphere is the theatre of many curious and useful, though unseen and silent, operations, there are not unfrequently presented in it exhibitions quite apparent to the senses, and rising to the height of grandeur and sublimity. There is, it would seem, as a consequence of combustion and vegetation, a constant evolution of electric fluid, which, ascending into the air, perhaps by the aqueous vapor, at length accumulates in large quantities. And as its tendency to escape increases with its increase, it at length bursts through the barriers which confine it, and the results are lightning and thunder.

It is somewhat singular, that although the leading facts of electricity had long been known, it was not until a late period in the history of the science, that lightning was proved to be identical with electricity,—that the fluid which was accumulated by the friction of a rubber upon glass, was shown to be similar to that which pervades the atmosphere, and that the loading and discharge of a Leyden jar, was but a miniature representation of what takes place on the approach and during the continuance of a thunder storm. This interesting fact, which can now be so easily proved by experiment, was unknown, or barely suspected, until it was at once completely established by the ingenuity and sagacity of a Franklin. And as if to exhibit in the boldest relief the great value of such close interrogations of nature, as soon as the identity of lightning and electricity was discovered, the same celebrated individual was at once enabled to point out the means by which houses and ships could be protected against its destructive effects. Nature herself, as it were, rewards the discovery of one of her secrets with the richest present she had to bestow. Thus the name of Franklin, already high on the list of philosophers, was placed still higher on that of the benefactors of our species.

It was in June, 1752, that Franklin, with a simple apparatus, consisting of a large silk handkerchief, and two cross sticks upon which he might extend it, took the opportunity of the first approaching thunder storm to walk into a field, where there was a shed convenient for his purpose; but dreading the ridicule which so often attends unsuccessful attempts in science, he communicated his design to no one but his son, who assisted in preparing and raising the kite.

Having raised his kite, and attached a key to the lower end of the hempen string, he insulated it, by fastening it to a post by means of silk. As may be supposed, he waited with intense anxiety for the result. A considerable time elapsed before there was any appearance of success, although a dense cloud, apparently charged with lightning, had passed over the kite. Franklin was about giving up the experiment

in despair, when he observed some loose threads on the hempen string rise and stand erect, just as if they had been suspended from the prime conductor of an electrical machine. On this he presented his knuckle to the key which was fastened to the string, and received from it the well known electrical spark. It is said that he was so overcome with the emotions inspired by the completion of this great discovery, that he heaved a deep sigh, and, conscious of an immortal name, felt that he could have been content if that moment had been his last. The rain now increased; the cord in consequence became a better conductor, and the key gave out its electricity copiously.

Thus, by an experiment as bold as it was ingenious, did this great philosopher establish, in the most conclusive manner, one of the most curious and important facts in the whole range of science. This notice of it, although perhaps not new to many of my readers, could not well be omitted in what purports to be a view of the *Laboratory of Nature*. It is, moreover, not only the record of an important truth, but presents a striking example of the simple means by which great results are sometimes produced.

No description that I have met with, gives so vivid an idea of the great quantity of electricity which is given out during a thunder storm, as that of M. de Romas. While in our puny imitations, under the most favorable circumstances, we are satisfied with sparks of a few inches long, he describes the sparks given out from the discharger during a storm, as 'plates of flame nine or ten feet long, and an inch thick, which made as much noise as a pistol.' 'In less than an hour,' he adds, 'I had certainly thirty plates of this size, without reckoning a thousand others of seven feet, and below that.'

The atmosphere is almost always in an electrical state,—a fact which can be shown by employing a metallic rod, elevated to some height above the ground, and communicating at its lower end with an electroscope. This instrument will usually show the prevalence of positive electricity, the intensity of which increases as the stratum examined is more elevated. The strength of this atmospheric electricity, however, varies at different seasons of the year, and at different times of day, and alternates from the positive to the negative. More especially is this the case upon the approach of thunder storms, when these alternately succeed each other with great rapidity. Strong sparks are given out by the conductor, and it becomes dangerous to prosecute the experiments with it in its insulated state.

From these facts, it is evident, that there must be some cause, or set of causes, continually in operation, which have a tendency to disturb the electric equilibrium of the atmosphere, or, in other words, to render it electric. When this disturbance is so great as that one portion of it becomes highly charged with one kind of electricity, while another is oppositely electrified, a discharge takes place, as in the common Leyden jar. It has already been remarked, that this atmospheric electricity is probably due to the processes of vegetation and combustion. Some chemical combination, or separation, seems to be necessary to produce such excitement. On a subject confessedly obscure, experiment is our only

safe guide. Speculation is of little avail; and however bold or beautiful may be the theory, a single opposing and irreconcilable fact must outweigh it all. That celebrated philosopher, Pouillet, has shown by experiment that electricity is evolved abundantly during combustion,—the burning body giving out the resinous, or negative, and the oxygen positive, or vitreous electricity. In like manner, the carbonic acid emitted by vegetables, is charged with negative electricity, and the oxygen probably charged with positive electricity. These two sources are thought to be quite sufficient to account for the vast quantity of electricity so often accumulated in the clouds. But in addition to these, Dr. Prout, in his recent work on Chemistry and Meteorology, suggests that there is another cause on which, in numerous instances, this accumulation may still more immediately depend. This is the combination of oxygen with the vapor of the atmosphere, and the consequent formation of a substance analogous to, if not identical with, deutoxide of hydrogen, or oxygenized water,—a suggestion entitled to great consideration, not only on account of the source from which it emanates, but of the happy explanation which it affords of numerous phenomena, at present very imperfectly understood.

Without at all entering into the discussion of those questions which relate to the nature of the various general chemical agents, concerning which the truth is perhaps rather to be desired than expected, I may be permitted to observe,—that, although it has long been conceded that these agents are closely allied, and that one occasionally *passes into*, or produces the other,—yet this by no means proves their identity. Thus the discoveries in electro-magnetism have abundantly proved that both common and galvanic electricity induce magnetism in soft iron and steel, but the magnet thus formed does not possess the properties usually assigned to electricity. Again, it is known that heat disturbs the magnetic equilibrium of a compound metallic bar, yet this bar is very far from being in the condition of a galvanic apparatus. To illustrate my meaning by a reference to ponderable bodies: oxygen, for example, when combined with the metal potassium, forms a compound which is characterized by a certain set of properties termed *alkaline*, and the same body, when combined with sulphur, constitutes a substance characterized by a set of properties called *acid*. Both these compounds are distinct in their nature, and each has properties which are peculiar; and although these peculiarities are due in both cases to the same agent, the compounds are still distinct, and in order to be understood, must be separately studied.

Lightning forms a part of that admirable system of contrivances by means of which the purity of the atmosphere is preserved, and the increase of heat prevented. There is abundant evidence of the coolness of the air which succeeds a thunder-storm. By some this has been referred to the same vertiginous movement in the atmosphere which has been supposed to be the cause of such storms. It is related of a Mr. Crosbie, who ascended in a balloon from Dublin in July, 1785, that he entered a thick cloud, and strong blasts of wind with thunder and lightning, which brought him rapidly to the surface of the water. Mr.

Blanchard, in ascending from Strasburg, on the 26th of August, 1787, in 'horrible weather,' let off a parachute with a dog attached to it, at an elevation of a little more than a mile, which instead of descending was carried by a whirlwind above the clouds. Blanchard afterwards fell in with the dog again in the course of his voyage. He was bending his course directly downwards, but was presently lifted by another whirlwind to a great height.

But the reduction of temperature which usually succeeds thunder-storms, may perhaps be rather the result, than the cause, of these storms. That such powerful discharges of electricity as take place during the occurrence of lightning should produce a great commotion in the air, cannot be doubted, when we witness the mechanical effects which may be produced by the common electrical battery. This commotion, as it is known to be generally followed by a fall of rain and consequent evaporation, would sufficiently account for the reduction of temperature which usually ensues.

A thunder-storm, although of such frequent occurrence with us as scarcely to attract any attention, is nevertheless one of the most interesting occurrences in nature. The signal of its approach is usually the formation of a low dense cloud in a part of the atmosphere that was previously clear. This cloud increasing and spreading, especially at its upper part, while all is calm and still, soon becomes the centre around which smaller clouds move in various directions; and which, approaching and receding from each other, but seldom coming in contact, are perpetually changing their situations. At length these smaller clouds approach the larger one above and the whole form an irregular mass. Its lower surface from being level and smooth, now becomes ragged, and its tatters stretch down and long arms are extended towards the ground. The heavens now darken apace; the whole mass sinks down; wind rises and frequently shifts in squalls; small clouds move swiftly in various directions; lightning darts from cloud to cloud. A spark is sometimes seen coexistent through a vast horizontal extent, of a zig-zag shape and of different brilliancy in different parts. Lightning strikes between the clouds and the earth,—frequently in two places at once. A heavy rain falls,—the cloud is dissipated, or it rises higher and becomes light and thin.*

Such, in brief, is the description of an excellent philosopher, of the phenomena which ordinarily attend a storm. But it should be remarked that these are by no means its constant accompaniments. Sometimes it opens directly with thunder, which presently ceases, and the surplus electricity passes silently from the clouds to the earth. And sometimes, also, lightning is observed, without being followed by thunder, even though it may be accompanied with hail or rain.

Phenomena similar to this are sometimes observed, when the atmosphere is perfectly free from clouds. During the warm evenings of July and August, it is not uncommon to see flashes of light given off apparently from the earth, even though there is not a cloud to be seen. They may be compared to those flashes which can be perceived when

* Prof. Robinson, in *Enc. Brit.*

a good electrical machine is made to revolve in a dark room. And if the action of dry air upon the earth in motion could be compared to that of the rubber upon the glass cylinder, it would not be difficult to offer an explanation.

Such are the leading facts upon the subject of atmospheric electricity. The various chemical processes which are continually going forward on the surface of the earth, are so many sources of electric influence. The aqueous vapor, being a conductor, the fluid is carried upward, and not unfrequently accumulates in great quantities in the clouds, which, like vast electrical batteries, discharge themselves upon oppositely electrified clouds, or upon the earth, by which the equilibrium is again in part, at least, temporarily restored. And as a consequence of this, the atmosphere is purified, vegetation promoted, and perhaps many other useful purposes effected.

L. C. B.

THE BURIAL.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.

‘ Hold off the earth awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms.’

Hamlet.

Av, pause ye, ere that face,
Chilled into sculptured beauty, is forever veiled
From the dim eyes whose love-lit glance hath hailed
So oft, its living grace!

What though the soothing spheres
Rise sweetly beaming on her lowly bed?
What though the dew-founts nightly o’er it shed
Their offering of tears?

And forest chaunt breathe by,
Soothing, with gentlest note, the fairy flower,
Or waking through grave Autumn’s tinted bower,
A dirge-like melody?

One breath of spirit air
Would kindle beauty more than gems the sky,
And tinge, with hues of heaven’s own roscate dye,
Sleep’s marble image there!

One gleam of spirit fire,
Thrilling that breast with Feeling’s holy glow,
And urging Thought’s sublime, mellifluous flow,
Would seraph strains inspire!

Since thus it may not be,
Let the cold form sink to its kindred mould;
No spirit gem its cerements shall enfold,
As in life’s mystery!

Boston, March, 1835.

H. T. T.

JEDUTHAN HOBBS.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A METROPOLITAN BOOK-PEDLER.

'It is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest cloud,
So honor peereth in the meanest habit.'

SHAKESPEARE.

In his life-time, Jeduthan Hobbs had never suited himself with a dwelling-place. He was ever flitting about, like a swallow on the wing, from garret to garret. He has chambers now, against which he can never more repine. A few nails, and boards of lath, have shut out apprehension, and care, and poverty. No longer shall rich repasts, and the panorama of delicate viands, move before his eye, which his tongue may not taste. No longer shall his gaunt form traverse the pavement of public hostels, living on steams and odors. From the unceremonious touch of catchpoles, henceforth, the person of Jeduthan Hobbs is sacred.

They laid him according to his wish. He had prayed, almost to the last hour of his life, that Providence would grant him the farewell privilege of selecting a spot for his grave, which might be his own,—the first and last cantle of property he should ever possess. And at the moment when Death was holding his final parley for the surrender of his body, a missive arrived from a deceased aunt, bearing within a gift just sufficient to purchase the dying man the luxury of renting independently his last habitation.

It was chosen strangely,—one lone, solitary strip of green, imbedded in rocks. It were vain to attempt to fathom this fancy. Perhaps he wished to leave it as a testimonial,—though dark and difficult the interpretation,—that thus his heart had retained its freshness and verdure, in the very midst of the rough roads and stony circumstances of life.

His face, when living, was the very dial-plate of Hope. He lived on glorious expectation. He breakfasted on hope,—dined on hope,—and was even oftentimes forced, for the want of more substantial food, to make his supper from the same dish. Yet was he ever uncomplaining. He was monarch over all futurity. No black usurper dared intrude upon that ample realm. He peopled it with his own subjects. They never disobeyed his kingly authority, but ever came at his beck. How well I remember the last time I beheld him! He had just given,—poor and lowly as he was,—a cheerful volume, to a pale, attenuate young man, in a faded black coat, who had been standing at a book-stall, at the corner of the street, filching a little mental entertainment from a meagre collection of dingy tomes. 'Poor fellow!' said Hobbs,—'he has seen better days: but he should needs be happy now,—for I have given him a glorious companion: and I have just read to him these truth-speaking lines from good old Spenser.' And the kind donor set down his humble basket upon the *pavé*, and with a benevolent chuckle, read thus, from a thumbled, yellow-leaved octavo:

'Ah! why doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honor and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring Death,
With so great labor and long-lasting pain,
As if his days forever should remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth, as a vapor, vanish and decay.

'Look back who list unto the former ages,
And call to count what is of them become;
Where be those high-born men, those antique sages
Which of all grandeur knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mear of the earth and of their reign?

Thus, with a fine vein of philosophy, would Hobbs beguile Penury of bitter remembrances, and rob sharp Misery of its pangs.

He would sit in his veteran arm-chair, at the end of a long summer day, and looking through the dusky panes of a narrow dormer window, point to the sun melting afar over the Jersey hills,—dropping gently and softly, as a babe to its evening slumbers. 'That sun,' he would exclaim, 'rises brighter to-morrow, because it rises on a happier man. My friend, I am not crack-brained nor visionary. In truth, poor denizens like me have no right to share that privilege of the titled and wealthy. But I do believe there is some great blessing in store for me,—some overwhelming joy,—that, like wine on the lees, is but improving its flavor, by age, for my palate.'

'But, Hobbs, how can you revel in such delights, with these wrecks about you? How can you, from a garret, like Moses from Pisgah, steal such glimpses of a promised land?'

'Do you see,' was his answer, 'yonder flight of birds, fanning the rosy air around the setting sun? Mark you how their wings are gilded with royal gold and purple, as they bathe themselves in the fading day-beams? So, my friend, every thought, every imagination, every common object and meaner sight, in passing through my soul, is transmuted into a precious and golden reality,—that, though it may have no existence in this world of fact, transports me into a heaven!'

'What heaven? The bigot's,—the sectarian's?'

'No, friend,—there can be no heaven where dwells the bigot or the sectarian. I mean his heaven, whose tastes are refined,—whose eyes are as chrystal mirrors, reflecting joyously the Creator's little universe below,—the fair scenes of Nature, and the glories of air, earth, and sea. Such alone can live in heaven. To brute minds,—minds that have no spirit, but are all sinew and flesh,—heaven would be but a 'worse hell.'

Thus have we whiled hour after hour, in pleasant converse, pilfering many a smile from the wrinkled face of Time, and smoothing the yet untrodden road to the inevitable church-yard. The vocation of my friend was a modest and humble one. He was a book-peddler. He wended from house to house,—a merchant of the mind,—bearing in his basket and pack the rich products of every clime in which intellect grows and buds.

He was born with a love for books. The first object on which his infant eyes opened, must have been the family Bible, or a copy of the household almanac. He delighted, as soon as his feeble hands could lift a volume, to gaze on its black rows of letters. When his mind expanded, its first dawns were spent in marshaling words in order, to form some little 'composition.' He took a kind of military pride, in drilling the twenty four letters of the alphabet,—in banding them into petty companies. As he grew older, he assumed his calling. It was congenial, though lowly. He loved to pass from dwelling to dwelling, dealing out, as it were, delight by the handful,—handing over whole treasures of joy,—volumes of fun and knowledge. And he himself had been at the festival,—he had partaken of the feast.

He came at length to be known,—to be loved,—to be welcomed. His face broadened and brightened into the sun of many a house; and wherever he threw a beam, some tender flower, or some happy sentiment, would spring and blossom. He was the sower of good seed, and he reaped the harvest that follows it.

And thus he spent twenty years. He was the father of the book-peddlers. Much they honored him: and when chance had gathered a circle of them together, they listened with eager ears to his tales of the elder days of their trade,—how it had begun from nothing,—how, on one bright summer morning, when he had risen early, and saw the milkmen and bakers busy distributing their comforts, the thought struck him, what a good and pleasant thing it would be, if some kind people would thus actively and alertly serve the 'milk and bread' of mind to as needy customers,—how the thought would every morning visit his soul,—how he gave it welcome,—and, finally, how he became the pioneer in the cause,—dandling, as it were, the profession upon his knee, until it had arrived to its present manhood,—sending its missionaries into every nook and corner of the heathen city.

Farewell, Hobbs! I had said more and better things of thee, but my pen would drop nothing but tears. Farewell! Thou hast left this world of book-making, book-reading, and book-pedling, and art gone, I trust, where angels chant poetry, and the face of thy Maker shall be to thee, for perusal, thy brightest book!

M.

IS HE RICH?

He is rich in wit, he is rich in worth,
 And rich in the blood of an honest birth;
 He is rich in his country's heart and fame,
 And rich in the thoughts that high souls claim:
 He is rich in the books of the olden time,
 And rich in the air of a freeman's clime.
 He needs no stars to shine on his breast,
 For the crimson drops of his father's crest
 Fell, nobler gems, on the battle-field,
 Where the haughty foeman was taught to yield.
 Then ask me no more, 'Is he rich in gold?'
 His riches were bought,—but can ne'er be sold.

M.

THE SILENT WATER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'GUY RIVERS,' 'MARTIN FABER,' ETC.

WHEN that my mood is sad, and in the noise
And bustle of the crowd, I feel rebuke,
I turn my footsteps from its hollow joys,
And sit me down beside this little brook :
The waters have a music to mine ear
It glads me much to hear.

It is a quiet glen, as you may see,
Shut in from all intrusion, by the trees
That spread their giant branches, broad and free,
The silent growth of many centuries ;
And make a hallow'd time for hapless moods,
The Sabbath of the Woods.

Few know its quiet shelter,—none, like me,
Do seek it out with such a fond desire,
Poring, in idlesse mood, on flower and tree,
And listening as the voiceless leaves respire,—
When the far traveling breeze, done wandering,
Rests here his weary wing.

And all the day, with fancies ever new,
And sweet companions from their fruitful store,
Of merry elves, bespangled all with dew,
Fantastic creatures of the old-time lore,—
Watching their wild but unobtrusive play,
I fling the hours away.

A gracious couch,—the root of an old oak,
Whose branches yield it moss and canopy,—
Is mine : and so it be from woodman's stroke
Secure, shall never be resign'd by me :
It hangs above the stream that idly plies,
Headless of any eyes.

There, with eye sometimes shut, but upward bent,
Sweetly I muse through many a quiet hour,—
While many a sense on earnest mission sent,
Returns, thought-laden, back with bloom and flower ;
Pursuing, though rebuked by those who toil,
A profitable toil.

And still the waters, trickling at my feet,
Wind on their way with gentlest melody,
Yielding sweet music which the leaves repeat,
Above them, to the gay breeze gliding by,—
Yet not so rudely as to send one sound
Through the thick copes around.

Sometimes, a brighter cloud than all the rest,
Hangs o'er the archway, opening through the trees,
Breaking the spell that, like a slumber, press'd
On my worn spirit its sweet luxuries,—
And with awakened vision upward bent,
I watch the firmament.

How like its sure and undisturb'd retreat,
 Life's sanctuary at last, secure from storm,
 To the pure waters trickling at my feet,
 The bending trees that overshad'd my form ;
 So far as sweetest things of earth may seem
 Like those of which we dream.

Thus, to my mind, is the philosophy
 The young bird teaches, who, with sudden flight
 Sails far into the blue that spreads on high,
 Until I lose him from my straining sight,—
 With a most lofty discontent to fly,
 Upward, from earth to sky.

W. G. S.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NUMBER ONE.

It has been, we think, somewhat erroneously assumed as a maxim, that every age receives its character and impression, either from one man, or from the combined efforts and example of a few great original geniuses. We doubt this theory. We rather believe that these men receive their character, or at least are directed in their course, by the age in which they live, and the state of society around them. They have the sagacity to perceive those great changes which are operating on the mass of mankind, the wisdom to accommodate themselves to the approaching crisis, and the talents to qualify them for taking the lead in the revolutions of literature and politics. The world must have an idol, and accordingly its admiration becomes gradually concentrated on one great man, who, by merely placing himself at the head of the current, acquires in time the glory of directing that which in fact propelled him forward in its course.

A close inquiry into these matters, will, we believe, bear us out in the opinion, that those men who, in every age, have been complimented with the glory of having impressed their character upon, and given a direction to, the literature of their times, had in truth only the sagacity to perceive the early auguries which indicated that the public taste was undergoing a great change, and to accommodate themselves to it, before it became notorious to ordinary observers. The Great Unknown, as he was ere-while called, was one of these fortunate persons. He perceived that the public had become sated with those romantic fictions, of which Mrs. Radcliffe and Charlotte Smith were the respective heroines,—one class of which consisted in appeals to the curiosity and wonder of the reader, and the other in various modifications of the passion of love. He saw, also, that the perpetual succession of wars during the latter part of the eighteenth century, had produced a martial spirit,—a romantic taste for war and adventure,—and by adapting his genius to that of the age, not by attempting to direct it, achieved a reputation equalled by few of his

predecessors, and by none of his contemporaries. As might be expected, this extraordinary success gave a character of dignity to the means by which it was acquired, and produced hosts of followers in a similar track. The world has since been so overwhelmed with historical and traditional romances, that it is becoming sated with these high-wrought excitements, and the period is not far distant, when it will turn once more to nature, and its never-tiring attractions. The first eminent genius who strikes out in that path, will of course have the credit of creating a new taste, which already existed, and has existed from the first dawning of literature.

The great Scottish novelist, has in many publications we have seen, been complimented with the distinction of having invented, or created, the Historical Romance. But the distinction is, we think, conferred with little reason, since this species of fictitious writing is perhaps the oldest of all others. As early as the fourth century of the Christian era, Heliodorus, bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly, wrote a romance called the Loves of Theagenes and Chariclea, which had the honor of being condemned by a council of bishops. The foundation of the tale was either traditional or historical, as was that of almost all others of the succeeding school of romance. It is a vast help to the invention, to have a basis of reality to build upon, and saves the trouble of creating both characters and incidents. No man availed himself more liberally of these sources than Shakspeare himself, whose inventive powers have been considered inexhaustible. All his plays are taken either from history, or from stories founded on popular traditions.

The Grand Cyrus, and the race of long-winded romances of the early French school, were all historical, or traditional, in their origin; and indeed in every age of the world, where any literature existed, this class of productions has formed a considerable portion of popular reading. The Seven Champions of England, the Seven Wise Masters, Guy Earl of Warwick, Arthur and his Round Table, Sir Bevis of Hampton, and a thousand others, are all historical or traditional romances,—unnatural, and extravagant indeed, but still having a reference to characters and events, some of them, at least, not altogether imaginary. Anne of Brittainy, written, if we mistake not, by one of the Miss Porters, preceded Waverly, and is as much a historical romance as that celebrated production. The great merit of Walter Scott, is that of adapting the extravagant fictions of barbarism to the taste of a civilized age, and excelling all that went before, or that have yet come after him. He is certainly not the creator of the historical romance, any more than Shakspeare, with whom he has been somewhat irreverently compared, was of the Drama.

It were, we think, to be wished, that the great Scottish novelist had pruned very many of his productions of a little more of the extravagance of the early romances of chivalry. Though amply redeemed by great and singular beauties, there are faults of this kind in these celebrated productions, sufficient to have sunk others of moderate talent into the depths of the waters of oblivion, or preserved them only as examples for derision, like the heroes of Don Quixotte's Library. These faults

have been almost entirely passed over unnoticed by the critics; and this omission, which indicates either great modesty, or great devotion, has in our opinion had a very injurious effect on the literature of the present times. It was a desertion of that great duty, which all those who usurp the prerogative of directing the public taste, owe to the literary world of readers. Those who are conversant with the history of literature, will have observed that there are among mankind in every age, two classes of writers,—one comprising the many, the other the few. The first do little else but copy others,—for the most imitative of all animals, not excepting a fashionable lady, is a dunce. The other, and by far the smaller denomination, depend on their own genius and resources; and though their taste may, and ever will be, more or less, matured, invigorated, or modified by the general course of their studies, they will always be found to possess a certain raciness, freshness, and vigor, which is not borrowed from any one, and distinctly marks an original creation of the mind.

The class of imitative writers is again subdivided into those who imitate the faults, and those who strive to catch the beauties of a distinguished or popular author. The former is probably in the proportion of a hundred to one of the latter, and their success is in about the same ratio of comparison. Hence, it is one of the most solemn as well as important and inflexible duties of critics, when passing judgment upon a distinguished writer, to point out not only his peculiar beauties, but his peculiar faults, in order that the tribe of imitators may not confound one with the other, and fill the world with folly or extravagance. They have not done so, and the consequences are apparent in the present state of our literature.

Those who imitate the beauties of a writer, almost always fall short of their peculiar excellence, while those who copy his faults uniformly exceed them in enormity. This has been the case with Walter Scott, the circulation of whose romances, and their influence on the taste of the age, probably exceed any thing the world has seen for ages, if it was ever seen. This unequalled popularity of course attracted the whole tribe of imitators, who, having never beheld any of his faults pointed out, very rationally supposed they were all beauties, and, by a natural instinct, fell to copying, and exaggerating them in every possible manner and degree. It was no easy matter to emulate his great and excellent common sense; his shrewd insight into human nature; his vast fertility of combination, and his still more vast memory, which enabled him to command at pleasure, without resorting to books, all the romantic incidents and characters of Scottish history or tradition, and to incorporate them with his works. These distinguishing traits of the Scottish Wizzard were a little too high to be reached by ordinary hands; they therefore became sour grapes to a great majority of his imitators. But it was comparatively easy to equal him in the length, if not depth, of those almost interminable 'talks,' as the Indians call them, with which so many of his latter works are interlarded, and which appear to answer no other purpose but to delay the progress of the story, and lengthen it out to the requisite number of pages. It was

also comparatively easy to produce alarming imitations, and extravagant caricatures, of those mystical, high-wrought, declamatory women, which at one time Scott was so fond of introducing into his works, of whom Meg Merrilies was the first and best, and, if we do not mistake, Norna of the Fitful-head the last. These, even in the hands of the great master, were somewhat unmanageable, but when they fell into those of weaker powers of restraining extravagance, and rendering improbabilities probable, they became the most incomprehensible termagants that ever were let loose on a civilized people. Many other blemishes of the Scottish novelist have in like manner become incorporated in the literature of the times, with monstrous distortions, and aggravations, while his peculiar beauties, though they certainly do not blush unseen, blush beyond the reach of those whose success in the former is worthy of all reprehension.

There is perhaps no region of the world where there is such an amiable docility in imitating every thing that is either praised, or imported from abroad, as in the United States. We certainly approach as nearly as animal can come to vegetable life, to the species called squashes, which are said to become pumpkins, by being planted in the same bed, and moreover to impair in no small degree the flavor of melons, by virtue of propinquity. We seem to have exhausted our independence in resisting the Stamp Act, for we receive every other stamp with a most exemplary submission. For this reason it is very natural, that we should have become specially imbued with all the faults, and very few of the beauties of Walter Scott's genius; and hence has arisen a special propriety in the preceding observations, unless we deceive ourselves in the view we have taken.

Out of this propensity to imitate distinguished faults of distinguished writers, has without doubt arisen that species of romantic fiction, which equally discards probability in both cause and effect, and launches forth without rudder or compass into the boundless ocean of extravagance. Characters of almost superhuman atrocity, acting apparently without motive, and talking as such men never talked before, are coupled with a series of inconsistencies, irreconcilable with common sense, or with the ordinary impulses of the passions. Thieves, robbers, and assassins become transmuted, we know not how, all at once into heroes, capable of the most lofty flights of virtue; and wretches living in the daily violation of the laws of God and man, are held up either as objects of sympathy or admiration. The mind of the reader becomes confounded by this unnatural union of a crowd of vices, with a single prominent virtue, and both taste and morals are corrupted by a misdirected sympathy with atrocious crime, or unconstrained imprudence.

In this point of view, we are satisfied that the widely extended taste for the new school of works of fiction, which has mainly arisen out of the talents and the popularity of the Scottish novelist, has had a very injurious influence both on morals and manners. It has created an admiration of outlaws and freebooters; a sort of respect for the license of barbarous ages; and accustomed us to the contemplation of scenes of high-wrought wickedness and ferocious crime, that cannot but

diminish our just abhorrence, because they are so frequently associated with a courage, fortitude, and generosity, which gloss over their deformity, and create rather admiration than disgust. We cannot but think the custom of redeeming wickedness, by the association of a single solitary virtue, is calculated to work much serious mischief in unexperienced minds, and that to enlist our sympathies in behalf of crime, is to go far in overturning one of the great barriers to its indulgence. A large portion of our works of fiction abound in murder and bloodshed; and by a strange perversion of words, the vulgar faculty of stringing together a tissue of the most disgusting pictures of depravity, heightened by every effort of an imagination destitute of either spur or rein, is called 'power.' The faculty to create monsters, and exaggerate deformities, is decorated with the honors of genius, and the applause of mankind, like the devotion of the Hindoos, is prostituted at the shrine of misshapen monsters, destitute of every lineament of grace, and every attribute of proportion.

Of this spurious class of 'powerful' works of fiction, is 'Rombert,' and, indeed, a great portion of our indigenous romances, which abound in this power of exciting horror, if not admiration, by vicious characters and 'startling incidents,' huddled together, without discretion or judgment, and constituting a very appropriate supplement to the *Newgate Calendar*. People of a certain grade of vulgarity in taste, read them, as they go to see an execution, for the purpose of giving a short stimulus to worn out or dormant sensibilities, which, like the hide of the rhinoceros, can only be penetrated by a thunderbolt. The introduction of heroines of cracked reputations, is another expedient of our modern appellants to the sympathies of their readers. In this they certainly cannot plead the example of the great Scottish novelist, who has, on no occasion, insulted the moral sense of mankind, by such gross appeals to their feelings in behalf of worthlessness. Whenever he makes a demand of this kind, it is in favor of virtue, not vice. The female character is never prostituted by him for the purpose of making it interesting. Madame de Stael's *Corinna* is probably the great original of this most meritorious class of heroines. A modern romance, with one honest woman in it, who is not only uninteresting but insipid, is a phenomenon in the present school of fiction.

But it is not our country alone that has caught the infection. France, once the great bulwark against literary barbarism, is now become the very foremost in the crusade against nature, probability, and we humbly conceive, good taste. Messieurs Dumas and Victor Hugo have converted the French stage into a sort of ampitheatre for the exhibition of scenes, to which bull-fights and gladiators are polite and elegant spectacles. The very extremes of human atrocity are brought into requisition, and the most worthless, wicked characters redeemed from detestation, by the contrast of a single solitary virtue, carried to an extreme which makes it, if possible, more mischievous than vice itself. Murders and poisonings by wholesale; funeral processions, solemnities of the church, feats, faggots, fire, fury, and brimstone; devils, fiends,

assassins, adulterers, and adulteresses, constitute the ordinary dramatis personæ; and Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire, are beginning to be considered mere milksops, compared to these terrible artists, Messieurs Dumas and Hugo. They have thrown off the restraints of the venerable classics, which are nothing less than the results of good taste and good sense, and like galley slaves suddenly emancipated from the chain and the oar, indulge in all the excesses of licentious liberty. It is surmised by Mr. Henry Bulwer, if we recollect aright, that this abandonment of the despotic rules of the drama, is a natural consequence of a relaxation in the practice and principles of the government, and betokens an approach to freedom. If so, we must take the evil with the good; and all we shall say at present is, that if the French are advancing as rapidly in political freedom, as they seem to be in literary licentiousness, they will soon be the freest nation in the world.

With regard to Victor Hugo's romances, our opinion is, that they are unquestionably written by a man, who if not violently deranged by a species of monomania, has at least lost the rudder of his mind. The *Hunchback* is without doubt written by a man 'of great power,' in the phrase of the day,—that is, of perpetrating a farrago of the most extravagant, incomprehensible, incongruous incidents, that probably were ever before collected in the same compass. The book is a perfect epitome of the French Revolution, and carries with it the complete prostration of all the established rules of civilized literature. We understand that Monsieur Hugo writes from 'principle,' as we have sometimes heard of rogues upon principle, who violated all the obligations of society in order to establish their theory. We are sorry to see such works republished in this country with commendation, as we are already predisposed here to the imitation of bad models, and have an ample supply of this kind of commodity from the inexhaustible magazine of modern English Literature.

Next to the historical romance of the Scottish novelist, comes the fashionable novel of the school of Pelham, which in our opinion is calculated to do more injury to our taste and morals, than the perversions of the other by inferior writers. It delineates, whether truly or not, we do not pretend to say, a state of society in which corruption and refinement go hand in hand, and vice is relieved in some measure from its salutary deformity, by the factitious splendors with which it is surrounded. Rank, titles, beauty, elegance, and talent, are coupled with delineations of deep and dangerous vices, which strike at the root of all domestic and social affections, and with habits of life, which however they may suit the institutions of England, and the condition of the higher classes there, are utterly and irreconcilably opposed to those of this country. One feature is common to all this class of novels. There is scarcely one of them that does not either make a jest, or at least a mere trifle, of one of the most sacred obligations of society, on which a large portion of the welfare and happiness of husbands, wives, and children, depend. We allude to the violation of the marriage vow. There is a laxity, nay, a total absence of this great principal of conju-

gal fidelity, exhibited in all these books, not only without that indignant reprehension which ought ever to be its accompaniment, under all and every degree of palliation or excuse, but in the disguise of a venial fault, so common as hardly to merit censure. The most interesting female is generally one who has lost all claim to respectability; and the most irresistible man, a heartless villain, the whole business of whose existence is, to poison the happiness of domestic life, by undermining the principles, and corrupting the purity, of wives. This race of scoundrels is happily, as yet, not indigenous to our country. But it can scarcely be doubted that the factitious splendor, the high wrought temptations, and the high born examples of rank and titles, operating as they do upon the half melted wax of our fashionable society, on which every foreign impulse makes its impression, will ere long impel some of our idle young gentlemen to follow the mode, and to seek excitement in the piquant amusement of bringing our wives and mothers to a proper perception of fashionable license.

These works have another pernicious influence over the manners and morals of those who aspire to fashion, in this country. They produce a miserable second hand imitation, not of originals, but copies. It must be obvious, that though morals may be learned from books, manners cannot. The last can only be acquired by practising upon models continually before us, and to attempt to imitate high life from a mere description, would be only to produce a caricature, like that of the Frenchman who attempted to speak English from books, without ever having heard it spoken. Such is the precise character of those paltry imitations of the artificial modes and manners of high-life abroad. It is high life below stairs. It is a mere miserable mimicry, which can and ought to excite nothing but the ridicule of those we vainly, and as the writer thinks fortunately, fail to imitate. Let us view the subject a little closer and resort to comparison, rather than general reasoning.

Those who lead *the ton*, in France and England, are for the most part, if not wholly, persons not only of a rank which of itself confers on them a variety of factitious distinctions, but possessed of wealth, which being entailed on their posterity, is not only inalienable, but immense in its amount. This gives not only an exemption from the necessity of employment, but of economy, and affords the means of boundless luxury, and unlimited indulgence of caprice, or taste, or extravagance. Having nothing to do with household affairs, being released from the cares of her offspring, and thus at liberty to live as she pleases, the fashionable woman of England or France can dine at eight o'clock, go to parties at twelve, come home at daylight, and sleep all day, if she likes, without neglecting her domestic duties, for she has none to perform. She has housekeepers to attend to her establishment, nurses to take care of her children, and dressing maids to put on her clothes.

But fortunately we have no women too high or too low, to be exonerated from domestic duties. There are no hereditary fortunes, or hereditary distinctions among us, that confer the privilege of neglecting

her household or her children on the married, or of entire uselessness on the single, females of the United States. Their husbands and their families demand the attention and care of the former, while it is the duty of the latter to assist in the economy of the establishment. The mother has her children to attend to in the morning; her servants to direct, and her daily household routine to set going in a proper manner; and if she has grown-up daughters, they can do nothing more worthy of their sex and their station, let it be what it may, than take part in these arrangements. With regard to the men of this country, the necessity of activity and attention in business is still more imperative. They must be in their offices, or counting houses, or wherever their duties call, at a certain hour in the morning, or business will desert them. It is also indispensable that their heads should be clear, their eyes wide open, and their strength undiminished, so as to go through the labours of the day. Yet what do we see as the result of this miserable habit of second hand imitation?

In the first place, it is now impossible to go to a party, until the hour when every man and woman should be retiring to rest, for the purpose of rising betimes in the morning to attend to their necessary affairs. Instead of going at eight o'clock, they go at eleven or twelve,—that is, the fashionable readers of fashionable novels, the second hand imitators of second hand copies,—and of consequence the greater part of the night is consumed, even if they should remain only a few hours. They come home to rest, an hour or two before they ought to be getting up to attend to indispensable duties, and they rise unrefreshed, with heavy eyes, aching heads, and powers relaxed by dissipation and want of sleep. The wife puts on the little child's clothes hind part before; has not sufficient energy or spirits to go down stairs to direct her household; the young lady can hardly keep her eyes open to read a Pelham novel; and the would-be gentleman, who has a dozen bargains to make every day, yet sets up for a fine gentleman, ten to one gets taken in by an honest fellow, who has had his full quota of sleep, and is wide awake. All this is because it is the mode among the titled ladies and gentlemen in the fashionable novels.

We forbear to enlarge on a variety of other effects resulting from these abortive efforts to imitate high life abroad. They are gradually undermining the character, and destroying the value, of our fashionable females and young men. They are disqualifying them for the stations they occupy,—the stations they are destined in all probability to assume hereafter, and the duties which they owe to their country, their families, and themselves. This weak and sickly admiration of high rank, and high life, with the abortive efforts it generates to copy at a humble distance, destroys all patriotism, and severs every tie of attachment for our country and its institutions. They sigh for those distinctions, and those engrossing principles of social life, which concentrate immense wealth in a few, leaving to the many the privilege of gaping at their splendor, and become disgusted with a country which affords no such means of gratifying their vanity or ambition. They become discontented at

home, go abroad, spend their money, perhaps lose their reputation, and return at last to their country to infect it with caricatures of high life, and fashionable morality.

Such are what appear to be some of the evil consequences of the almost universal and exclusive habit of reading fashionable romances, and fashionable novels. The one seems to be little else than a school of ferocity and barbarism, the other of effeminacy and licentiousness. It appears to have been almost lost sight of, that genius is quite as capable of embellishing virtue, as of inculcating vice, and that its peculiar and appropriate exercise is that of making the one lovely, the other disgusting. A large portion of the present writers of works of fiction, alike in poetry or prose, choose for their heroes fellows that would or ought to be hanged, or at least banished from all decent society, in a period of tolerable reputation for morality; and for their heroines, dames or damsels, who will certainly never figure in the calendar of saints. Lord Byron and Mr. Thomas Moore have done their best to debauch the world, the one with licentious misanthropy, the other with licentious and effeminate love. The heavy, laborious polish of the one, and the light, luxurious lusciousness of the other, have divided our poetical world into two classes, one all misanthropy and bitter sensuality, the other all love and licentiousness. Much of that admiration we pay to their genius, is the insidious seduction of their adroit immorality, and while we fancy we are worshipping on Parnassus, we are only pampering the imagination at the shrine of Calypso, luxuriating in the sty of Epicurus, partaking in the bacchanalian orgies of the Thracian Nymphs, or dying away in the sickly raptures of the Cyprian Isle.

We cannot close this article, without calling earnestly on the young genius of this country to rise in its vigor and manliness and shake off, by one great effort, the shackles of imitation which have so long fettered the freedom of its flight. Instead of foraging in the worn out fields of other lands, and gleaning the refuse of a thousand reapers that have preceded them, let our young writers turn to their own unexhausted soil, where they will find a rich harvest to repay their labors. If they are admirers of nature in her most sublime and beautiful proportions, where will they find her more sublime or more beautiful? If they resort to history or tradition, in what records are there more exciting, inspiring, and animating themes than the history of our country affords? If they require examples of virtue, fortitude, heroism, and perseverance, where are they more numerous, or more striking, than in the annals of the United States? And if they lack inspiration, let the love of their country inspire them. That generous, manly patriotism which comprises within itself our nation and its soil, our government and its institutions, our countrymen and country, is a far nobler stimulus to sacrifices and exertions in their cause, than mere loyalty to the person and prerogatives of a king. The one is the sentiment of a freeman, the other that of a slave. Our writers are yet to learn their own native powers, and the vast field for originality presented by the history, the habits, manners and traditions of their country. Nothing, we are fully convinced, prevents them from soaring into the highest regions of inspi-

ration and invention, but their pernicious habit of imitation, and that too, of defective models. They are born rich, yet a great portion of their lives is spent in borrowing. They have the finest soil in the world to cultivate, yet they are content to fatten on worn out sterility, and like the Prodigal Son,—

'The plenty of their father's house resign,
To feed on offals, and to herd with swine.'

In our next number, we propose to give our ideas with the same freedom on what constitutes American Literature, and what ought to be its distinguishing characteristics. The series will probably be closed with some observations on the influence of foreign criticism, and the general conduct of our literary tribunals.

MEMORY.

'T is sweet, to remember! I would not forego
The charm which the Past o'er the Present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy may weave
In her web of illusion, that shines to deceive.
We know not the future,—the past we have felt,—
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul.

'T is sweet, to remember! When storms are abroad,
We see, in the rainbow, the promise of God;
The day may be darkened,—but far in the West,
In vermillion and gold, sinks the Sun to his rest;
With smiles like the morning he passeth away:
Thus the beams of delight on the spirit can play,
When in calm reminiscence we gather the flowers,
Which Love scattered round us in happier hours.

'T is sweet, to remember! When friends are unkind,—
When their coldness and carelessness shadow the mind:
Then, to draw back the veil which envelopes a land,
Where delectable prospects in beauty expand;
To smell the green fields,—the fresh waters to hear,
Whose once fairy music enchanted the ear;
To drink in the smiles that delighted us then,—
To list the fond voices of childhood again,—
Oh, this the sad heart, like a reed that is bruised,
Binds up, when the banquet of Hope is refused.

'T is sweet, to remember! And naught can destroy
The balm-breathing comfort, the glory, the joy,
Which spring from that fountain, to gladden our way,
When the changeful and faithless desert or betray.
I would not forget!—though my thoughts should be dark:
O'er the ocean of life, I look back from my bark,
And I see the lost Eden, where once I was blest,
A type and a promise of heavenly rest.

Philadelphia, March, 1835.

W. G. C.

THE DUELIST.

——— 'Thou takest a life away—
A holy, human life,—the life God gave!'

MILMAN'S 'FAZIO.'

A FEW months ago, in company with a professional friend, I visited a Lunatic Asylum, in the neighborhood of one of our most populous cities. It was a mild autumn day; of that rich and breathing kind, which wears less of earth than heaven; when the garniture of the year displays a loveliness like the cheek of Beauty, tinted with the hectic of coming dissolution, which seems more a herald of life and promise, than of death or decay. The institution I have mentioned, stood upon an eminence, surrounded by groves, waving like a mass of rain-bows in the air. The scene from its site, was beautiful in the extreme. Blue mountains melted afar into the sky; fair vales and bright rivers smiled and rolled between: the city was near at hand, with its towers and battlements, 'and banners floating in the sunny air;' all was delightful,—all serene. My spirit received into its inmost depths the harmonizing influences of the view; and I could not help contrasting the peaceful calmness that lay like a charm upon the landscape around, with the murmurs of frenzy which reached my ear, as I stood with my friend at the great door of the asylum, waiting, for a moment, to enjoy the prospect, before we entered. Voices were heard, in various tone and measure, singing, talking, and howling, in mingled confusion. It was as if Limbo had been dispeopled, and we were listening to the wailings of its miserable inhabitants.

As we entered, I was struck with the regularity and order which every where prevailed in the appearance of the mansion. It seemed a place where Reason, could it be permitted to enjoy so sweet a retreat alone, might wrap itself in the mantle of undisturbed reflection; where Love might nestle and be delighted; and from whence the baleful passions of our nature might be utterly banished.

As we strayed along the solemn corridors, catching ever and anon rich views of the distant scenery from the windows and embrasures, I could not but admire the generosity which had planned such a Refuge. It had been very successful. The exertions of its officers and various superintendents had been so well rewarded, as to give pleasure to every philanthropist in the large community of liberal hearts to whom their yearly reports were submitted. Blessed, surely, of heaven, will those be, who thus bind up the weary bosoms that have been pierced by the bitter shafts of affliction,—who reunite the disjointed links of memory and reason, and cause the streams of thought to flow with the renewal of a fresh and healthy impulse, through the soul!

We entered many of the apartments. Several contained females, sitting in gentle abstraction, humming some half-forgotten song, and repeating, in audible cadence, the disordered images that rose to the mind, like the changeful hues of a kaleidoscope, in a thousand beautiful, but fantastic and momentary forms.

At the extremity of a wide gallery, extending the entire length of the mansion, were two rooms, larger than any on the same floor, and, when the doors were shut, with no communication whatever, even in sight, between them. One was occupied by a female,—the other by a young gentleman who scarcely seemed

——‘less than Archangel ruined, or th’ excess
Of glory obscured.’

He was tall, and of an erect, manly form. He was pacing his apartment, and separated from the observer, as his door opened, by a close iron pallisade which extended into the room about a foot from the door. On one angle was a chain, which clanked incessantly, as he strode to and fro through the apartment, like a lion in his cage. He scarcely deigned a look at us, but wandered on, turning at regular intervals, and sometimes pausing for a moment, with flushed features, to place his hand on his forehead, as if to repress a tide of swelling thoughts, which seemed ready to burst the boundary of the brain. His forehead was wide, but not high. Around it, the dark hair hung in masses of gloomy shadow, or drooped in the lank dampness of perspiration. There was an expression of stern and implacable bitterness about the lip; but it was in the eye, that the direful meanings of frenzy were the most convincingly exhibited. The pupils dilated with a fearful expression, while, now and then, he would lengthen and retard his pace, as if measuring a space of ground accurately with his tread. Then he would stand sidewise, in a soldier’s attitude, and with his eye fixed closely on some distant object, lift his arm to the level of his breast, reach it strongly out from his side, his shifting eye quickly following the curl of his fore-finger, as if taking aim for a pistol shot. In this position he would remain for nearly a minute,—at the end of which his eye would close as if from horror,—a shuddering ran through his limbs, and his arm dropped nervelessly by his side. Then he would curse, and weep *such* tears! They seemed wrung like life-blood from the very fountain of his heart.

‘Poor fellow!’ said my comrade: ‘three years ago, he was one of the most attractive and promising youths I ever knew. He was the best scholar in his class at college, for learning seemed to come to him without an effort. Energetic and ambitious, but with most unbridled passions, he allowed nothing to stand in the way of his desires. He was beloved by some for his freedom of spirit, but condemned by the judicious for the recklessness of his aims. An unfortunate affair has brought him hither; and I, used as I am to histories of crime and sorrow, have never been able to retain a sufficient mastery of my feelings, to relate his story as I know it, even to the most intimate friend. When he first reached the asylum, he was a raving maniac. Several months passed by, and his disorder grew more temperate and mild. There were occasions when he would not for days utter an irrational word. He desired that writing materials should be allowed him, and he wrote many sheets closely full. These he tied together in the form of a book, with fanciful strings of blue and red silk, and used almost daily to read

over, marking out, with apparent care, every inelegant or irrelevant word. Earnest hopes were entertained of his recovery, at no distant period, when the admission of a lunatic lady into the opposite apartment, and of whom he caught a glimpse through his open door as she entered, drove him at once into a settled delirium. In this state he has continued ever since. Increasing weakness now marks his disorder; his appetite has declined; fitful ravings disturb his repose; no drowsy potion can calm his mind; and he sometimes, especially in summer nights, howls away the doleful watches, in all the agony of a doomed spirit. A few months, I fear, will seal his destiny.'

The conversation of my friend seemed to have no effect upon the prisoner before us. He appeared wrapt up in the thick darkness of his own imaginations, and gave none but vague tokens that he recognized our presence. Indeed, until then, he had scarcely glanced in that direction. My friend wished to try the effect of new face upon him, (as he had seen none but himself and a domestic attendant for several months,)—strict seclusion having been advised. Accordingly, he retired into the hall, and with his extended cane, (himself unseen,) rapped against the threshold,—the usual salute.

The maniac turned his face toward me, and started back with wild surprise. 'Why, sir,' said he, 'have you not been to see me before? I have been imprisoned in this cell, by order of Cleostratus, because I refused to explain his epicycles before the faculty at — college. He wrote a note to them,—Socrates signed it,—Plato stuck his sign-manual on it,—and I was expelled! Sir,' he continued, 'they have got Cleopatra in the other room; and she is trying to kill me! Twenty times of a night, with the fire of a demon in her eye, and the poisonous blood coursing over her bosom, does she open that door where you stand, and let loose from a box which she got of Pandora, a swarm of asps and scorpions on my floor. Yes,—you know it,—for at this moment you are scowling upon me, as if you were leagued with her! Fiend! What have I done to her, or you? Where is my friend? My friend,—ha! ha! ha!—*my* FRIEND?'

I trembled at his manner and his words. He continued to go on, in language similar to that I have quoted, uttered without much connexion or relevancy, in a voice hollow and sepulchral. The play of his features was agonizing to behold. What can be more terrible than a mind in ruins, 'like sweet bells jangled out of tune?' The stare of natural idiocy is not so painful to receive, because we know, as we look on the sufferer, that he has never fallen from a high estate: but when we meet the glances of a disturbed and restless eye, flashing with frenzy, and shifting every way, as if tossed about by the boiling fervors of a 'heat-oppressed brain,'—when we remember that once, perhaps but lately, it shone with the scintillations of wit and reason,—then it is, that we can faintly apprehend the inherent greatness, and delicate dependencies of the immortal mind. It is fearful to see the light of God extinguished in the soul; to behold it reduced to a chaos; to note the obscurity of a spark whose divine lustre, next to the vast spheres of heaven, affords the most convincing proof of an ever watchful and omnipotent

intelligence; and assures us that man is indeed 'but little lower than the angels.'

I was so completely absorbed in contemplating the features and movements of the maniac before me, that I felt as if spell-bound in a dream. Whether any influence, akin to sympathy of thought or feeling, is conveyed by a lunatic to his observer, I know not: but certain it was, that every glance, shot from the penetrative eye of the being before me, awakened a new interest in his behalf. He ceased speaking, and walked on, turning with heavy steps, and humming occasionally the faint notes of dismembered music, that came to his mind, half cheerful, half sad; the wrecks, perchance, of sounds that had melted and won his heart in better years. My companion still continued to stand aloof, anxious to know what the consequences of my interview might be. Abstraction seemed to be the maniac's chief characteristic. Bitter memories, it was evident, were at work in his mind. At last he stopped suddenly, and said in a deep, sober tone:

'Do you know that my chain reaches to that corner, and that desk? It does, upon my honor. Yes,—upon my *honor*. Men fight for honor,—they die for honor,—they plunge themselves into rivers of fire and blood,—for *honor*! Oh God,—I have,—I have!'

Words cannot convey the desperation of his language, or the horror that sate upon his countenance, as he gave it breath. It was like the features of the thunder-scarred and dark-browed spirit, in Milton, whose cheek, blanched by tempests of dire hail from the treasuries of the Almighty, was the throne of care.

Suiting his action to his word, the prisoner approached the desk, and took from it the identical manuscript which my friend had described. 'I will give this,' said he, 'to you. It is a deed of all my property. I bequeath it for your benefit. Now I look at you again, you seem a friend.' Here, without an effort, or apparent emotion, the large tears came again to his eye. He attempted to reach the manuscript to me, but could not. Instantly he approached the window, and grasped one of the wooden bars which crossed it. With desperate energy, he drew it from the casement, as easily as Sampson disparted the withes wherewith he was bound. Tying the colored strings to the bar, he handed the book to me, through the grating which separated us from each other. I took it, and thanked him for his pains. He made me no answer, but stood like an image of stone. He seemed to have dispossessed himself of a burden, and disposed for sleep. He approached his pallet in the corner, and sank so quickly into slumber, that it seemed like the mimic sleep of an actor, in Richard the Third, when the tyrant sees the ghost of the Plantagenets, 'Clarence and the rest,' rising around him. His breathing was heavy and slow; large drops of sweat stood on his temples; and an occasional groan, as if sounding from the heart, moaned through his lips.

'Now,' said my companion, 'is the time to go. Step lightly, for the least sound will waken him at this hour.'

As we turned from his apartment, my friend moved a little slide before a pane of glass in the door of the opposite room, and bade me

look in. A lady was sitting at the window, gazing outward, with a vacant eye, and kissing her hand at the airy nothings of her mind. The noise of the sliding pannel attracted her notice. She glanced toward the door. The moment my face was recognized, she sprang toward me. 'Oh, Henry,' she said, 'are you come? How long I have waited for you! No,—no,' she added, pushing her fair hair wildly back from her brow,—'you are *not* Henry—no; if you were, you would speak to me!'

I could not speak to her. I was overpowered,—bewildered. She was a beautiful being, seemingly not twenty years of age. The ravages of sorrow had thinned her features, and saddened her brow; but her lips were still feverishly full and red; her blue eye, still bright; the hues of fading loveliness, like the *reflected* tints of a damask rose, still lingered in her cheek;—and her voice! oh, how sweet and musical, did its gentle accents fall upon my ear! Every word bespoke the stainless purity of the spirit that fate had steeped in ruin.

I could not bear the sight,—and a world could not then have compelled me to the utterance of a word. I closed the pannel, with a distressful feeling; and taking the arm of my friend, replied to his attentive offers, that I would see no more.

When I returned to my lodgings in the city, I opened the maniac's pages. I have deemed them of interest, and I now give them to the reader, word for word,—a melancholy record of passion and crime.

"I AM a man, smitten of God. I seize my pen with a trembling hand, to record some of the events in a life that has not been long, but is yet wearing swiftly to its close. A world of sable images is arrayed before the prospect of my soul. I lift the dismal curtain of fate from the gloom of departed years, and discern, over its scenes of horror, the sun of recollection,—bloody and wan, like that pale sphere which hung above Jerusalem, when the veil of the temple was rent in sunder; when they who slept in their graves arose, called from their cerements by the moaning of thunders and earthquakes on a thousand hills. The beams of innocence have vanished forever from my mind; the roses that opened once around my pathway, are changed for the night-shade and the ivy; my feet have stumbled upon the dark mountains of error; and for the dews of pleasure, or the blooms of hope, I inherit the vulture of regret. Remorse and pain are gnawing at my heart; and like the fabled scorpion in his envenomed circle, I mingle at once the poison of the adder, with the torpor of the worm.

"The misery of years may be compressed into one short page. I shall be brief. What I am now, I was not always. As I sit by my window, and look out from the bars that hedge me in, upon earth and sky, basking in that sunlight which but faintly shadows the smile of the Creator, I bethink me of all the past. My soul swells with remembrance,—my heart with emotion. It is the hour of sunset. The great orb rolls slowly down; he dips behind the western mountains, and in gushes of solemn pomp, ethereal brightness flows over their blue out-

lines, along the landscape. It is a Sabbath evening,—the month is June: the distant bells of the city load the fragrant breeze with volumes of tender melody. Around, are aroma, and peace, and music, and holiness,—but not with me.

"My testimony must be given. I hold my uncertain reason as a boon which a breath may dissolve; and as its dawning day continues, I must inscribe my record, before the night shall come. Against myself, I am to place upon these pages a fearful witness. I shall write as one on whom the sleepless eye of God looks with a discerning vision. I shall unveil my heart. I will bare to the day, the corruption of its motives, and the deed of horror to which they have led; the thoughts whereof have withered my form, and scathed my brain, like the blast of a samiel. I will call up from their dungeons, the wierd spectres of memory. I will lift the mirror of truth before me, and describe the hideous monster that I behold therein, though the appalling reflection should sere my eyeballs, and make me shudder through every nerve.

"I have been a scholar and a student. I have gone through the studies and trials allotted to those who delve after knowledge. I have explored the treasures of orators, dramatists, annalists, and poets. I have bent over the breathing pages of Cicero, and Homer, and Virgil; of Æschylus and Thucydides, Tacitus, and Livy. I have quaffed long and deep at the fountains of ancient lore; but the only spring that ever cheered me has dried up, and left for my seeking lip the sand alone.

"I have loved. There lies the secret of my torture and my doom. At the junior exhibition of my class, as I was speaking before a large and brilliant assembly in the University chapel, I saw, for the first time, an object that riveted my gaze and secured my admiration,—my affection. She was young, and oh, how supremely lovely! I paused with a sense of intoxicating transport. Her liquid blue eyes met mine; her fine Grecian features seemed lit with an unearthly intelligence; the blush of innocence was on her cheek. The periods of my salutatory dropped slowly from my lips;—I forgot my duties,—my honors: I was 'clothed upon with love!'

"When the exercises of the day were over, I made enquiries after the fair being who had so moved me. She was a partial stranger in town, remaining at the dwelling of a relation. A year previous, she had visited the city, and been addressed by a classmate with whom my terms of friendship were strict and intimate. He had been accepted as her suitor, and the day of their union had already been appointed.

"Fired with passion, I sought her acquaintance. I met her often; and amidst the attractions of a society not deficient in female loveliness, I found her ever the sole ascendant star. God,—*how* I loved her! I waited upon her footsteps, and bent to her beck, as one that obeys the bidding of a celestial spirit. Her smile was the joy of my heart; her voice the richest music to my ear. But I wooed in vain. With a delicacy, pure as it was engaging, she repelled all my advances, and I could not but see that my friend, Henry Rivers, was the choice of her affection.

"Rivers was indeed my friend. We had been all in all to each other.

But causes *must* produce effects, and coldness soon sprang up between us. He loved May Morton with a perfect idolatry. I was the foul iconoclast, who destroyed both the worshipper and the image. Wo is me!

"My passion could not be concealed. The pent up flame defied restraint. One balmy afternoon in spring, I sought the apartment of May Morton. I poured out my soul, in kisses and protestations, on the white, reluctant hand that thrilled in mine. I was answered in tones of melody, whose fatal sweetness haunts me still, that my suit was vain. Rivers was her betrothed,—her heart and hand were his own. I heard no more. Pride spread its burning color over my cheek. I ceased to supplicate: I bowed, and withdrew. Weeks passed over me, without a knowledge of existence. A malignant fever brought me to the margin of the grave; and the delirium of passion and sickness was continually upon me.

"Months elapsed before I recovered. When I came forth again, it was only to hear of the approaching marriage of my rival. A few days were to witness its consummation. In all my sickness, Rivers, forgetting my offence, was my devoted attendant. He was generous and noble. No office was too arduous for his goodness; and through the watches of many a weary night, he kept his vigil by my side. Alas! how was he repaid!

"As the time drew nigh for the celebration of his nuptials, my vigor increased. I ate but little,—yet I seemed to subsist, and thrive, on thought. A vague idea of some desperate deed beset my soul. What it was destined to be, I knew not; but I felt, inly, as if nerving myself for some dire resolve.

"How little do we know of our own hearts! During all this period, I could not recognize in myself any hatred to Rivers. I thought him the happiest of men,—I would have given worlds to have filled his place in the affections of May Morton; and because *she* did, I thought *I* too, loved him. Fatal delusion!

"I received an invitation to be present at their nuptials. I went, but with a feeling such as I never before experienced. It was the elateness of a desperate mind,—the elevation which precedes despair.

"It was a lovely evening. The guests were met,—the feast was spread. I heard the voice of the priest,—I saw the hands of the betrothed united in eternal fidelity. The room swam to my vision,—the smiles that met me were repaid by glances of vacancy or of fire; and the wine-cup passed my lips untasted.

"A dance ensued. The music breathed through the scented apartments, like a heavenly epithalamium. Graceful forms were moving in fairy circles,—the viol uttered its harmonies,—all was brightness,—all delight.

"How it was, I know not, that I approached the happy pair as they stood at the head of a cotillion. 'Pleasant time, this, Mr. Rivers,' said I, with a bitter smile, and in a hollow voice,—'very pleasant,—don't you think so?'

"'Indeed I do,—the happiest of my life. My sweet May beside me, and *my own*.' It is like a dream."

"‘Very likely,’ I replied. ‘What a pity it is that so sweet a dream should not be enjoyed by somebody who deserved it.’

"‘What do you mean, Sir?’ said Rivers, the generous meanings of his eye changing to a look of stern inquiry.

"‘I mean,’ I responded, with the abruptness of instant falsehood, which could not be contradicted from the grave, ‘that you told young Everts, of our class, that my Oration at the Junior Exhibition was written by you. He is dead now, and cannot say to you, as I do, that you are both a liar and a coward. I speak it aloud,—I am heard by all around me,—and I leave you to demand of me that satisfaction, current among all honorable men, which you will not fail to receive.’

"Rivers was thunder-struck. He gazed at me with a look of mingled pity and surprise. At last he said:

"‘Charles,—*now I know you.* This is an angry, envious trick of yours,—and *I see the motive.* But it shall not avail you. You shall be met, as you desire,—but not to-night. To-night at least,’ he added, addressing his terrified bride, with looks of unutterable tenderness, ‘shall be devoted to rapture and to love. Sir, you will hear from me in the morning.’

"What were my feelings! Like Ithuriel in Eden, I stood, hideous and single, in the midst of a scene of loveliness. From bitter envy and unrequited passion, I had wantonly falsified the truth, and poisoned the happiness of a lovely being, by embroiling in mortal combat the chosen companion of her bosom.

"I know not how I reached home. I slept as on fire and thorns. In the morning I received a note from Rivers, which I accepted without delay.

"That afternoon we met. The grey walls of the University, where we had spent so many happy hours, shone through the distant grove, as we measured our deadly paces. The word was waiting to be given; the lengthened, solemn tread was made. Rivers held his pistol as if willing to use it on an enemy, but *not* on a friend. I leveled my aim at his heart. I see him still as he stood before me then; the sunshine playing on his chestnut locks and manly forehead; the look of blended pity and consternation that his features wore. He stood with the sublimity of a good conscience beaming from his eye. As I stretched my mortal weapon towards his bosom, he shrank not. He seemed to feel the *moral* advantage that he possessed over me. A whirl of giddy thoughts rushed through my mind, but I had no time for reflection. Some fallen angel whispered *vengeance* in my ear. What had I to avenge? What, but an innocent and mutual love?

"I held my elevated pistol a shade higher. The word was spoken by the seconds,—I drew back my lock, and heard the click of Rivers’, simultaneous with mine. I took deliberate aim,—the burning flash warmed over my fingers,—the report rang through the grove. Rivers stepped towards me with extended hand: his pistol exploded as it dropped from his nerveless grasp,—he brought his open palm convulsively to his breast,—he reeled,—he fell.

"I rushed to my fallen friend. The crimson blood was gushing from

his heart, over his bosom; the leaden hue of death was beneath his closing eyes—its pallor was on his cheek,—its foam on his lips.

"'Oh, May!' he uttered, with an agonizing groan,—and then, as if nerving himself to an act of dreadful energy, he raised himself partially up, and reaching forth his hand, exclaimed,—'Charles,—*I forgive you!* You have killed me without a cause,—you will break the fondest heart that ever beat for man,—but—*I forgive you!*'

"The blood now gathered, clotty and smoking, on his purple lips; the gurgling sound of dissolution was in his throat,—and in one short moment,—his life-current staining the green sward where he fell,—he was among the dead.

"I tell no more. Is it for *me* to describe the funeral,—the grief that brought the widowed and distant mother of a widowed bride to the grave,—the distress that made May Rivers a maniac? Can I paint the burden of remorse which at last, and for a long, dark period, dethroned my reason? Shall I revert to that hour to-day, when, an inmate of this dreary place, I saw *her* whom I once loved, as never did a thing of earth, before me,—her fair locks and graceful vestments torn with the struggles of frenzy,—an occupant of the same mad mansion? No,—the picture is too dreadful, even for a mind that has conceived the deeds and suffered the horrors of mine. At uncertain moments, my brain seems reeling as if a weight of lead were pressed upon its cell; ghastly forms rise up around me,—hands that would incarnadine the ocean, beckon to me from the dark walls of Evening,—and funeral murmurs, like the *wul-wullehs* of the East, come booming from afar. Who is me! I am smitten of God!"

HERE the manuscript of the maniac ended. It was with a melancholy heart, a few months after its perusal, that I saw, on a second visit to the Asylum, in the green cemetery of the institution, the graves of the duelist, and his hapless victim. The verdant mantle of Spring decked the earth where they slept, with rich fertility. His monument was of dark, gloomy marble; but the white, simple stone, which shone above the tomb of fair May Rivers, stood like an emblem of her stainless life and her glorified soul. She had gone from earth, like the breath of the Spring-time, or the bloom from its flowers. The memorial that rose above her slumbers, was shaped like an urn. On one side, was sculptured 'May,'—on the other, 'Hope.' What fitter device could have been made? Let the shaft or the cenotaph be lifted for the *mind* that has gone to its beatitude, not for the lost grace that is wasting, the lip that is dumb, or the brow that is dim! In the pale dominions of the dead, 'that have fallen asleep upon the bosom of the earth,' never again to rise on mortal vision, to whom should we build?

'To Beauty? Ah, no! She forgets
The charms that she wielded before;
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin that but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tints which it wore.'

W.

SPELLS OF THE HOUR.

BLESSEDLY falleth the full moonlight,
 Naught in the shadow lies dim to-night;
 Smileth the river, though winter is by,
 Back in the face of the smiling sky;
 Glisten the boughs which have drooped in grief,
 Since fair Summer vanished with bird and leaf:
 Chastened, yet proud, stand the kingly hills,
 In the presence of that which their pathway fills!
 A glittering page hath the night unrolled,—
 Who feels the heart in his bosom cold?

Heaven is bright,—but the earth's wide breast,
 Woo, like like a vision of promise, to rest:
 Come from the chambers of brooding care,
 Forth midst the life of the outward air;
 Sighs,—whisper none through the eventide,
 That mortals are weary their hearths beside;
 To murmur love's story when tongues are mute,
 Music is filling her wily lute;
 And sleep sits quiet in drowsy guise,
 On the white-dropt lids of my baby's eyes.

Oh, look o'er the world, there is wealth to shrine,
 That never hath dwelt in the sunless mine!
 Spirits that love us, and dear hands that greet,
 And steps we are flying in joy to meet,
 And riches of *thoughts*,—that with morning wings,
 Circle the round of all absent things;
 Returning to garland in wintry hours,
 The urn that is fading, with flowers, fresh flowers.
 Mine that have wandered, I call ye back!
 Say, what have ye met in your noiseless track?

By an altar blest and a holy place,
 A bride ye saw in her early grace;
 Friends who smiled on her youth were there,
 The orange o'er-blossomed her parted hair:
 Her pure, pure lips had a changeful hue,
 For her glistening eyes had stolen their dew;
 Her virgin brow to its bridal crown,
 All trustfully bowed, and brightly, down;
 If her faith be fain and her will be free,
 Perchance by the moon she remembereth me.

Welcome sweet thoughts!—for of loveliest gleams,
 Well have ye woven the light of my dreams!
 Ere a footstep fall,—to the tale once more:
 A sister's face ye have lingered o'er,
 Have clasped her bosom and fondly prest,
 And uttered in fulness, 'Be blest, be blest!'
 The home of my childhood hath closed me round,
 Its trees in my ear made a breezy sound;
 Still on the couch by its windows lay,
 Yellow and pleasant, the sunset ray.

Fingers whose pressure is lost to all,
 Have lifted the latch at my wonted call;
 It seemed not o'er that my pausing tread
 Was over the places whence ought had fled;
 I have taken the seat of my smiles and tears,
 I have looked on the walls of my blithe-spent years;

Pleasure and Peace were yet hovering there,
They smiled in my eyes with their face so fair,
And pointed back to the holy spot
Where days lie buried, but ne'er forgot.

Oh! meetings and mirth of the *present* born,
Are grateful as gifts of the rosy morn;
Beauty is sweet as it laughs on our gaze,
And we front the flood of its cloudless rays:
Oh! life's fond links are a joyous thrall,
As our pulses quicken to touch them all;
Yet if some bright rings of the golden chain
We feel are missing, and broken in twain,
It is sweet to remember a gentler land,
Where the clasp is joined by an angel's hand!

West-Point, March, 1835.

A.

A MUSICAL SOIRÉE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE CAVALIERS OF VIRGINIA.'

A MUSICAL SOIRÉE, in a large city, is such an incomprehensible thing to the unsophisticated inhabitant of the country, that I will attempt to describe one, for the benefit of this class of your readers. The reflective mind may perhaps point a moral during the process.

About the usual time of going to bed in the country, you fall into a busy throng, rushing up a pair of marble steps,—some issuing from carriages, emblazoned with mysterious armorial bearings, drawn by steeds glittering with silver or gold, and held by footmen in livery; others from cabriolets, and like conveyances. 'The hall,' as the entry is here called,—by way, probably, of dignifying it with the nominal grandeur of the old feudal hall,—is lighted up by a galaxy of lamps, arranged round a brilliant chandelier of brass; and these are multiplied into a thousand fantastic lights by the countless cut glass pendants with which they are surrounded. After depositing your cloak and hat upon the *rack*, (before being immolated upon one yourself,) the master of ceremonies inquires your name, and taking your hand under his arm, ushers you into a splendid suite of apartments, thrown into one by means of folding doors, and then pronouncing your name aloud, leaves you to pilot your way alone through these unknown regions. Ten to one, however, that he balls out some barbarous cognomen; thus adding to the inextricable confusion of the moment. At length, you spy out the lady of the mansion, and moving over a turkey carpet, soft as eider down, and picturesque as a meadow in June, approach madam, seated on a *bishop*, or divan, and resplendent with gold, diamonds, and millinery. You make the usual compliments, and mutter rapidly, if you cannot speak. You have, 'by the sweat of your brow,' thus entitled yourself to a seat. The whole room is now filled with an overwhelming buzz of conversation,—each *côterie* furnishing its own small talk; and so small is it, literally, that you long for the ease, point, and piquancy of village gossip and scandal, and acknowledge, for once, its utility. The extent of the city defies slander and defamation, and you are necessarily com-

pelled to resort to the latest publication,—the last imported star at the Park,—the Opera,—Fanti,—Miss Phillips,—or perhaps the last number of the Knickerbocker, or the Monthly. After cudgeling your brains, in the most painful manner, for an hour, you perceive a general movement. A piano is wheeled from the wall, with its back toward the company, so that the performer faces the now eager and gathering throng. After much bowing and scraping, and the necessary quantity of modest refusals, half a dozen amateurs lead as many ladies to the instrument. One of the latter takes her seat, while the others, with the attendant cavaliers, stand round, facing the company, each one,—both ladies and gentlemen,—provided with a copy of the piece about to be performed.

'Now comes the tug of war.' The instrument alone is heard. A thundering prelude is rolled off, to the imminent danger of strings and tympanums, and in burlesque of all natural harmony. This ended, the voice lends its aid, and you prepare for sweet reveries. Your thoughts would naturally be supposed to follow the words of the poet,—while the music,—touching, perhaps, upon some long unvibrated chord, merges the present in the past,—and the long forgotten treasures of Memory gush forth upon the heart, with irresistible power. Youth,—the fleeting and unnatural creations of earlier years,—float again before the excited imagination, and you are lost in a dream as delightful and unsubstantial as the lost hopes of which it is the shadow. Such is the sweet influence of Music. But, alas! your imagination is suddenly awakened from the pleasing illusion, and instead of the images before presented, you have the congregating of rules,—clash of arms,—jingling of bells,—gnashing of teeth,—Indian harrangues,—grind-stones,—ram-rods,—steam engines,—rail roads,—amid a congress of termagants. Oh the shades of Pan! Well might the strange voice on the Ionian sea proclaim that thou wert dead,—for if thou wert living, in this age of *pseudo* music, thou wouldst certainly be struck with a *panic*.*

If you have a dash of the ludicrous among your susceptibilities, evacuate the premises, instantler. Should that outraged and outlawed dame, Nature, once get the better of your sense of propriety, you must burst into an uproarious guffaw,—which 'would make it bad.'

The scene is mostly enacted in Italian,—music and all,—grimace too,—together with a few shrugs and lifting of brows, by way of application. The performers seem actually to believe that this is music; and they not unfrequently look around for its effects upon the various countenances, as your small pettifogger looks to his jury. Sometimes the scene changes. A 'huge wave from the German ocean of sound,' or a melancholy passage from some tragic opera, is selected. Perhaps that wherein the beautiful and innocent heroine of *La Gazza Ladra* is about to be executed. The ladies look melancholy and interesting. An actual tear appears, it may be, upon the soft cheek of some soft head. The music is finished,—the gentlemen simultaneously rise and approach the piano, exclaiming, 'O how exquisite!'—'charming!'—'delightful!'—'from Rossini, was it not?' and so forth. A few of the elder gen-

* We are indebted to the Egyptian god for this expressive word.

tle men maintain their seats,—take snuff,—look drowsy,—and, in abstraction, clap their hands instinctively, by way of admiration! A bachelor who has got on the wrong side of forty, and who wears a wig, or dies his hair, is expected to show extreme sensibility. You shall see such an one apply a handkerchief to his eyes. He is too sensibly affected to embody his feelings in words. He peeps from the corner of his cambric, for sympathy, into the face of some thoughtless lass of sixteen. He cannot attract her attention. His eye wanders on. He beholds near him a maiden lady of a certain age,—one of his contemporaries, perchance, sympathising with him in earnest. Sonorous sounds ring from his proboscis,—he puts his handkerchief in his pocket,—and looks as innocent as a lamb. None of your contemporary sympathy for a bachelor on the wrong side of forty!

INFANCY.

¹ Pourquoi le pleure-tu dans ton berceau de terre, ô mon nouveau-né ? Quand le petit oiseau devient grand, il faut qu'il cherche sa nourriture, et il trouve dans le désert bien des graines amères. Du moins tu as ignoré les pleurs ; du moins ton cœur n'a point été exposé au souffle dévorant des hommes. Le bouton qui sèche dans son enveloppe passe avec tous ses parfums, comme toi, ô mon fils ! avec toute ton innocence. Heureux ceux qui meurent au berceau, ils n'ont connu que les baisers et les sourires d'une mère !

Chateaubriand.

If there be perfect joy on earth,
That seems from heaven to have its birth,
It is, to see
The bud, that promises the rose,
Its cradled sweetness soft uncloze,
In Infancy.

Pure hours ! when all of life is light ;
When, clothed in robes of stainless white,
The cherub lies ;
Beloved, with holy tenderness,
And watched by orbs it seems to bless,—
A mother's eyes.

How richer far than summer bird,
The lisping accents, fondly heard,
As days increase ;
When riper meanings light the brow,
And kind Affection chanteth low
Her song of peace !

Oh, blessed time, when every hour
Flies like the odor from a flower,
Serene, and free ;
When every charm of life is new,
And every scene that greets the view,
Is fair to see.

Sure, when these opening blossoms die,
And fade in beauty to the eye,
None should deplore ;
For in a clime secure and bright,
Sustained by deathless air and light,
They pine no more.

Philadelphia, March, 1835.

W. G. C.

LITERARY NOTICES.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION IN ENGLAND, IN 1688. Comprising a View of the Reign of James II., from his Accession, to the Enterprize of the Prince of Orange. By SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH. To which is prefixed a Notice of his Life, Writings, and Speeches. One vol. 8 vo. pp. 752. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

AMONG the numerous writers whose pens have been of late years engaged in the discussion of political or constitutional history, there is no one that can be placed in competition with the eminent author of the work before us. The greater part of his useful life was spent as a public functionary, and to the duties of his offices he brought qualifications of a nature and extent such as have not been usually attained. Always strongly attached to the principles of liberty, he has been her steady defender, and was sometimes on the verge of becoming a martyr to her cause. The constitution of his country was the subject of intense and severe study, and he became enabled to distinguish between the natural and inalienable rights of his fellow-citizens, and that licentious abuse which, about the beginning of his political career, was disgracing a neighboring kingdom. Accordingly, when the great Burke so unsparingly denounced the French Revolution, its actors, and its agents, he found an able antagonist in Mackintosh, who could take out the sting of many a sweeping censure, who could discriminate between disasters and abuses, who was able to trace the causes, while he regretted the excesses which were produced by them. In short, he defended LIBERTY in such a manner as left the tory leader little pre-eminence, either in argument or style. Sir James subsequently became a lawyer, and a judge; and presided in the latter capacity in so distinguished a manner in India, that his name will long be held in reverence there. It is well known that he had long intended to give the results of his historical studies to the world, and that with infinite care and pains he was composing the history of England, a work towards which the eyes of expectation were anxiously turned, in the conviction that it would be a book of authority, if not even a text book for historical students. That work he, unfortunately for the world, did not live to complete, but so much of it as has come into the hands of the public, has amply proved his competency for the important task.

At different periods of his life, Sir James Mackintosh wrote dissertations or histories of detached periods, or of particular events, and from these it was his intention to form his history as a general summary. Amongst them was the work which now occupies our attention, certainly one of the most important in the whole series of British history, not only as regards its consequences both to Great Britain and to our

own ancestors, but also as respects the family which that revolution excluded from the throne; a family which was a main though indirect cause of several of our own early settlements, and to which indeed we as Americans may look with great interest, although without much respect. The author appears to have trod his ground with great wariness; he has sought out authorities, weighed conflicting opinions with acute sagacity, and has given us accounts of a period in which there was extreme difficulty to discriminate amidst contrary evidence, and even a paucity of history to found upon. The besotted self-will of James, the prudent, calculating phlegm of the Dutchman, the temporising policy of certain political leaders, both tory and spiritual, are all well and truly depicted, and we have in this history a most important appendage to that of liberty itself.

The nature of the work precludes the introduction of much grace in the style; but it is well suited to the subject: it is never degraded by coarseness or vulgarisms, nor does it rise to the florid pitch of Gibbon; but keeping a middle course, it is an easy and fluent relation of events.

The account of the author's life and works is an important addition to the volume. It brings us familiarly acquainted with the gifted historian and patriot, and enables us, in a great measure, to fall into his views of things, when we arrive at observations and reflections in the course of his narrative. As a whole, this is a volume of great moment, in historical inquiry, and will doubtless, as it ought, have a very extensive circulation.

THE YEMASSEE. An Historical Romance: by the author of 'Guy Rivers,' etc. In two vols. 12 mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

WE have much mistaken the merits of 'The Yemassee,' in a hurried perusal, while the sheets were passing through the press, if the work do not at once take a high rank among our native fictions. 'Guy Rivers,' although marked by a few faults natural to a young and inexperienced author, evinced the continual presence of great originality, and talent in the writer. It was, moreover, as we predicted, and as the volumes before us verify, an earnest of better things to come. The author of 'The Yemassee' has been fortunate in the selection both of era and materials. His field is wide, and it is but simple justice to say, that no part of it lies fallow. If we do not err, no indigenous author has ever gone into the wigwam of the aborigines, and described them as they existed in their original degradation. The native has been presented in previous American novels, as more or less changed by his intercourse with the whites, imbibing their habits, etc. Our author has gone into the lodge of the red man, and with the pencil of a painter, has given us living, breathing sketches of aboriginal life. The poetry of Indian tradition,—the stirring scenes of early border warfare,—the romance of superstition, and of wild and characteristic sav-

age customs,—are portrayed with a faithfulness and skill, that mark the writer as a correct observer, and a faithful limner. As the work is not yet published, we are precluded, in justice as well to the publishers, as the future reader, from presenting an analysis, or elaborate review of the volumes, even did our limits permit. We cannot forbear allusion, however, to many of the prominent points which have afforded us much gratification in the perusal. The interest in 'The Yemassee' is awakened, without circumlocution, in the opening chapters, and though perhaps too often changed from one train of moving events to another, is yet powerfully excited, and sustained, throughout the work. It may be objected, in our judgment, that something too much of this interest is made to depend upon the ceremonies and 'talks' of the Indian portion of the actors in the drama,—upon the adjurations and addresses to Opitchi-Manneyto,—native dialogue, etc. These, though highly poetical and characteristic in themselves, will not, we fear, be appreciated by the great mass of readers. In the descriptions of natural scenery, we scarcely know Mr. Simms' superior. His imagery passes before the mind's eye as a moving panorama. No modern author understands better the power of contrast, both of scene and human passion, or represents, with more truth to nature, the female heart. Bess Matthews, the heroine of the present story, will bear as just evidence to the truth of this encomium, as that fine conception in 'Guy Rivers,' Lucy Munro. We would instance the struggle in which the chief Sanutee is introduced to the reader,—the characters of the Puritan, Matthews, and his lovely, pure-hearted daughter,—the air of mystery thrown about Gabriel Harrison, the hero,—the description of the deliberations in council; the occurrences at the lodge of Sanutee and Matiwan,—the scenes connected with the concealment, discovery, and torture of Occonestoga,—the stanzas and dialogues embodying the charming fancies of the Yemassees,—and the sketches of warfare,—as portions of the work peculiarly felicitous in their execution, and rife with pleasing excitement. Nothing but the fact that the description of the fascinating power of the rattle-snake is extended to five or six solid pages, prevents our extracting it entire. It is truly a most delightful episodic sketch. Before closing this brief notice, we would award to Mr. Simms great credit, for having avoided that fustian eloquence, and turgid bombast, which have distinguished too many of the 'talks' introduced into our native romances,—wherein the thread of verbosity is drawn out beyond the strength of the staple matter, and metaphor piled upon metaphor, until the author staggers under the weight of his wordy accumulations, like Thersites under the armor of Achilles. Indian eloquence does not consist in big words, and forced comparisons, as many American writers seem to have thought. We have lived among them, and know their ways. Their similes, it is true, are taken from nature,—but they never outrage nature in their use. We have numerous sentences like the following, in 'The Yemassee.' It is contained in the rejection, by Sanutee, of the overtures of the English, before a council whose 'ears watched.' 'The Englishman sends good words to the Yemassee; he gives him painted glass, and makes him blind with a water

which is poison. His shot rings through our forests. *We hide from his long knife in the cold swamp, and the copper snake creeps over us as we sleep!* This is Indian eloquence,—and it is but a fair specimen of Mr. Simms' correctness in this department of his work, in which he has proved himself a loyal subject to that true sovereign, Nature. As specimens of the snatches of philosophy which shine out ever and anon in these volumes, we subjoin one or two brief extracts:

"Some men only live for great occasions. They sleep in the calm—but awake to double life, and unlooked-for activity, in the tempest. They are the zephyr in peace, the storm in war. They smile until you think it impossible they should ever do otherwise, and you are paralyzed when you behold the change which an hour brings about in them. Their whole life in public would seem a splendid deception; and as their minds and feelings are generally beyond those of the great mass which gathers about, and in the end depends upon them, so they continually dazzle the vision and distract the judgment of those who passingly observe them. Such men become the tyrants of all the rest, and, as there are two kinds of tyranny in the world, they either enslave to cherish or to destroy."

Here is a description of contentment, by a discontented man:

"Content, mother—how idle is that thought. Life itself is discontent—hope, which is one of our chief sources of enjoyment, is discontent, since it seeks that which it has not. Content is a sluggard, and should be a slave—a thing to eat and sleep, and perhaps to dream of eating and sleeping, but not a thing to live. Discontent is the life of enterprise, of achievement, of glory—ay, even of affection. I know the preachers say not this, and the cant of the books tells a different story; but I have thought of it, mother, and I know! Without discontent—a serious and unsleeping discontent—life would be a stagnant stream; as untroubled as the black water of the swamps of Edisto, and as full of the vilest reptiles."

A 'palpable hit' in relation to those puritanics who have more religion than morality, or every-day goodness:

"It is, Bess,—quite too serious for jest, and I do not jest, or if I do I can't help it: I was born so, and it comes to the same thing in the end. This is another of your father's objections to me as your husband. I do not tie up my visage when I look upon you, as if I sickened of the thing I looked on,—and he well knows how I detest that hypocritical moral starch, with which our would-be saints contrive to let the world see that sunshine is sin, and a smile of inborn felicity a defiance thrown in the teeth of the very God that prompts it."

A lovely rhapsody, and true:

"The air was full of a song of love,—the birds sung it,—the leaves sighed it,—the earth echoed, in many a replication, its delicious burden, and they felt it. There is no life, if there be no love. Love is the life of nature,—all is unnatural without it. The golden bowl has no wine, if love be not at its bottom,—the instrument has no music if love come not with the strain. Let me perish,—let me perish, when I cease to love,—when others cease to love me."

There are evidences of haste in 'The Yemassee,'—repetitions, etc. The mocking-bird is two or three times termed 'the Puck of the American forests,' for example. A few similar trivial errors will doubtless claim the attention of the author, previous to the issue of a second edition, which we predict will be soon called for. The romance will commend itself to the reader, without the aid of the critics.

THE INSURGENTS. An Historical Novel. In two vols. 12 mo. pp. 560. Philadelphia; CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

THE author of this novel has apparently felt the public pulse before; for the style is that of a thorough-going, practised pen; and in the work now under notice, he has evidently studied the taste of a very numerous class of readers,—those, namely, who are fond of cut-and-dried jokes, with an abundant proportion of *yankee* dialect, and *yankee* acuteness in trade. We apprehend that the author has scarcely meant to be serious, although the title of the book should be the index to

‘Foretell the nature of a tragic volume.’

It would be unfair in us not to concede, that he has delineated real characters with fidelity and spirit, and has supported his dialogues with life and truth. His *down-east* dialect is faithful, and the style of the story-telling among the *traders* of that sapient quarter, must have been ‘taken on the spot,’—as the painters have it. But this kind of writing occupies far too large a space in the work. Many of the speakers are not connected with the matter, and,—as we profess utility and economy in the productions of the brain as well as of the hand,—we think our author has by such means overcrowded his canvas, and confused his plot. We cannot accuse him of being unacquainted with the dignity and weight of gubernatorial deliberations, but he is either possessed with a ‘pretty considerable’ contempt for external dignity in such cases, or has not been in the humor to throw much of it into his speeches on the affair of the Insurgents. One *great* property of the novelist, however, he possesses in a more than ordinary degree,—he keeps up his characters without flagging; and this is a characteristic which will redeem a meagre plot in any book.

The worst consequence of introducing these keen, cutting, ‘cute’ dealers, is, that being always made wonderfully facetious, and generally successful, readers are apt to laugh at the jokes, admire the sagacity, and not unfrequently attempt to follow in the same steps. Now this is a mischief. The tone of society requires to be raised, and the notions of moral honesty to be purified and exalted beyond their present range; and this cannot be effected, until we come to detest over-reaching, instead of laughing at it. We are much inclined to believe, that the poetic justice which is done to similar characters, in such a work as ‘Guy Rivers,’ will have a more salutary tendency, than the prosperous issue of knavish tricks, in this and various other novels of the present day; and sure we are that the Pedler in that work is quite as amusing as any that has yet figured in an American novel, whilst he still administers to an useful end.

‘The Insurgents’ will have its day, and we doubt not will be generally read by those who merely court amusement,—but it is doomed to be ephemeral.

THE LIFE, CHARACTER, AND LITERARY LABORS OF SAMUEL DREW, A. M. By his eldest Son. pp. 364. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE subject of this biography was an extraordinary man, and the history of his life is not only very interesting, but also conveys a practical lesson of great utility and value. Born to poverty and humble station, among the tin mines of Cornwall,—the portion of England least advanced in knowledge and refinement, but also, it must be said, the most conspicuous for general integrity and simplicity of manners,—the son of a miner, who, although better educated than the majority of his class, was still illiterate, and scarcely acquainted with any book except the Bible,—the career apparently destined for Samuel Drew, was that of a laborer. There seemed no prospect for him, beyond the choice between tilling the ground, toiling like his ancestors in its recesses, for the metal that constitutes the wealth of that secluded region, or ministering to the wants of his neighbors, and providing for his own, in some merely mechanical employment of artizanship. Nor did his own character and conduct, for many years, give promise of any elevation above this humble sphere. In youth, he was indocile, idle, and vicious, and even on the very verge of manhood, unsteady, reckless, and prone to evil. The little opportunity afforded him for acquiring the very rudiments of knowledge, was neglected and contemned; and although he did, indeed, acquire a trade, as an ostensible means of living, his idle habits made him an inferior workman, and much of his time was passed in smuggling, poaching, and other pursuits, the end of which is almost invariably disgrace and ruin. The first check given to his perilous career, was wrought by the preaching of Adam Clarke, the celebrated apostle of Methodism in England, and it was complete and permanent. Drew became serious, devout, honest and industrious; and his mind, naturally vigorous and active, seemed to turn at once from evil to good, both moral and intellectual. Alone and unassisted, by the unremitting employment of every moment that could be spared from the daily labor on which he was dependant for his daily bread, he redeemed the time lost in youth; devoted himself to such reading and study as his scanty means, and the place in which he lived, afforded; and having accidentally become possessed of Locke's Essay on the Understanding, his intellect plunged headlong into the almost trackless sea of metaphysical investigation. What other helps or advantages he possessed, if any, to guide and encourage him in this abtruse department of human learning and research, the Memoir does not inform us: nor is his progress very clearly explained. All that appears, is, that from the twentieth until beyond his thirtieth year, he continued laboring with his awl and hammer; strengthening and enlarging his mind by much meditation and some reading, and gradually acquiring the reputation among his townsmen, of a shrewd, sensible, thinking, and upright man. The first circumstance that brought him into more extended notice, was the appearance, in 1799, of a pamphlet in answer to Paine's *Age of Reason*, of which, to use the words of an eminent divine, 'the reasoning is clear, and the arguments are strong,' and in which, Drew is said to have

'refuted that wretched infidel completely, even upon his own principles.' This pamphlet was noticed at length, and with strong terms of praise, in the famous Anti-Jacobin Review, and was speedily followed by others, mostly on theological subjects. Still, however, the fame of Samuel Drew was in a great measure confined to his own neighborhood; and it was not until 1803, that he became a celebrated man. At the beginning of that year the critics and philosophers of England were astonished and electrified by the appearance of a profound, logical, and masterly Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul, by Samuel Drew,—the poor Shoe-maker of Cornwall,—a man hitherto utterly unknown, except in one corner of the island, but henceforth to be known with high renown. From this time, his course was rapid and steady. He was invited to become a regular contributor to the Eclectic Review, at that time the leading vehicle of criticism,—then to remove to Liverpool, where he became the Editor of the Imperial Magazine, and the literary director of the celebrated Caxton press,—thence he went to London, to which metropolis the press and the magazine were transferred; and for the remainder of his life, continued in laborious and constant occupation as a writer, lecturer, and critic of metaphysics and theology. He died in 1833, leaving behind him a great and enviable reputation, which his writings amply sustain. The memoir is written by his son, to whom great praise must be awarded, not only for candour and impartiality, but also for the good sense and judgment with which he has accomplished his task, and for the skill with which, by the judicious intermixture of anecdote, traits of character, expressions and illustration of opinion, and numerous pleasing personal details, he has produced an extremely interesting, and even amusing, as well as faithful biography.

THE REBEL, AND OTHER TALES, etc. In Prose and Verse. Including the hitherto uncollected Writings of the author of 'Pelham,' 'The last days of Pompeii,' etc. One vol. pp. 236. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

A LUMBERING effort was made in a late American Review, by a writer whose verses and opinions are equally and always laughable, to prove that Mr. Bulwer did not possess any poetical power, and that his efforts of that sort discover no genius. The volume whose title is placed at the head of this article abundantly refutes the stupid dictum. Let any one who actually *has* a soul to be enlivened, a heart to be moved, or the similitude of humanity, peruse either 'The Rebel,' or 'Sculpture,' or both, and we will answer for his warm eulogium. The truth is, the mind of Bulwer is overflowing with the genuine influence of poetry; and we are very sure that its excess has, in one sense, sometimes weakened his prose, though that is usually remarkable no less for its strength, than its originality. We would commend 'The Rebel' to any reader of taste, as containing many pages not surpassed by even the Pleasures of Hope; which, indeed, in harmony of numbers, and fervent gushes of spirit, it much resembles. Is not the following beautiful?

"Betroth'd to one long worshipp'd and enshrined
 In the veiled altars of that vestal mind,
 Dreaming of years unreck'd and fate defied,
 With one dear treasure ever by her side—
 Pure—gentle—tender as the evening air,
 When something holy blends with Beauty there—
 While vague and voiceless through the light above,
 Moves the impassioned spirit of deep love,
 Lord Ullin's daughter sat!—and in her ear
 Came those low tones which maidens deem most dear,
 And o'er her young cheek's softest beauty stole
 And went, the blushes speeding from the soul—
 And oft from earth, all guilelessly she raised
 The eye e'en Love had ne'er too wildly praised—
 The eye which woo'd you like a star to gaze,
 And dream that worlds lay couch'd beneath its rays;
 And as you gazed your soft'ning spirit drew,
 As from some holy fount, a virtue from its hue."

THE story of 'The Rebels' has about it the interest of a novel. The plot is carried stirringly on; and the close is highly picturesque and impressive. 'Sculpture' received the prize of the Chancellor's golden medal at the University of Cambridge. Its merits may be inferred from the guerdon it won. Such trophies are tests of genius that the most obtuse cannot gainsay.

The volume closes with several brief tales and allegories, not particularly felicitous, and the famous 'Letter to a late Cabinet Minister.' This pamphlet, we learn, went through sixteen editions, of ten thousand copies each, in the short space of four weeks. On the whole, the volume, though mainly not composed of recent productions, will add new claims to the many which its author already possesses upon the admiration of all who love the labors of a lofty and cultivated mind.

THE UNFORTUNATE MAN. By Captain FREDERICK CHAMIER, R. N.,—author of 'The Life of a Sailor.' In two vols. pp. 390. Philadelphia: CARY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It was the tyrant of Bosworth, we believe, at whose birth 'the boding pies in chattering discord sung.' Something troublous was upon the mystic horologe that discoursed of his destiny. 'The unfortunate Man,' seems, in a small way, to have been something such a character,—we do not mean in morality, but in fate. He foreswore comfort from his childhood. He reminds us, as he paints his early days, of that poor wight who spake thus in his juvenile reminiscences:

'I never had a piece of toast,
 Particularly good and wide,
 But fell upon the sanded floor,
 And always on the buttered side !'

Certes, he must have been yeaned under an adverse star. The saying of Joan Lorenzo, the old Spanish minstrel, touching his Alexandro el Magno, might well be applied to Chamier. The portents of his nativity

must have been similarly dismal: 'Know that it is recorded, and doubt it not: when his eyes first saw the light, the air was changed, and the sun was darkened; the ocean stormed; the earth trembled; the world was ready to perish; stones fell from the clouds; two eagles fought over the door where he was born; a lamb spoke; and a fowl brought forth an angry serpent.' At all events, such omens are fulfilled in the fate of the writer before us. The kicks and cuffs of ill fortune are showered upon him from first to last, in merciless profusion.

There is one prevailing merit, however, about 'The Unfortunate Man.' He may be very miserable himself, but his style is happy enough. In his pen there is felicity, if not in his heart. • His story turns upon his own various adventures, in sundry quarters of this terraqueous globe, and eke of those which befel his uncle, Banana. He writes well, both for himself and relative. He is not deep, neither metaphysical; he sketches merely, and lets philosophy and motive-mongering alone. In this way, he has produced a right creditable work. With all his dolor, he has a sprinkle of cheer; and the *ensemble* of his volumes may be compared to the mingled feelings said to be usually experienced at an Irish wake, where the qualities that strive for mastery, are vociferous grief, and latent fun.

ERATO, NUMBER ONE. By WILLIAM D. GALLAGHER. pp. 36. Cincinnati: JOSIAN DRAKE.

THE author of this unpretending little collection is very well known, particularly to the western public, as a writer of much merit, and larger promise. Many of his smaller effusions have acquired deserved popularity, from the feeling and nature which pervade them. 'The Penitent,' the longest poem in the present 'Erato,' contains many stirring and beautiful passages; but as a whole, its execution does not impress us so favorably as many of the minor pieces,—as 'The Usurer's Death,' 'The Bridal,' 'The Neglected,' etc. The story, however, does not lack spirit, and, in its general outline, is not unlike Hood's 'Dream of Eugene Aram.' The terrors awakened by a guilty conscience in the bosom of the 'Penitent,' after the murder of his victim, are well depicted in the annexed lines:

"And that loud, piercing shriek!—it seem'd
As though a hundred victims scream'd,
Unceasingly, that scream of death:
It came from every rock and dell;
From every waving tree-top fell;
And with my bosom's every swell,
And every new-drawn breath.
And since, though I have wandered far,
That wild face looks from every star,
And every full-orbed moon;
And all night long, that fearful scream
Still haunts me in some horrid dream:
And this has made me what I seem,—
Old and gray-haired too soon."

There are some slips of style, and an occasional carelessness of rhythm and melody. The subjoined examples will illustrate our meaning. The second of the following lines, could not be turned into more palpable prose :

"Who for a few brief months had gone
To visit other parts."

Again :

—"In agony of soul
He fell over,—and on his musty leaves," etc.

In allusion to a female shriek :

"It rang on my quick and aching ear,
As if a curse from God it were."

We have, also, 'to bear it' rhyming with 'merit.' These may be called small blemishes, but they should not be permitted, (as they are,) to keep intimate company with great beauties, both in language and metrical arrangement. The collection is dedicated to TIMOTHY FLINT,—a name, as the author justly observes, 'which needs no eulogy with the lovers of rich and eloquent writing.' In concluding a notice which but just skirrs the little work in question, we would recommend the reader, in the words of a very common prudential maxim, to 'look out for Number One.' We are mistaken, if, on perusal, it do not create a relish for 'Number Two.'

MEMOIR OF TRISTAM BURGESS : with selections from his Speeches and Occasional Writings. By HENRY L. BOWEN. pp. 404. Providence, Rhode Island : MARSHALL, BROWN, AND COMPANY. Philadelphia : WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY.

Few men have filled a more prominent space in the public eye, for many years, than Mr. Burgess. His early congressional efforts placed him at once before the people, and his subsequent career did not tend to make him less 'the observed of all observers.' His natural eloquence,—enriched by classic weapons, ever at command, and by a force of sarcasm never excelled by any member of either body of the American Congress,—made him the object of deep attachment to his friends, and of as settled hatred to his enemies. He was the only orator in our National Legislature, of whom John Randolph of Roanoke stood in awe,—the only one who ever met that able debater, but bitter cynic, upon any thing like terms of equality. No one who heard it, we dare affirm, will ever forget the close of Mr. Burgess' speech, in reply to various attacks upon New-England, by Mr. Randolph. It was in these words : 'Sir, Divine Providence takes care of his own universe. Moral monsters cannot propagate. Impotent of every thing but malevolence of purpose, they can no otherwise multiply miseries, than by blaspheming all that is pure, and prosperous, and happy. Could demon propagate demon, the universe might become a Pandemonium : but I rejoice that the Father of Lies can never become the father of liars. One 'adversary of God

and man' is enough for one universe. Too much,—oh! how far too much,—for one nation.' The hero of Roanoke never awakened the ire of the 'Bald Eagle' again. The work before us contains a full memoir of Mr. Burges,—an account of his early struggles, and his gradual progress, from a humble cooper to his final eminence, etc. These particulars are of exceeding interest, and involve incidental references to many of his early contemporaries, which are in themselves valuable. To his 'Occasional Writings,' which are selected with taste and judgment, are added several of his most noted speeches in Congress. Save occasional prolixity, and redundancy, the work is highly creditable to the writer and compiler, and is altogether a valuable contribution to the historical and biographical literature of the country. It is embellished with a very faithful, but rather coarsely-executed, likeness of its subject.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS. In one vol. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

TAKE it altogether, this is an interesting and salutary volume. Unlike many modern works of fiction—perhaps the majority—it has a meaning and a moral. It appeals to the heart for a witness of its truth; and there are few that would not respond in affirmation. In the two stories which form the book, there is little or no overwrought description; no rending of the passions into shreds; but all is presented as the harvest of a quiet eye, and the gentle fruits of a reflecting mind. The volume, it seems to us, is not executed with the neatness which usually marks the works from the house of Key and Biddle. The pages are disproportioned: the stream of matter wantons through too copious a meadow of margin, so that what is generally esteemed a merit, thus degenerates into a fault.

MARTHA: a Memorial of an only and beloved Sister. By REV. ANDREW REED, author of 'No Fiction.' One vol. pp. 316. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

PERHAPS we could offer no better recommendation of this volume, in a moral and religious point of view, than is contained in the announcement, that it is by the author of 'No Fiction,' a work which many of our readers doubtless cherish in grateful remembrance. 'Martha' is a simple domestic history,—a memoir of the exemplary life of a pious, devout female,—a sister of the author,—whose last prayer was, 'that her death might be made useful.' The narrative is as unpretending as it is oftentimes eloquent and touching: and in its progress, the reader will be more than once reminded, by its pervading tone of moral reflection, and pure benevolence, of that devoted servant of the cross,—Harriet Newell. The work commends itself to all who honor those qualities of the heart which lend a holy beauty to earthly affections, and strengthen the heavenward aspirations of mortality.

THE WORKS OF HANNAH MORE. In one vol. pp. 587. First complete American edition. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

It would surely be a labor of supererogation, at the present day, to enlarge upon the value of the works of Hannah More. They have been for many years as familiar to all classes of readers, in both hemispheres, as are the novels of Scott to the greedy devourer of romance. In the language of the Publisher's Address, 'No writer of the present age has equaled Hannah More in the application of great talents to the improvement of society, throughout all its distinctions. Her labors have given a new and most important feature to the character of the nation she adorned. They have diffused vital religion over districts where its external form was before scarcely to be seen; and, what is still more deserving of admiration, this accomplished lady, by the power of her reasoning, and the elegance of her compositions, has succeeded, if the phrase may be permitted, in rendering piety fashionable and popular, where even the name of religion was, and that at no very distant period, treated with indifference.' The present collection contains all the writings of this eminent female, in a large volume of great beauty of typography, and excellence of paper. We believe it is by far the cheapest work ever issued in America. The enterprising publishers present it to the public at a price which may place it in the hands of all,—at a rate, indeed, lower, by at least *ten dollars*, than the English editions. That such liberality will receive the countenance which it deserves, we cannot permit ourselves to doubt.

REPORT ON THE STATE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN PRUSSIA. By M. VICTOR COUSIN. Translated by SARAH AUSTIN. One vol. pp. 334. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

THE name of Cousin, Peer of France, Councillor of State, and Member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction,—a profound scholar, an eminent philosopher, and a distinguished legislator,—is not unknown to our readers. The work before us is a noble donation to the *universal* public, and has received, throughout England and France, the great consideration, and acquired the wide prevalence, which its merits are so well calculated to command. With some things that may scarcely be considered as applicable to, or necessary for, the people of the United States, there is much that is peculiarly adapted to our wants, in this Report,—a great number of facts upon the subject of general experimental education, which are invaluable. A regard to the inculcations of this book, cannot fail to be productive of enlarged usefulness, in producing a radical improvement in our organized systems of public instruction.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES. BY WASHINGTON IRVING.'—Great has been the pleasure that we have experienced in looking over the yet unpublished pages of this rich and interesting volume. It contains a large amount of treasure, which we are sure will be clutched most greedily by the bibliomaniacs, when the time of sale arrives. Throughout the work, the reader will quickly recognize the peculiar attributes of Irving's style; the keen perception; the happy phrase; the flowing sentence; the period that, 'with a murmur susurrous,' falls in music; and that gentle morality, which can extract lessons from a streamlet, and ethics from a stone. The 'Tour on the Prairies' will sustain, if not enhance, the brilliant fame which its author has already acquired. An American work, by an American author, it will exhibit not only the charm of novelty in its theme, but unwonted grace in its execution. The heart of the tourist is with his subject; and we are led to see, that upon whatever he touches, he leaves the clear and tranquil light of his own intellect: '*nihil tetigit, quod non ornavit.*' We wander with him over the boundless prairie; our nostrils seem to dilate with the very air that breathes through his leaves, as if we quaffed the winds of the West; we partake the triumph of his sports, and the hearty gusto of his homely but salutary cheer. Such are the effects produced on our minds by a writer, whose language is charming without effort, and fertile without exuberance. We have pleasure,—through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Carey, Lea and Blanchard,—in presenting our readers with liberal extracts from the work,—an entire chapter, vividly descriptive of *The Grand Prairie*, and a *Buffalo Hunt*. We have italicised a few passages, as strongly characteristic, in our opinion, of that painter-like style, which has given such magical force to nearly all the matter that has ever flowed from the author's pen.

"After proceeding about two hours in a southerly direction, we emerged towards mid-day from the dreary belt of the Cross Timber, and to our infinite delight beheld the 'Great Prairie,' stretching to the right and left before us. We could distinctly trace the meandering course of the Main Canadian, and various smaller streams, by the strips of green forest that bordered them. The landscape was vast and beautiful. There is always an expansion of feeling in looking upon these boundless and fertile wastes; but I was doubly conscious of it after emerging from our 'close dungeon of innumerable boughs.'

"From a rising ground Beattie pointed out the place where he and his comrades had killed the buffaloes; and we beheld several black objects moving in the distance, which he said were part of the herd. The Captain determined to shape his course to a woody bottom about a mile distant and to encamp there, for a day or two, by way of having a regular buffalo hunt, and getting a supply of provisions. As the troop defiled along the slope of the hill towards the camping ground, Beattie proposed to my messmates and myself, that we should put ourselves under his guidance, promising to take us where we should have plenty of sport. Leaving the line of march, therefore, we diverged towards the prairie; traversing a small valley, and ascending a gentle swell of land. As we reached the summit, we beheld a gang of wild horses about a mile off. Beattie was immediately on the alert, and no longer thought of buffalo hunting. He was mounted on his powerful half-wild horse, with a lariat coiled at the saddle bow, and set off in pursuit; while we remained on a rising ground watching his manoeuvres with great solicitude. Taking advantage of a strip of woodland, he stole quietly along, so as to get close to them before he was perceived. The moment they caught sight of him a grand scamper took place. *We watched him skirting along the horizon like a privateer in full chase of a merchantman; at length he passed over the brow of a ridge, and down into a shallow valley; in a few moments he was on the opposite hill, and close upon one of the horses. He was soon head and head, and appeared*

to be trying to noose his prey ; but they both disappeared again below the hill, and we saw no more of them. It turned out afterwards, that he had noosed a powerful horse, but could not hold him, and had lost his lariat in the attempt.

"While we were waiting for his return, we perceived two buffalo bulls descending a slope, towards a stream, which wound through a ravine fringed with trees. The young Count and myself endeavoured to get near them under covert of the trees. They discovered us while we were yet three or four hundred yards off, and turning about retreated up the rising ground. We urged our horses across the ravine, and gave chase. The immense weight of head and shoulders causes the buffalo to labor heavily up hill ; but it accelerates his descent. We had the advantage, therefore, and gained rapidly upon the fugitives, though it was difficult to get our horses to approach them, their very scent inspiring them with terror. The Count, who had a double barreled gun loaded with ball, fired, but missed. The bulls now altered their course, and galloped down hill with headlong rapidity. As they ran in different directions, we each singled one and separated. I was provided with a brace of veteran brass barreled pistols, which I had borrowed at Fort Gibson, and which had evidently seen some service. Pistols are very effective in buffalo hunting, as the hunter can ride up close to the animal, and fire at it while at full speed ; whereas the long heavy rifles used on the frontier, cannot be easily managed, nor discharged with accurate aim from horseback. My object, therefore, was to get within pistol shot of the buffalo. This was no very easy matter. I was well mounted on a horse of excellent speed and bottom, that seemed eager for the chase, and soon overtook the game ; but the moment he came nearly parallel, he would keep sheering off with ears forked, and pricked forward, and every symptom of aversion and alarm. It was no wonder. *Of all animals, a buffalo, when close pressed by the hunter, has an aspect the most diabolical. His two short black horns, curve out of a huge frontlet of shaggy hair ; his eyes glow like coals ; his mouth is open, his tongue parched and drawn up into a half crescent ; his tail is erect, and tufted and whisking about in the air : he is a perfect picture of mingled rage and terror.*

"It was with difficulty I urged my horse sufficiently near, when, taking aim, to my chagrin, both pistols missed fire. Unfortunately the locks of these veteran weapons were so much worn, that in the gallop, the priming had been shaken out of the pans. At the snapping of the last pistol I was close upon the buffalo, when, in his despair, he turned round with a sudden snort and rushed upon me. *My horse wheeled about as if on a pivot, made a convulsive spring, and, as I had been leaning on one side with pistol extended, I came near being thrown at the feet of the buffalo.*

"Three or four bounds of the horse carried us out of the reach of the enemy ; who, having merely turned in desperate self-defence, quickly resumed his flight. As soon as I could gather in my panic-stricken horse, and prime the pistols afresh, I again spurred in pursuit of the buffalo, who had slackened his speed to take breath. On my approach he again set off full tilt, heaving himself forward with a heavy rolling gallop, dashing with headlong precipitation through brakes and ravines, while several deer and wolves, startled from their coverts by his thundering career, ran helter skelter to right and left across the waste.

"A gallop across the prairies in pursuit of game, is by no means so smooth a career as those may imagine, who have only the idea of an open level plain. It is true, the prairies of the hunting ground are not so much entangled with flowering plants and long herbage as the lower prairies, and are principally covered with short buffalo grass ; but they are diversified by hill and dale, and where most level, are apt to be cut up by deep rifts and ravines, made by torrents after rains ; and which, yawning from an even surface, are almost like pitfalls in the way of the hunter, checking him suddenly, when in full career, or subjecting him to the risk of limb and life. The plains, too, are beset by burrowing holes of small animals, in which the horse is apt to sink to the fetlock, and throw both himself and his rider. The late rain had covered some parts of the prairie, where the ground was hard, with a thin sheet of water, through which the horse had to splash his way. In other parts there were innumerable shallow hollows, eight or ten feet in diameter, made by the buffaloes, who wallow in sand and mud like swine. These being filled with water, shone like mirrors, so that the horse was continually leaping over them or springing on one side. We had reached, too, a rough part of the prairie, very much broken and cut up ; the buffalo, who was running for life, took no heed to his course, plunged down break-neck ravines, where it was necessary to skirt the borders in search of a safer descent. At length we came to where a winter stream had torn a deep chasm across the whole prairie, leaving open jagged rocks ; and forming a long glen bordered by steep crumbling cliffs of mingled stone and clay. Down one of these the buffalo flung himself, half tumbling, half leaping, and then scuttled along the bottom ; while I, seeing all further pursuit useless, pulled up, and gazed quietly after him from the border of the cliff, until he disappeared amid the windings of the ravine.

"Nothing now remained but to turn my steed and rejoin my companions. Here at first was some little difficulty. The ardor of the chase had betrayed me into a long, heedless gallop. I now found myself in the midst of a lonely waste, in which the prospect was bounded by undulating swells of land, naked and uniform, where, from the deficiency of land-

marks and distinct features, an inexperienced man may become bewildered, and lose his way as readily as in the wastes of the ocean. The day too, was overcast, so that I could not guide myself by the sun; my only mode was to retrace the track my horse had made in coming, though this I would often lose sight of where the ground was covered with parched herbage.

"To one unaccustomed to it, there is something inexpressibly lonely in the solitude of a prairie. The loneliness of a forest seems nothing to it. There the view is shut in by trees, and the imagination is left free to picture some livelier scene beyond. But here we have an immense extent of landscape without a sign of human existence. We have the consciousness of being far, far beyond the bounds of human habitation; we feel as if moving in the midst of a desert world. As my horse lagged slowly back over the scenes of our late scamper, and the delirium of the chase had passed away, I was peculiarly sensible to these circumstances. The silence of the waste was now and then broken by the cry of a distant flock of pelicans, stalking like spectres about a shallow pool; sometimes by the sinister croaking of a raven in the air, while occasionally a scoundrel wolf would scour off from before me; and, having attained a safe distance, would sit down and howl and whine with tones that gave a dreariness to the surrounding solitude.

"After pursuing my way for some time, I descried a horseman on the edge of a distant hill, and soon recognised him to be the Count. He had been equally unsuccessful with myself; we were shortly afterwards rejoined by our worthy comrade, the Virtuoso, who, with spectacles on nose, had made two or three ineffectual shots from horseback.

"We determined not to seek the camp until we had made one more effort. Casting our eyes about the surrounding waste, we descried a herd of buffalo about two miles distant, scattered apart, and quietly grazing near a small strip of trees and bushes. It required but little stretch of fancy to picture them so many cattle grazing on the edge of a common, and that the grove might shelter some lowly farm house.

"We now formed our plan to circumvent the herd, and by getting on the other side of them, to hunt them in the direction where we knew our camp to be situated: otherwise, the pursuit might take us to such a distance as to render it impossible for us to find our way back before night-fall. Taking a wide circuit, therefore, we moved slowly and cautiously, pausing occasionally, when we saw any of the herd desert from grazing. The wind fortunately yet from them, otherwise they might have scented us and have taken the alarm. In this way, we succeeded in getting round the herd without disturbing it. It consisted of about forty head, bulls, cows, and calves. Separating to some distance from each other, we now approached slowly in a parallel line, hoping by degrees to steal near without exciting attention. They began, however, to move off quietly, stopping at every step or two to graze, when suddenly a bull that, unobserved by us, had been taking his siesta under a clump of trees to our left, roused himself from his lair, and hastened to join his companions. We were still at a considerable distance, but the game had taken the alarm. We quickened our pace, they broke into a gallop, and now commenced a full chase.

"As the ground was level, they shouldered along with great speed, following each other in a line; two or three bulls bringing up the rear, the last of whom, from his enormous size and venerable frontlet, and beard of sunburnt hair, looked like the patriarch of the herd; and as if he might long have reigned the monarch of the prairie.

"There is a mixture of the awful and the comic in the look of these huge animals, as they bear their great bulk forwards, with an up and down motion of the unwieldy head and shoulders; their tail cocked up like the queue of pantaloons in a pantomime, the end whisking about in a fierce yet whimsical style, and their eyes glaring venomously with an expression of fright and fury.

"For some time I kept parallel with the line, without being able to force my horse within pistol shot, so much had he been alarmed by the assault of the buffalo, in the preceding chase. At length I succeeded, but was again balked by my pistols missing fire. My companions, whose horses were less fleet, and more way-worn, could not overtake the herd; at length Mr. L. who was in the rear of the line, and losing ground, leveled his double barreled gun, and fired a long raking shot. It struck a buffalo just above the loins, broke its back bone, and brought it to the ground. He stopped and alighted to despatch his prey, when borrowing his gun which had yet a charge remaining in it, I put my horse to his speed, again overtook the herd which was thundering along, pursued by the Count. With my present weapon there was no need of urging my horse to such close quarters; galloping along parallel, therefore, I singled out a buffalo, and by a fortunate shot brought it down on the spot. The ball had struck a vital part; it would not move from the place where it fell, but lay there struggling in mortal agony, while the rest of the herd kept on their headlong career across the prairie.

"Dismounting, I now fettered my horse, to prevent his straying, and advanced to contemplate my victim. I am nothing of a sportsman: I had been prompted to this unwonted exploit by the magnitude of the game, and the excitement of an adventurous chase. Now that the excitement was over, I could not but look with commiseration upon the poor

animal that lay struggling and bleeding at my feet. His very size and importance, which had before inspired me with eagerness, now increased my compunction. It seemed as if I had inflicted pain in proportion to the bulk of my victim, and as if there were a hundred fold greater waste of life than there would have been in the destruction of an animal of inferior size.

"To add to these after qualms of conscience, the poor animal lingered in his agony. He had evidently received a mortal wound, but death might be long in coming. *It would not do to leave him to be torn piecemeal, while yet alive, by the wolves that had already snuffed his blood, and were skulking and howling at a distance, and waiting for my departure, and by the ravens that were flapping about, croaking dismally in the air.* It became now an act of mercy to give him his quietus, and put him out of his misery. I primed one of the pistols, therefore, and advanced close up to the buffalo. To inflict a wound thus in cool blood, I found a totally different thing from firing in the heat of the chase. Taking aim, however, just behind the fore-shoulder, my pistol for once proved true; the ball must have passed through the heart, for the animal gave one convulsive throe and expired.

"While I stood meditating and moralizing over the wreck I had so wantonly produced, with my horse grazing near me, I was rejoined by my fellow sportsman, the Virtuoso; who, being a man of universal adroitness, and withal, more experienced and hardened in the gentle art of 'venerie,' soon managed to carve out the tongue of the buffalo, and delivered it to me to bear back to the camp as a trophy."

We may do a general service, in conclusion, by adding that the 'Tour' will be published early in the present month. It will form a handsome volume, of about three hundred pages.

AMERICAN QUARTERLY REVIEW.—The latest publishers, we perceive, of this periodical, are the editor and his son, into whose hands the business arrangements of the work have fallen. The first number under the new auspices commenced in March. A plaintive prologue adjoins the table of contents, in which sufficient aid is implored from the public, to continue the vehicle in existence,—a supplication which we trust may be successful; for however numerous or egregious may have been the sins of taste and spirit hitherto exhibited in the work, we feel confident that certain lessons have been acquired by the offenders, which will make their errors less frequent hereafter.

The present number contains several creditable papers, and some that are excellent. That on 'Classical Learning,' is profound and dull,—a perfect *omnium gatherum* of languages. The writer has evidently been at a very great banquet of learning; and he has poached upon the premises of so many tongues, that he can scarcely find room to wag his vernacular. As for the arguments of the reviewer, we could quote him numbers of the soundest names in the annals of literature, that have given utterance and weight to totally opposite opinions,—philosophers, statesmen, and poets, whose labors have enlightened and delighted the world. The review of Lamartine's poems is merely tolerable. We can assure the writer that he has taken some astounding liberties in translation, as we could demonstrate upon occasion. The notices of 'Three Years in the Pacific,' and the 'Writings of Washington,' are executed with decided ability, though both are summarily treated. Those of Dunlap's and Hoffman's works deserve equal commendation. The paper on 'Mob Law,' does not discuss the question with half the research and discrimination that it deserves. A mass of text, familiar to the public, is interspersed through a few pages of running commentary, not remarkable for perspicuity or vigor. The article was evidently prepared without much forethought or care. The inferences of the writer, however, and his reprobation of the increasing gust for riots in our country, will be generally acquiesced in by candid minds.

The weakest department of the Review, is that which embraces the 'Miscellaneous Notices.' Some of these are bombastic and inflated; others, meagre and imperfect. In the first article under this head, there are two pages of unhappy vaunting, which will draw a smile from every reader at all conversant with the progress of our literature for some years past. The reviewer seriously asserts, that he has *uniformly* favored, to the extent of his power, all the writings of our countrymen, that deserved his suffrages! We marvel at the shortness of his memory. Has he forgotten the well known fact, that among several American writers, who are read and praised in all the cultivated circles of Europe and their own country, he has selected many for bitter blame, and afterwards made a most humiliating meal of his own words? Take, for example, the case of Bryant. The American Quarterly Review pronounced his poems unfit to be read with profit or pleasure, and unworthy of remembrance, even of a single line. The volume went abroad,—it was republished under the auspices of its eulogists, Washington Irving, and Samuel Rogers: it was lauded in all the highest Reviews of England and Scotland, and on the Continent. The notes of praise came swelling across the Atlantic; and with a remarkably prompt *second sight*, the editor of the American Quarterly was induced to discover, and to declare in print, that '*Bryant's poems were excellent*!' We will not cite other cases, though several are at hand. These circumstances are fresh in the public mind; and it is an item of recent history, equally notorious and unimportant, that the Review received large detriment, both in patronage and repute, by reason of its defamatory spirit towards native writers of merit. We doubt, indeed, whether an appeal so abject as that which prefaces the number before us, would ever have been needed, if a general disapproval, arising from these false steps in the Review, had not operated injuriously to its interests.

The boasts of impartiality, independence, and strength, contained in the article alluded to, are sufficiently amusing. The writer speaks as if he had been delegated by some superhuman power, to oversee the whole domain of letters in America. He alludes to those whom he supposes discomfited, and brandishes aloft his petty pruning knife, as if it were 'the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;' or as did the puissant Giant Despair his club, when he trudged out of Doubting Castle to demolish the Christian pilgrims. It is a pleasing task to compare these windy chucklings with actual facts. The identical works which have been the most strongly condemned in the American Quarterly, are passing frequently to new editions, at home and abroad. The vaunt of 'independence' is entirely gratuitous. So completely the reverse is the truth, that the very works in Europe which once frowned upon every mental production of American origin, have become astonished at being outdone in their course by one of the American Reviews. Long after they have ceased to use the voice of blame, and find themes for praise constantly reaching them, from the great West beyond the Ocean, they perceive that some of our own critical journals do the country no justice. They perceive it, and they deplore it. What was once the language of the London Review? That of disdainful rebuke, of which the *imitation* here, has not yet ceased in certain quarters. But is such subserviency welcomed by its derivative model? Let the following passage, which occurs in a notice of a popular American work,* in the last number of the London Review, make reply: 'It is a *well known fact*, that American works are little read in America, until, at least, they have been stamped by English approval; whilst our native works, from the best to the most dull and trashy, are devoured in every corner of that vast country, as speedily as steam can convey them thither, and reprint them. *Their Reviews (some of them) are taken up with any criticism, but that of their country's productions.* This want of self-respect is *unworthy of a great nation*; and a people too, that may not only be proud of their past conquests in the

* 'Three Years in the Pacific.'

high walks of literature, but who possess *such mines of mental wealth as will yet enrich the world*. Still the Americans are led on as if there was no genius in their land, either for writing a book, or for passing an independent opinion.'

This is a sufficient comment upon the '*independence*' which is so ostentatiously displayed. The truth is, that criticism in this country is far more in its infancy, than any other branch of literature. With a few honorable exceptions, *who are the critics?* Those who do the most mischief by their noisy opposition to the best tastes and opinions of the age, are men unknown; men, of neither manners, nor learning, nor acquaintance with the creditable portions of their kind; who have written volumes for oblivion; who have stuffed to repletion the alms-wallet of Time, with doggerel metre and fustian prose. If better than this, they are men whose learning is a heterogeneous mass of lumber; who exhibit 'the nodosities of the oak, without its strength;' and who allow politics, local partialities, and private animosities, to direct their pens. Or else, fledgeling scribes, who are incapable of achieving a paragraph of ten lines, that shall contain less than five quotations,—small purveyors, in short, of others' brains, which they retail in curiously-mottled fragments, that do most clumsily cohere. Can it be expected that our vigorous literature is to be improved or guided by minds like these? Assuredly not. In fact, as we before hinted, criticism in America is far behind its subjects. The very works that are most berated, are the surest of success,—the most sought for, and approved of, by the public. The Author goes on from strength to strength, while the Longinus who thought to crush him is forgotten. 'The fact is,' says an able writer in a popular European work, 'that men who review books are generally men who have found themselves unable to write them: and men, moreover, who entertain, on that score, reasonable arrogance and spleen. They have been foiled in literature, therefore they set up as its guardians. Saint Nepomuk was made the patron saint of bridges, and all who passed over them, simply because he himself happened to lose his life from a bridge. The reason is an exquisite one, and very plain; and so it is with the critics.'

Could there be a better definition than this, of many of our Critics? It is like a piece of history. The capable author of '*The Uses and Abuses of Criticism*,' in the present number of this Magazine, has placed the matter in its proper light, when he says, that '*Criticism, as a profession we have not yet had;*' and that '*our reviewers generally show a very partial knowledge of their subjects.*' Is it supposable that public opinion is to be swayed about by causes like these? Certainly no. If the people of this country echo plaudits or maledictions, they must neither be partial nor unjust. If they are, the public will speedily see through them. It will not be contended, we presume, that the acumen of critics in America is equal to that of their European brethren, where scholarship and the devotion of lives to the subject of reviewing, render its professors adepts and judges in their vocation. Yet, even there, especially in Great Britain, the calling has declined. Authors who are *feared*, and so, *neglected*, rise triumphant over the very minds that would rejoice to see them immolated. The author of '*Pelham*,' whose reputation is as brilliant and extensive as any writer of his age, in a late preface to the last edition of that popular work, holds the following language: 'I knew not a single critic, and scarcely a single author, when I began to write. I have never received to this day, a single word of encouragement from any of those who were considered at one time the dispensers of literary reputation. Long after my name was not quite unknown in every other country where English literature is received, the great quarterly journals of my own disdained to recognize my existence. Let no man cry out, then, for '*cheers*;' and let those who lament their want of interest and their non-acquaintance with critics, learn from the author who addresses them in sympathy and friendship, that *a man's labors are his best patrons*; that the public is the only critic

that has no interest and no motive in underrating him; that *the world of an author is a mighty circle, of which enmity and envy can penetrate but a petty segment*; and that the pride of carving with our own hands our own name, is worth all the 'cheers' in the world. Long live Sidney's gallant and lofty motto: '*Aut viam ineniam aut faciam!*'

In good sooth, some of our quarterly reviewers and 'miscellaneous notice'-makers do vastly overrate themselves. They are a feeble and unimportant race. Their notions of influence or infallibility are often so exaggerated, that the Horatian nondescript would be scarcely less laughable. While the noble and generous *Public* has a heart to feel, or intelligence to apprehend; while gifted authors proceed with fortified minds and self-improved tastes, in their ongoings to reputation, so long will their efforts be crowned with success, and their would-be judges retain their level.

WAR!—A few weeks ago, there was a speck of fight. France, it was opined, would not refund Jonathan 'that 'ere trifle,'—a bill honestly due, for value received,—and 'the consequences' were looked for. There were rumors, which many credulous souls believed, that France was about to take the benefit of the insolvent law, to avoid the disbursement of the five millions of dollars. Some persons declared that she intended to resist payment, on the ground that America, being as yet too young, could not sue in her own name. Brandy rose, half a dollar on the gallon,—the *first proof* afforded, of probable hostilities.

But the storm has nearly passed. The French, though a mercurial, are an honorable nation, and there will not be a war. We hope nobody regrets it. It spoils the works of human trunk-makers, by severing heads from bodies. It opens thoraxes with unamiable lead,—it crimsones decks with blood, and incarnadines the waves, 'making the green ones red.' In all its aspects, it is displeasing to a peaceful and quiet mind.

We can easily appreciate the present disappointment of those who have been worked into a blood-thirsty mood by the belligerent disquisitions of the day. But they must learn resignation. Our young naval officers and middies will die soon enough. Let them be content to linger on earth for a while,—flourish in the cities,—be lions at soirées,—carry *chapeaux-bras* at evening parties,—wear quizzing-glasses outside their morning frock-coats, and pay matutinal visits to belles, in white gloves and French boots. Better to luxuriate thus idly, than to hear the explosion of poisonous minerals and deadly salts, or be taken from their stations to have their *deaths* happen in their *berths*,—feeling as did at Salamanca,

———' the boasted Marmont,
Expiring on the field without his arm on.'

In truth, battles are bores. Learned divines and all sensible men condemn them. Their unpopularity may be inferred from the fact, that with the exception of the skirmishes on the Peninsula, there have been no great exploits in the naval and military way for quite an age. The last sanguinary 'bout was betwixt the Dutch and Belgians, a few years ago. There were some retreats, then, equal to the ancient one of the Ten Thousand, under Xenophon. We do not remember the particulars; but they are admirably and *most truly* depicted in the two following stanzas from an effusion, written in America at the time, and purporting to be, as entitled, 'The Battle Song of the Belgians:'

' Let our victorious banners fly !
And give our braves breath ;
Onward ! and be the battle-cry,
For Liberty,—or Death !

' But what is yonder dusty cloud,—
What is yon bold array ?
It is,—the Dutch ! Lord, what a crowd,—
Good God !—let's run away !'

'**BREAD STUFFS.**'—We select from the lighter dainties of our file-wire the annexed crumb. As the subject is one in which, probably without exception, our readers are daily interested, no apology is offered for its discussion here. It is swallowed at other tables, with a decided relish. Where the author was 'raised,' or whether he be more than half-baked, is no concern of ours, nor yet of the reader's. His piece is well done, at least. It is a small slice, to be sure,—but 'half a loaf is better than no bread;' and it is a consolation to know, that small batches may be occasionally obtained from the same oven :

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN 'BROWN BREAD' AND 'WHITE BREAD.'

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY A 'DOUGH-BOY.'

I lately heard a talk between
Two angry loaves of bread,
Who, though they ne'er had service seen,
Yet on the shelf were laid.

The white loaf first addressed the brown :
'How dare you thus to venture here ?
How dare you thus, you vulgar clown !
Among your betters to appear ?

Where were you bread, you 'homely' elf,
That thus you dare intrude on me,
And boldly come and range yourself,
With the flour of this goodlie compagne ?

'Fie !' cried the Browne,—'though you smirk
With pride, at which I'm all amazed,
We know how once, you us'd to work,
And well you show how you were raised.'

Then did the crusty White exclaim :
'Vile creature ! see, thy taunts are scorn'd ;
Avant ! or to thine endless shame,
I'll tell how grossly thou art corn'd.'

'Don't make rye faces, nor believe
That *neatly mouth'd* I speak, through fear,
But straight our presence pray relieve
From one so little *Assumed* here.

'E'en Tom the cook, whose love you boast,
Declares you're growing *stale* and old ;
[And though you've been his *fav'rite* loaf,
He soon intends to cut you cold.

'I wonder much how you can dare
In public boldly still to be,
When,—as you know,—you'll always hear
That odious bran of infamy !

The other loaf her piece then broke :
'Thou thing of yeast-to-dry, be still !
'Tis odd that at my *bran* you joke,
As though you'd ne'er been through the mill.

'I know how you escaped the bran,
Though now at mine you're pleas'd to feat ;
I saw the hole through which you ran,
And with what speed you bolted out.

'Tis false !' cried Whitebread,—'vulgar calf !
I'll *pan-lah* you, as sure as heaven ;
And show you, though a single loaf,
I yet have got the strength of *lesson*.'

Although the *ferment* ran so high,
To quell it I at last was able ;
But lest this subject prove too dry,
I'll lay it now upon the table.

THE FINE ARTS.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.—In the January number of this work, this celebrated picture of Martin, as then exhibited in the 'Hyalocaustic' painting upon glass, was particularly noticed. All who witnessed that fine work of art, will need no inducement to visit the same grand conception, upon *two thousand feet of canvas*, now in exhibition at the Diorama, Niblo's Garden, Broadway. It is characterized by the same perfection of coloring, and truth of perspective, which distinguished 'The Departure of the Israelites from Egypt,' noticed at some length in our February number. Indeed, we can conceive of no better subject for dioramic effect, than this. Nothing, as it seems to us, could be finer, than the immense perspective of the banquetting halls,—the sombre sky, and crescent moon,—the blazing lights,—the terror-stricken revelers,—and the entire air of nature which every where pervades this noble effort of the pencil. It is, in truth, a gorgeous exhibition,—and its beauties so grow upon the observer, that before he relinquishes the scene, the whole has towered, with but little aid from the imagination, into the sublime. We commend it to the attention of the public, as a 'feast' indeed, in the best sense of the term.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—The Dramatic Notices for February were unavoidably excluded from our pages. We may be pardoned for a recurrence, here, to one of the attractions of that month,—we mean, the first and subsequent appearance of Mr. Hows,—a gentleman of whose theatrical ability reports were in a high degree favorable. In some respects, public expectation was disappointed. The person of Mr. Hows is rather above the medium standard, and his features are thoughtful and expressive. His conception of Shylock was, in the main, correct,—but his performance was marred by a too rapid utterance of emphatic passages, and by a voice, the lower tones of which were invariably husky and unnatural. This was attributed to 'a cold,'—but it is evidently a physical defect. His action is graceful and appropriate, and he walks the stage with the freedom of a veteran tragedian. We cannot award praise to his personations in comedy. They were defective, in all points. Of the *Portia*, of Miss PHILLIPS, there could be but one sentiment. Her power over the audience was particularly manifest in the 'audible stillness' which prevailed during the enunciation of that beautiful passage, 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' etc. The comedy of *Married Life*, which had what is termed 'a successful run,' should not pass unnoticed. It was full of odd incident, broad equivocal, that approaches as near the edge oftentimes as possible, and laughable situations, outraging all probability, both in the progress and *denouement*. Thus much, for a brief theatrical reminiscence of February.

During the past month, Miss EMMA WHEATLEY, SHERIDAN KNOWLES, Miss PHILLIPS, and Mrs. AUSTIN have formed the principal dramatic attractions. The first named young lady is winning an excellent reputation. Her performance of *Julia*, in the *Hunchback*, was less imitative, than heretofore, and exhibited talent of a high order. We may repeat our former advice to this promising and gifted aspirant,—namely, close study, and the cultivation of an appearance of greater abstraction. Let her not turn to gaze at the train of her dress, lest it be aury, nor look to the audience for approval, after having 'made a point.' These little acts destroy the *vraisemblance* of the best performance. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. KNOWLES but once, as *Master Walter*, in his fine intellectual creation, *The Hunchback*. We need not say, that he sustained the character admirably. It is decidedly his best effort. Of Miss PHILLIPS, little need be said. Her praise is rife upon the tongues of the play-going community,—and justly. We have never seen her superior upon the American stage, in high tragedy. Comedy is beneath, and we may add, not adapted to, her powers. The lofty presence,—the speaking eye,—the commanding grace,—the unequalled voice,—are for the sterner attributes of the drama. Mrs. AUSTIN, a long-established and enduring favorite of the New-York public, is about to sail for England. To say that as *Cinderella*, *Ariel*, etc. she acquitted herself with her usual perfection, is the highest praise. Time has taken no liberties with her personal endowments, nor robbed her voice of either power or melody. What shall we say of 'The unfinished Gentleman,' save that it is the most amusing of farces? We have never seen one more thoroughly laughable. PLACIDE and LATHAM are the life and soul of it, and both are inimitably excellent. It makes one think of Byron's idea of an universal mouth, to see the concentrated grin of the large audiences who witness this play. The new tragedy of *Teresa Contarini*, by Mrs. E. F. ELLETT, of this city, was received with decided favor, by a crowded house. It abounds in language rich in poetic beauty, and possesses many stirring scenes. As an acting play, it may be, in some minor respects, deficient: but when we take into consideration the fact that it is a first attempt, we cannot but esteem it as entirely successful. Certain it is, the author is one of the most gifted female writers in Amer-

ica, and at a very early age has gained a high reputation. It should be observed, that, with the exception of the part of the heroine,—which was admirably performed by Miss Phillips,—little justice was done in the representation of the tragedy.

At the BOWERY THEATRE, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, dramatized from the popular novel of that name, has drawn crowded houses,—rather from the attractive scenery, than excellence in the play itself. Mrs. FLINN'S *Flower-girl* was a chaste and beautiful piece of acting: Recently, '*The Spectre King and his Phantom Steed*, a wild and singular drama, presented with much scenic display, has occupied the admiration of nightly crowds at this establishment.

THE FIRST OF APRIL.—This is a day consecrated to fun by all the urchins in Christendom. From the rising of the sun, unto the setting thereof, the spirit of Comus is paramount. For once in a year, Youth displays the cunning and deceit which are supposed to be the characteristics of Age. Many there be, who on this day will peer with deluded eyes into the air, to the end that they may discern the passing flock of swallows. Many will open foolish letters, and make tantalizing efforts to pick up penknives and bunches of tea, coffee, etc., from the pavé, which said articles, as if endowed with locomotive vitality, shall vanish from their grasp at the end of a string. Joke-hunters will luxuriate,—'old 'uns' will be gulled, and 'young 'uns' initiated. It is a day, when every one is willing to be called a fool, provided the caller gives a happy reason for the title. There will be pranks enacted to-day, that on any other would be intolerable. Many an elder brother will draw his besmeared foot out of a boot wherein have been deposited oval embryos of the future hen: there will be yolks connected with stockings, and broken shells will garnish the same.

There is a certain charm in April, because it heralds May. Young willows begin to put forth their tender leaves; the capricious rains, and coquetting skies, chary of their smiles, make the earth radiant with a fresher verdure; the country frog, ensconced in his veil of green spawn, sends a pleasant music abroad, through the reeds that tremble about his pool; the maple bough reddens in the sunbeam, and saccharine gouts are distilled from the tree. The husbandman wends through the woodland, with well poised neck-yoke and brimming pails; the smoke rises above the forest tops,—the axe rings from the 'sap-works.' Snows melt from the fields, and only in the valleys, under umbrageous pines and cedars, do they remain. The herds frisk in the pasture; sleep-inviting sounds sail over the landscape; the haze that betokens brighter days, lingers in the distance,—until, as May approaches,

'On many a lonely valley, out of sight,
Is poured from the blue heavens the same soft golden light.'

Now is the time, when thoughtful wights quote poetry and dream of the ladies. The lover feeds his flame from the 'oil of joy:' he compares his mistress to the opening blossom, or the new-dropt lamb. Churches, in city and village, seem like the haunts of angels. The young men linger about the pavements and the porches, feasting their eyes: there is a new bloom on the cheek of Beauty,—new elasticity in her step,—new flowers in her bonnet. All is blessedness and peace. A spell of novel loveliness lies upon the glowing hills and liberated waters. Much 'fancy-writing' is done by the poets about these days. They begin to prate of music and of May,—

'Of cowslips, better-cope and roses,—
Thyme, with dulcet dew-drops wet,—
Sage and orisons, pinks and posies,
Cauldflower and mignonette.'

In brief, it is a very fine, promising time; and so endeth our chapter for April.

MISS SEDGWICK.—We marvel that this fair novelist continues silent. The press is groaning with the issue of reprinted books, by foreign lady-authors, that possess not one tenth part of the excellence which distinguishes every work from her pen,—and they succeed. The cup of public applause has often been commended, fresh and flowing, to her lips; and we would fain hope that its relish still remains,—for in that, whatever may be said to the contrary, there is a strong intoxication. 'He that died o' Wednesday,' would tell us if he could, that honor was worth his sacrifice. But Miss Sedgwick's mind is not sufficiently of the common order, to be influenced by common fame. Writing as she usually does, with wonderful caution, and in the truth of Nature, she seeks more to please a taste formed from the best standards, than to receive without entire desert, the commendations of the undiscerning. This is good judgment: 'Wistly, and slow,—they stumble who run fast.' When she does appear, public expectation is never disappointed, though the intervals may be long between her exits and entrances. Her pure spirit exhales, like the balm from a rich rose, over every page. She illustrates truly, and paints all natural scenes with a master pencil. Every subordinate hue is recognized as faithful; and when she appeals to the heart, she fills the reader's eye with tearful acknowledgments of her power, or with the light of smiles at her felicity of thought. We can afford to wait for the productions of such a writer,—and she herself needs not the impulse of praise to aid her onward. A mind clear, fertile, and lofty as hers, creates its own enjoyment, and the possessor has little need to depend for impulses upon the plaudits of the million.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'THE MANNIKINS.'—The work thus entitled, from the pen of Mr. COOPER, will not be published for nearly two months. The summer and the book will make their appearance about the same time. Whether 'The Mannikins' will enhance the reputation of the author, or whether it will not, 'requires,' as his excellency the Irish Ambassador might say, 'a dale of mighty nice consideration.' Of course, all prediction must be uncertain. Cooper's works, unconnected with fiction, have not been remarkably successful. Witness his 'Letter,' and the 'Traveling Bachelor.' But auguries from these premises, as to the career of 'The Mannikins,' would not be just.

The work will contain a good deal of satirical matter. The characters are pretty numerous, and the dialogues frequent. The scene is laid in New-England, and some of the personages drawn from that region. Other quarters also come in for a share of the author's power. Indeed, in the selection of his materials, Mr. Cooper has been quite free from *sectional partialities*. Whether this kind generality will be pleasing or not, remains to be seen.

We confess that we would much rather see the author of the *Pioneers* among the dwellers of 'the settlements,' or on the trail of the Indian, than discussing the prejudices or follies of the Pale Faces, nearer the Atlantic. However, 'he kens his gait, and ablin's will gang it weel:' and with this hope, at least, we await his book with all due intensity of expectation.

HINTS TO PARENTS,'—'PLEASURE AND PROFIT.'—MESSRS. TAYLOR AND GOULD, of this city, have recently published two neat little volumes under these titles. The first is by the Rev. GARDINER SPRING, who has brought to his task the feelings and experience of a kind father, and the spirit of a sincere Christian. The second volume is the first of a series for the young, and is entitled 'The Visit to the Museum,' by Charlotte Elizabeth,—a writer whose works for youth have been extensively circulated in England.

THE NEW-YORK MIRROR.—Another plate number, and a rich one. 'A Scene in the Highlands,' painted by WEIR, and engraved by SMILIE, is certainly a gem,—picturesque, soft, and finely blended, in light and shadow. The 'Letter-press' illustrating the picture, is from the pen of Mr. VERFLANCK. We concur, heartily and entirely, in the eloquent tribute which the writer pays to BRYANT. Major NOAH has thrown by his easy editorial pen, for a moment, and sketched a sparkling tale. INMAN has satirized small novelists, in an admirable paper, entitled 'Scenes from Life;' BRYANT appears in a poem of solemn melody and beauty; J. SHERIDAN KNOWLES, in the first chapter of an original tale,—called 'The Blacksmith of Clonmel,'—such as might be anticipated from one so intellectually gifted; FAY and WILLIS shine in their Italian and English correspondence; the veteran DUNLAP depicts, with his usual graphic skill, 'A Scene at Cato's, twenty odd years ago;' and Col. KNAPP closes the labors of correspondents with 'A Letter to a Young Mother,' which is imbued with feeling and the best sentiments. Such specimens of American Periodical Literature as the Mirror, reflect honor upon our country, abroad and at home.

A COMPREHENSIVE ATLAS: Geographical, Historical, and Commercial. By T. G. BRADFORD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG. Boston: WILLIAM D. TICKNOR.—Whether regarded in reference to the great amount of geographical, historical, commercial, and statistical information which it contains,—perspicuous arrangement, and convenience of reference,—or excellence of execution, pictorial, illustrative, and typographical,—this Atlas excels any and all others that have come under our observation. Its contents have been drawn from the best sources, and assurances are given, that the entire work may be relied upon as strictly correct, in all respects. The numerous maps and charts,—many of them new, interesting, and curious,—are clearly engraved, and their different sections vividly colored. The 'General Views,' giving details respecting the manners, customs, governments, religion, geographical discoveries, remarkable men and events, and the engravings representing the varieties of the human race, the comparative size of animals, the dwellings of different countries, etc., are unusual, but most valuable features in this Atlas.

AMERICAN AND JUVENILE POPULAR LIBRARIES.—The last number of the excellent series called the 'American Popular Library' is entitled, 'New-England and her Institutions, by one of her Sons.' It describes, in a clear but unpretending style, the internal structure of the institutions, civil, social, and religious, of 'Yankee-land,' as well as the habits of thought, and the domestic manners of the various classes of New-England Society. There is now and then a dash of dry humor or playful satire pervading the volume, which will be relished. The latest number of the 'Juvenile Popular Library' is devoted to a 'History of Domesticated Animals, considered with reference to Civilization and the Arts.' To the interest of the work, the title itself may bear witness. It is pleasantly written. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

SHAKESPEARE.—MR. GEORGE DEARBORN has published, in six superb post-octavo volumes, the Dramatic Works of Shakspeare, announced in our last number as in press. All the corrections and illustrations of Dr. Johnson, G. Stevens, and other commentators, are given,—the whole revised by Isaac Reed, Esq. Every thing, in short, of authority and value, concerning the 'sweet swan of Avon,' with his entire productions, are here presented. The volumes are printed clearly and handsomely, upon fine, heavy linen paper, and illustrated by several well executed engravings, including a portrait of Shakspeare; and with the works of Burke, issued sometime since by the same liberal publisher, form all that has yet been issued of the 'Library of Standard Literature.'

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—The proprietorship of this periodical has passed into the hands of CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, Esq., author of 'A Winter in the West,'—a work which was favorably noticed, at some length, in our last number, and is winning good opinions from all quarters. The former Editor of the Monthly, Mr. H. W. HERBERT, a ripe scholar and an able writer, will continue his valuable aid, in association with Mr. Hoffman. From the established reputation of these gentlemen, it will readily be inferred, that their joint labors cannot fail to produce a Magazine worthy of liberal support.

A MILLION OF FACTS.—A volume of three hundred and thirty-eight close pages, under this title, has been issued by MESSRS. CONNER AND COOKE. The facts embraced are connected with the studies, pursuits, and interests of mankind, and may serve as a Common-place Book of useful reference on all subjects of research and curiosity. Colonel KNAPP has furnished a sketch of the Literature of the Jews, a succinct History of American Literature, from the earliest times, together with brief annals of American History, and a cursory view of the rise of the Useful Arts among us. Mr. WILLIAM C. REDFIELD has likewise added important information upon Atmospheric and Aërial Phenomena, and articles upon 'Physical Geography.'

LIFE OF AARON BURR.—Col. Knapp has made a creditable addition to our National Biography, in the Memoir of Col. Burr. He has devoted some three hundred pages to an authentic account of all the events connected with the early history and public life of this eminent individual; and a careful perusal of his book will go far, we think, to remove many prejudices which have long been associated with his name. The author has acquitted himself of his task with ability. We have rarely seen a happier effort than the introduction to this work. 'When time and place shall serve,' we hope to do more ample justice to the volume. At present, we can only commend it to the reader, as containing interesting facts, of which no American should be ignorant. Among other attractive matters, there is given a journal, kept by Benedict Arnold, in his own hand-writing, and left by him at West Point, when he fled on hearing of the capture of Andre.

A COMPREHENSIVE SYSTEM OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.—Mr. EDWIN WILLIAMS, whose 'Annual Register' and 'Universal Gazetteer' are so favorably known to the public, has recently issued,—revised and enlarged from the London edition, and adapted to the use of Academies and Schools, in the United States,—Pennock's celebrated Modern Geography. The part relating to America has received numerous important additions in the revision, and the whole may be relied upon as affording a faithful picture of the present state of the world, as far as known. The work presents a combination of geography and history, which renders it both useful and entertaining. The latter quality is an unusual feature in most of our modern school geographies.

SHARP'S LETTERS AND ESSAYS.—The first American edition of this work was issued by MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, at the close of February. Its general prevalence at this period, renders an elaborate notice unnecessary. It may be sufficient, here, to remark, that these letters and essays are distinguished no less by their great felicity of style, than by the valuable views and excellent principles which they develop and inculcate.

ERRATUM.—By the omission of a line of manuscript in the story of 'The Duelist,' in the present number of this Magazine, the author has been made to pay a very equivocal compliment to one of Milton's worthiest and most vigilant Angels. The error is on page 394. For 'Like Ithuriel in Eden, I stood hideous and single,' read: 'Like the Arch-Enemy of man, when touched by the wand of Ithuriel in Eden, I stood,' etc. Those who may chance to publish the tale, will please note this correction.

In the March number, for *Saint Perire*, read *Saint Perine*.

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No. 5.

THE CHINESE NATIONS AND LANGUAGES.

MANKIND have always been subject to errors, either popular or learned. They have prevailed in every age, and become by turns the current beliefs or opinions: many are at this day prevailing among the most enlightened nations.

Popular errors arise chiefly from superstition and prejudice, but learned errors from fanciful theories and systems. The human mind is but too prone to admit mistaken notions and paradoxical opinions. Every good modern work commonly explodes some of these learned fancies; but the erudite are as tenacious of their notions as the superstitious vulgar. Even in matters of fact, when there ought to be no uncertainty, ascertained truths are denied, or discredited, if they contradict the previous opinions. Some learned men cannot be convinced: they appear to wander on, and waver between egregious credulity and proud incredulity.

It is not meant here to enter the wide field of learned errors. Our libraries are filled with works of mistaken opinions, now discarded or disputed. A single subject shall receive our present attention: viz. the state of our knowledge and errors in relation to China, and the Chinese,—subjects, concerning which so many singular impressions are entertained.

The intercourse between China and Europe has now lasted three centuries, and half a century with the United States. We ought now to know China tolerably well; and indeed we have some excellent works on that country, chiefly old ones, written by the Chinese themselves, or by Europeans residing in various parts of the empire. Latterly, since the intercourse has been limited, all our accounts have become garbled and local. Hence we appear to entertain as many wrong opinions of the Chinese, as they do of us, when they call us western barbarians, and deem us inferior beings, or foreign devils.

We have lately been wondering at a Chinese Lady, and her small, cramped feet, who has been exhibiting herself for money! Grave and learned doctors went to measure her feet, and gave a certificate of their inches, as if they doubted the fact stated in an hundred works. This singular fashion is not, however, general in China. It is both a late and partial custom, introduced by a princess in the fifteenth century, as hoops and bonnets were by our ladies. It is not used by the country women, nor even by many ladies of various provinces. Yet it is probably believed by many, that all the Chinese ladies have stump feet.

and also that all the Chinese gentlemen wear long claws to their hands: while it is well known that the fashion of never paring the nails is only an oddity, adopted by the sons of clowns, grown wealthy, to show that they labored no longer. The well-born, the nobles, and the learned, despise this custom, as absurd and inconvenient.

One of the greatest blunders upon China, is, that the whole empire has adopted a uniformity of dress, manners, customs, languages, and religions. This vast empire ought to be considered as if the whole of Europe was under one monarch, with the same laws and a common written language; but retaining the various languages, customs, dresses, and religions; as is also the case in Russia and Turkey.

China Proper was formed by the amalgamation of many kingdoms and nations, of peculiar habits and languages. The actual dynasty has united to it many regions of Tartary and Thibet, that retain their languages and customs; nay even peculiar laws, and princes, some of whom lead a pastoral life. Other countries in the vicinity, like Corea, Luchu, Anam, Siam, etc., are merely nominal tributaries; and Japan is quite independent, although of acknowledged Chinese origin, by a colony settled there in 1197 before Christ, which was dependent on China till 660, before Christ. There are even now independent tribes and nations in the mountains of China itself, such as the *Miaos* and *Lolos*, speaking dialects of the Thibet and Birman language.

The Chinese nations ought to be divided into six distinct classes, never to be blended in our ideas and works. 1. The old Chinese proper. 2. The conquered nations in China. 3. The conquered nations of Tartary and Thibet, including the Manchus of the North, who have conquered the whole, and are the ruling dynasty of China. 4. The tributary States in or out of China. 5. The Independent States in or out of China, but of Chinese origin. 6. Lastly, the modern Chinese colonies in Java, Siam, Borneo, Philipines, etc., which live under the rulers of those countries.

When we speak or write about the Chinese, we should state which we mean: and even in China proper, we ought to say whether we mean the Chinese of Canton or Peking, or Fokien or Sechuen, etc., since they are as distinct people as the Greeks, Italians, English, and Russians. As to the *Miaos*, *Lolos*, Manchus, Mongols, Coreans, Japanese, etc., they are as different from those Chinese as the Turks, Basks, Laplanders, etc. of Europe are from the English, or our American Indians from the white people of the United States.

The latest work upon China is that of Gutzlaff, the Prussian Missionary, which has been very properly pronounced a catch-penny work by many reviews. In fact, it is a mere compilation, without much discrimination: yet coming from him, it will become popular among the religious community, and may propagate many errors, because he has misrepresented the antiquities, history, nations, religions and languages of China, in several instances. His Travels on the coast of China, are by far better, being original and instructive.

Another work on China, by an American Missionary, Daniel Abeel, published in 1834, contains more valuable information on the islands

near China, than China itself. Like many of our missionaries, the writer appears to be profoundly ignorant of the different religions and sects of the country he was sent to convert. How can we hope to convert the Chinese, or other Pagan nations, if we do not know well their tenets, mythologies, and superstitions? It was not so with the Jesuits of old, who were learned,—inquired deeply into the Chinese dogmas,—visited the whole empire, and resided in many distant provinces. To this day, in their works, the best accounts of China are to be found; and they form the base of all the best geographical and historical compilations on the country. Although liable to a few errors, they are mere trifles compared to later blunders.

At present there are three opinions about the Chinese, as upon nearly all the other nations: 1. The impartial friends of China, who try to know the truth. 2. Those who praise the Chinese above all other nations. 3. The revilers, who desire to depreciate or neglect their history, learning, religions, languages, customs, etc. Whenever we read a work upon China, we should ascertain to what opinion the writer leans, in order to beware of those who overpraise or despise the Chinese nations.

Guignes, Remusat, Klaproth, and others, have opened a new path, by consulting and translating the original Chinese works, for information. This appears to be the true path to follow in future inquiries, upon a nation that has books on all subjects, more numerous than all those of Europe put together. The mere classics of China comprise 180,000 volumes, of which we know but few through translations. These, as well as quotations from Chinese writers, are to be multiplied to make us better acquainted with their learning. The Chinese Encyclopedias have never been translated as yet, nor many ancient authors on geography, antiquities, languages, mythologies, etc.

Robert Waln published in 1823 a very good book on China, and it is to be regretted, that he lived to publish the first volume only, in which is found a tolerable account of the religions and history of the country; notwithstanding he unfortunately adopted the erroneous theory of Sir Wm. Jones, that the real Chinese came from the Chinas of Hindostan. But his survey of the main religions of China is better than can be found in almost any other work, although he did not enter fully enough into the details of their sects, tenets, and mythologies.

In order that our Missionaries may inquire into this subject, it is needful that they should know at least that there are three great national religions in China, besides the Jews, Mahometans, and Christians; but it appears that Hinduism and Sabeism have never prevailed there.

Thus there are: 1. The Celestial religion or ancient primitive Deism, coëval with the Chinese people. It is stated to have been antediluvian. The first government of China was a theocracy. The Emperor was the Pontiff, the worship was on mountains, or *Tan*, (raised altars,) directed to the Spirit of Heaven, and latterly to Heaven and Earth, as this religion did not always exist pure, but became divided into several branches. Chiefly the *Ju-kiu*, begun by *Se-tu* 2207 years

before Christ. 2d. The revived worship of God and Ancestors, by *Cong-fu-tze*, towards 550 years before Christ. 3d. The modification, by *Chao-Kang*, in 1070 of our era, which is the actual religion of the learned. This religion and its three branches, answer to our primitive religion of Adam and Noah, with the three branches of Judaism, Christianity, and Mahometanism. As these admit of many sects, so do the Chinese branches. Some sects admit of idols, or images of spirits. One of the sects worship chiefly *Pu-sa*, or the goddess of nature.

2d. TAO religion, begun as early as 2800 years before Christ by *Po-y*, was restored towards 700 before Christ, by *Lao-tze*. It admits of many gods and sects, saints and idols, being therefore comparable to the Polytheism of the Greeks, Romans, etc. But while we have a thousand works on their gods and mythology, we hardly know the theory and practice of the TAO sects, except by ridiculous, partial details. They appear, however, to be as yet the most prevailing sects in China and Japan.

3d. Fo religion was introduced into China from Thibet, sixty-five years after Christ. It is a branch of Buddhism or Lamism, admitting of incarnations and metempsychosis, monks and idols. It is now the religion of the Manchu dynasty; but has several sects blended with those of the last creed.

Judaism was introduced into China as early as 206 years before Christ, but has never spread. Towards 720 the Mahometans appeared and spread their religion in various parts. In 636 Olopuen, a Nestorian priest, introduced Christianity; but it did not spread much till the missions of the Jesuits.

It is evident, that before missions can succeed well in China, we ought to acquire a better knowledge of these Chinese creeds and sects, than we now have, in order to contend with them; else we must go blind-fold to work. They have adopted very few things from us, and whether they ever will adopt our creeds, may be deemed doubtful. But we know they have converts to many foreign religions. Ignorant missionaries will not succeed with such a highly civilized people. Missions in China must be on a different plan from those among barbarians.

We hardly know of any European invention borrowed from us by the Chinese, except perhaps glass, clocks, watches, vaccination, and astronomical calculations, which they however claim as revived inventions of their own. Whether they will adopt steam power, steam boats, rail roads, machinery, etc., remains to be seen. Meantime we have borrowed from them several inventions, arts and customs, such as the compass, block printing, silk, China ware, paper, gunpowder, the use of teas, rhubarb, fans, etc. And we might with great advantage introduce among us many others, such as dividing the hulls of ships into tight compartments, the Chinese school system, the examinations for every civil and military office, etc.

Some of these Chinese inventions we falsely claim as our own. Klaproth has lately proved that the Chinese knew the polarity and

compass at least 1100 years before our era; they even claim it as known 1500 years before that time, as we have some doubtful traces of it among the ancient Pelagians. But our actual compass was borrowed from China by the Arabs and introduced to us by them.

Block printing was used in China as early as 1120 years before Christ, and was known to some Gothic nations, but only recently revived among us. Papers made of reeds, barks, hemp, silk, cotton, flax, and straw, were used in China at very early dates. The Jesuits have given their history out of a Chinese work.

Gunpowder was known to the ancient Pagan priests, but kept a secret like the telescope, ventriloquism, etc. The Chinese have used it from time immemorial for fire-works, but seldom for war.

It is generally thought that the Chinese are indebted to us for the vice of smoking tobacco: this is another mistake: they knew the vice of smoking hemp, tobacco, opium, etc., very early, and before the discovery of America, which perhaps owes this custom to them. Tobacco grows wild in China as in America.

Barrow's travels in China is a popular work; and although he does not overpraise the Chinese, we find in it the unanswerable statement, that between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries, while the European nations were semi-barbarous and intolerant, without gardens, canals, chimneys, or comforts, their learning low, and calendar wrong, the Chinese were a learned, polite, rich, and tolerant people, having fine canals, gardens, luxuries and comforts, with a proper calendar! But since 1560, the Europeans have wonderfully improved in all respects, while the Chinese have remained stationary.

Their ships appear to us clumsy and unwieldy, yet they are better than the old galleys and Dutch ships, and have partitions to prevent shipwrecks. The Chinese sent colonies far away as early as 3000 and 4000 years ago. They went as far as Sofata in Africa, the Persian Gulf, New Guinea, Kamschatka and perhaps America, about 1000 years ago. Barrow says, that in the 7th century, they called Kamschatka *Tashan*, and the north-west coast of America *Fou-Shan*.

He says that there are no drunkards in China, among 300 millions of human beings, while many millions of drunkards are found in the Christian lands. There are less vices in China than in some cities of Europe. Slavery is allowed, but it is very different from our slavery. Some slaves are convicts, sold for crimes, as in the state of Delaware; others are willing slaves, who sell themselves or their children; they are treated mildly and as children of the family. The slaves can acquire property and keep it, but they are few in number. In Japan there are none, but vassals instead.

If they have no social worship and no Sabbath, they have instead many holy-days and festivals. Their diversions are various, having many of our shows and games. The paternal and school influence in China is similar to that of the Romans and Hindoos,—perhaps excessive, but salutary and wise. There we find no undutiful children, no fighting boys, no youthful candidates for the gallows, no stubborn scholars, no rebellions in schools and colleges, no disrespect to teachers.

The Chinese laws are just and wise. They are severe for crimes, but otherwise mild and equal. The custom-house duties and regulations are better than those of England. The trading nations of Europe have always shown a disposition to intrude and impose their own whimsical laws of trade to foreign nations, with their monopolies, excessive duties, prohibitions, etc. Yet they dare to complain of the Chinese regulations. They desire to do in China as they have done in India, Turkey, Java, America, etc. They ought to beware, and remember their fate in Japan, where they are now almost excluded. The Chinese have been compelled to concentrate their trade in Canton and Macao. If they should be compelled by wanton aggressions and open smuggling to exclude all foreign trade, what should we do for teas and Chinese luxuries? Let the Americans be wise, and if the English should be excluded, they may secure the whole tea trade.

Japan is an old Chinese insular Colony, a flourishing state of 25 millions population, once receiving kindly all nations, and trading themselves afar. By the pride, intolerance, and intrigues of the Portuguese and their converts, it has been compelled to exclude all foreigners except the Chinese and Dutch, while its own trade is confined to the dependencies from the Kurile Islands to the Luchu Islands.

That beautiful country is now an anomaly in the social system of the world, from which it has almost seceded. Meantime 25 millions of human beings dwell there in peace, plenty, and happiness, since 200 years. Thunberg, the learned Swedish traveler, who went there as a Dutch surgeon, has said, that it offers the most extraordinary social phenomenon. The laws are strict, unviolated, and conducive to social happiness. Japan has no wars, no diplomacy, no parties, no distress, no discontent, no strife, no discord, no lawyers, no law-suits, no dearth, no emigration, no need of foreign commerce, no corporations, no monopolies, no slavery, no intolerance (except against the intolerant Christians,) no intemperance, no grog-shops, no throne, no crown, no royal foppery, no waste lands, no cavalry, no wheel carriages, no officers unfit for their office, no public debt, no paper currency, and no taxes: all the public revenue arising from a land rent paid in kinds, and a few customs.

This is also the case in China, where out of a revenue of 350 millions of dollars, a tithe in kind on the produce of the land, forms the main income. But there is no additional tithe for the clergy, as in England. They are provided for in lands, as well as the soldiers or militia: thus both the priests, monks, and soldiers are also land owners or cultivators. The other taxes of China are a tithe on manufactures, the customs, the mines, the salt monopoly, etc., but there are no inland taxes, no excise, no game laws, no poor laws, and no paupers. Each family, or the emperor, supporting the old and poor. The emperor receives also tributes from afar, presents, and national gifts. No one in China is allowed to keep waste land: he is compelled to let it on shares to the poor, and to pay the tithes.

The freedom of the press has never been impaired in China nor Japan, while it is yet doubtful in many parts of Europe. The effectual restraint on its abuses, is provided by making the printer, seller, and reader of

libels liable to the bastinado. In Japan, the Catholic books and images are forbidden, owing to the rebellions they have occasioned; but all the religions and sects of China are tolerated, although there is a national religion, the *Sinto*, a branch of the *Tao* of China.

The Chinese soldiers, while in actual service, are made useful, as among the Romans, by being employed as guards, watchmen, jailors, constables, police-men, couriers, collectors, etc. After wars, they form agricultural settlements and colonies.

The population of China is immense. All writers agree in this, although they differ widely in their calculations, which vary from 175 to 400 millions. Macartney and Barrow state it at 333 millions in China Proper, having followed the original Chinese statistics. Many have doubted their statement; but it was true, notwithstanding, and later accounts increase the number to 360 millions. This population is liable to fluctuation; but has ever been on the increase, since 200 years of peace after the conquest by the Manchus's.

All these facts have been doubted by the revilers of China, and European pride, blushing to find wiser men in the East! Many assertions of these traducers are truly ridiculous, and hardly deserving of notice, although they are believed by many to this day.

Among all the paradoxes upon the Chinese, none are more singular than those deeming them all one people, speaking the same language, and having a set of characters which can only be read by themselves, and not by their neighbors. While on the contrary, the reverse is the case in both instances. See Duhalde, Leyden, Klapproth, etc.

It is well ascertained that every province of China has a peculiar oral language, or dialect, and often many. Secondly, that all these provinces, and all the neighbors of China, can and do read the Chinese symbols in their own respective languages. As these facts are of high importance in our future intercourse with these nations, they deserve to be examined carefully and in detail.

In a late review of Gutzlaff's work on China, published in the *Quarterly Review* of Philadelphia, the critic, who appears to have a tolerable knowledge of the Chinese, has fallen into these errors, and has praised Dr. Duponceau for having made the mighty discovery that the *Chinese characters must be read phonically*, or in other words, that you must learn to speak Chinese before you can learn to read their letters. Yet the critic has qualified this assertion, by confessing, that the various Chinese nations of the provinces can read them in their own dialects. This allows that there are many dialects in China, and that those who speak them can read the written Chinese without learning the Mandarin dialect of the learned; which explodes at once the new, erroneous opinion. But it remains to be shown that the neighbors of China can also read them in their own languages. Nay, it may be further proved, that they can be read in almost all languages, and thus the Chinese books might become universal, if their symbols were adopted every where, and even in Europe.

This was the general belief, before the Philadelphia savant thought

otherwise, and published his mistaken impressions, as a truth, in the Transactions of the American Philosophical Society,* and in the Philosophical Magazine, for 1829. He thought that if they had a different grammar, they could not use the Chinese written grammar or style in their respective languages. But these two facts ought first to have been proved: 1. Have they a different grammar? 2. Cannot the Chinese style and syntax be adapted to their speech? This was not done, as it was too troublesome to investigate: but whoever will inquire, will find that they have a grammar nearly alike, and that the Chinese style is quite familiar to them.

If these critics of Chinese facts had taken the trouble to make an experiment, they would soon have seen their error. We have done so, and are quite satisfied that the Chinese characters and symbols are pasigraphic, or universal, and may be read in all languages, and, particularly, very well in English, which has the same grammatical simplicity in verbs, with few inflections, and adjectives always prefixed to substantives. They are equally adapted to those languages which put them either before or after, as in Italian, and often drop the inflections of the verbs in the dialects: while languages like the Arabic and Malay, having the qualifications after the nouns, may yet understand the transposition. As to inflected verbs, it is well known that the Creole dialects drop all the inflections, as in the *lingua-franca* dialect of Italy, and thus use the Chinese style.

We have seen the Chinese symbols read with perfect ease, either in English or in Italian, and also in Spanish, by a learned Mexican, Mr. Nasera, who acquired in six months the written Chinese, although he could not speak any Chinese dialect.

If this is the case with our European languages, how much more will it be with those of Japan, Corea, Siam, Anam, etc., so nearly akin to Chinese in grammar and syntax, idiomatic expressions and ideas. It is well known that one of the acts of subservience to China in the tributary states, is to receive the Chinese calendar, printed by the Board of Astronomy, and annually sent to them to regulate time. This is received and read in the respective languages, the tributary rulers not speaking Chinese.

Japan, being independent, does not receive the Chinese calendar, but the Dairi, or Pope, issues a peculiar calendar, based upon the Chinese, written in Chinese characters, but read in Japanese. The Chinese characters and style are used also in Japan for all official decrees, although written for the Japanese, and read in that language.† Yet the Japanese has a peculiar syntax, putting the adjectives after the substantives, as in Malay, and all the Polynesian languages. Chinese books are an article of trade and import in Japan, where they are bought and read by the learned, who know the written Chinese; although the Japanese have three syllabic alphabets of their own, each of fifty letters, as figured by Kempfer, in which they write letters and

* Vol. III., new series, p. 69.

† See Kempfer, Thunberg, Golownin, etc.

print books. But the Chinese traders in Japan must use interpreters, as few are able to write; nor do the merchants they deal with, read Chinese.

The same happens in Siam, and all places where the Chinese now trade. They must every where employ interpreters to deal with the natives, unless both dealers are learned in written Chinese. Duhalde, who wrote from the memoirs of French Jesuits dwelling all over China, asserts positively, in his history of China, vol. xii. p. 392 of English translations, that the people of Japan, Anam, and Tonkin, use Chinese books, although they cannot express themselves in oral Chinese, nor understand each other's languages. This is confirmed by nearly all the writers who have been in China, or in the neighborhood,—Guignes, Barrow, Hall, Ellis, Morrison, Thunberg, Gutzlaff, Staunton, etc. This last, who knew the Chinese well, says: 'Almost all the countries bordering on the Chinese Sea, or Eastern Asia, understand and use the written Chinese, although *not the oral Chinese*.'

This fact was well known, and never doubted, till Dr. Duponceau, without having been in China, or speaking the Chinese dialects and languages, fancied, and would not but believe, that many nations could use the same grammar and syntax. This learned philologist has become famous for his paradoxical opinions on many other languages. He has even fallen into the egregious error of omitting two sounds of the English language, in his work on English Phonology,—the French mute *e* in *receive*, *believe*, etc., and the soft Portuguese *lh* in *billiards*, *steelyards*. He has denied to America any monosyllabic languages, although the Othomi of Mexico, and Guarani of South America, are such. He has stated that all the American languages are alike in structure, and unlike those out of America: while both assertions are evidently erroneous; as is well known to all who have studied many languages. Yet these paradoxes are becoming current among us, and many believe them upon trust.

The correction of his mistakes in regard to the Chinese, is of the utmost importance, because if it is the fact that 300 or 400 millions of Chinese and neighbors can read the Chinese books, it follows that the translations of our Bible, and books of science, can be made accessible to one third of mankind, without separate expensive translations in one hundred languages and dialects of China or the neighborhood.

Our written Chinese translations may thus be read by the Japanese, Coreans, Manchus's, Mongols, Thibetans, Siamese, etc., whenever they have learnt to read the written Chinese, which is the only writing now of all the Chinese nations, except in Japan, Siam, Thibet, Manchuria, etc., where syllabic alphabets have also been introduced.

It is a general complaint with the missionaries in China, and repeated by Gutzlaff, that they have experienced the greatest difficulty in acquiring the different oral languages and dialects of China, in order to preach and instruct.* Besides the *Kiang-nan* language of Eastern China, which has become the learned dialect since about 600 years,

* See also Duhalde, vol. ii. p. 405.

when the court was held in Nankin, he says that *every province, every city*, and even large villages, have a peculiar dialect. The women and common people do not understand any other. After three or four years' study, a missionary wants an interpreter to speak to strangers, if he travels out of the limits of his dialect! Some of the dialects are real languages, as different from the *Kiang-nan* as the English is from the Russian and German.

The language of Fokien, in S. E. China, is spoken by forty millions. It has the sounds of *ɾ, ɖ, ʐ, ʑ*, which are lacking in the *Kiang-nan* and many other languages; but are also found in Japanese. We know very little as yet of these dialects, because neglected in the grammar; but we know the *Kong*, or language of Canton, that of *Peking*, and half a dozen more, spoken by the sailors, or in Chinese colonies. We still lack the dialects of *Yunan, Honan, Shensi, Sechuen*, and fifty other inland dialects.

Even the *Kong* is very different from the *Kiang-nan*, and both from the Fokien, of which we give some instances:

	<i>Kiang-nan</i>	<i>Kong</i>		<i>Kiang-nan</i>	<i>Fokien</i>
<i>Man</i>	Jin	Yun	<i>Father</i>	Tu	Pe
<i>One</i>	Y	Yut	<i>Mother</i>	Mu	Bowo
<i>Fish</i>	Yu	Ngu	<i>Woman</i>	Niu	Lu
<i>Sea</i>	Yang	Hoy	<i>Sun or Day</i>	Ji	Mit
<i>Tree</i>	Shu	Sut	<i>Moon</i>	Yue	Guar

Thus there are double difficulties in China both in learning the written and the oral languages; but they are worthy to be overcome, in order to put ourselves in better communication with 400 millions of human beings, to become acquainted with their books and learning, translate the best works, and to impart to them our own knowledge by translating ours in the written Chinese.

The difficulties of learning their characters are well known. They consist chiefly in the great number and intricacy of those now employed. But there is an easy key to them; they having elements and roots, whereby the whole are formed and known.

Six strokes form all the letters by their repetition. Duhalde has figured them. Only 214 radical symbols form all the others by their combination. Although as many as 80,000 characters are in the great dictionary, yet the small Chinese dictionary contains only 10,000, which are sufficient for common use and common books. A man is learned when he knows 20,000, and but few know 40,000; because 60,000 out of the whole are obsolete, or antiquated synonyms, or relate to peculiar arts and sciences.

If all the signs and symbols used by us for writing, cyphering, printing, astronomy, geography, algebra, botany, alchemy, music, etc., were collected and calculated, they would amount to many thousands. Our letters alone in their various forms of capitals, print, script, manuscript, italics, gothic, calligraphic, ornamental, etc., amount to nearly 1000. Thus the single letter *A*, can be written or printed by us with forty or fifty different variations: this, however, we all know. It may not be more difficult, therefore, to learn the Chinese signs, than our own; par-

ticularly the 214 roots; and when we know how to combine them well, we know the whole of the ideas they express, without learning their names and sounds. It is well known to be easier to learn to read than to speak Chinese.

There were formerly in China sixteen kinds of primitive characters, which may be seen in Kircher. They are now as obscure to the actual Chinese as the hieroglyphics of Egypt are to us. The first set, the lung or dragon symbols of Fohi, is antediluvian. Another set, the turtle symbols of Yao, is over 4000 years old. These sixteen sets formed 540 symbols, that continued in use till 840 years before Christ. When the modern mode of writing came into practice, many successive changes took place in it, until 200 years after Christ, when the modern straight lined letters became of general use. The written Chinese has become crowded with obsolete synonymical signs, divided into six classes.

Meantime the *Kiang-nan* language had only 330 oral monosyllables to express all these characters, which were multiplied to about 2000 oral words by accents and tones, often difficult to acquire and express in our letters; but in fact not more difficult than our long and short vowels, aspirations, and accents. But these words and tones vary in all the Chinese dialects, whence the second great difficulty of oral speech.

We are not aware that these variations have as yet been properly stated in our Chinese grammars and dictionaries, which speak more to the eye than to the ear. Even the latest by Remurat and Morrison are deficient in this respect. They merely give the grammar and sounds of the *Kuan-hoa*, or style of the learned, in the *Kiang-nan* language. There are four classes of Chinese styles: 1. Old styles. 2. Poetic styles. 3. Learned styles. 4. Vulgar styles. Yet these do not differ so much in syntax as in the choice of synonyms in writing or speaking, which ought, however, to be given.

There are also homonyms of symbols. The sun was formerly written by a circle with a small bar in the centre; now it is a square with a bar; but both are called *ga*, as in the old language, while the actual languages give many different names to the sun.

The Chinese grammar is perfectly simple and regular. It has none of our anomalies nor irregularities, therefore it is easily read and translated into any language reduced to its simplest form.*

* Dr. Duponceau, in his letter to Capt. Basil Hall, in the fifth volume of *Philosophical Annals*, 1829, although confessing himself ignorant of the Chinese, has labored hard to disprove this simple fact, and to prove that all foreign nations who use the Chinese characters must have learned the spoken Chinese, (not that they do,) before they use them. It would be much easier to prove that they need not.

If the people of Anam or Cochin China use some Chinese characters in a different sense from the Chinese, it is of course as written anomalies, well understood, as the French use the three letters *son* to write five very different ideas, *bran*, *his*, *her*, *its*, *sound*; without impairing their discourse, the connecting words showing the meaning of the written homonymy. In English, *sound* is written for three French words, *son*, *canal*, *sain*, expressing very different ideas; yet we make no mistake when we say, the *sound* of a bell, Long Island *sound*, and a *sound* head.

The Chinese idiomatic forms are common to all the neighbors, (although very different from the European idioms,) and even if they were not, they might easily adopt

Men, meaning *many* and *more*, forms all the plurals; and the verbs have no inflexions, but receive particles to modify the tenses. Thus verbs are construed pretty much as in English with auxiliary particles.

Remusat has well shown, that the oral Chinese is not purely monosyllabic, since it admits of two words being expressed by a combined character, and there are about twenty particles without separate meaning, that take a mark in writing to express this, while another mark shows that characters must be read phonically to express foreign names.

Since there are more symbols than words and accents, it must happen that several symbols bear the same name. This has been stated as a great inconvenience; but a similar homonymy is found more or less in all languages, and particularly in English and French, without great inconvenience. Several words of very different meanings seem pronounced nearly alike in English, such as :

Where, Were, Ware, Wear, Weir, pronounced WER.	
Read, Read, Rid,	" RID.
Vain, Vane, Vein,	" VEN.
I, Aye, Eye, Ay, High,	" AY.

It is as bad in French, where, for instance, to say *five holy seals* : although written *cinque saints seings*, these are pronounced **SEN SEN SEN**, and require a periphrase for explanation, as in Chinese. It follows that every apparent difficulty and anomaly of the Chinese languages, both written and spoken, has its equivalent in our idioms, and need not surprise us. After all, the written Chinese is more easy to acquire than is generally supposed, and when acquired, it may be made a medium of imparting ideas, without the multitude of oral languages, which so much perplex and impede the intercourse of mankind.

R.

them as synonymical phrases. The Italian *come state*, (how are you,) is understood in English and French as a synonym of *how do you do*, or *comment vous portez vous*,—idioms widely different.

The *Roy*, or Chinese dialect of Japan, is by no means general; it is confined to very few, else no interpreters would be wanted. The *Yomi*, or real Japanese, can be written in Chinese characters as easily as the Italian, by using the Chinese idiom and syntax.

If Remusat and Champollion have partly fallen into the erroneous belief of Duponceau, it is to be regretted as giving a currency to error. They must have been misled by not reflecting on the possibility of a simple syntax and idiom becoming almost universal.

THE HAPPIEST TIME.

To be resigned, when life betide,
 Patient, when favors are denied,
 And pleased with favors given,—
 Most surely this is Wisdom's part,
 This is that license of the heart
 Whose fragrance breathes to heaven.

Cotton.

WHEN are we happiest? When the light of morn
 Wakes the young roses from their crimson rest;
 When cheerful sounds upon the fresh winds borne
 Tell man resumes his work with blither zest;
 While the bright waters leap from rock to glen,—
 Are we the happiest then?

Alas, those roses!—they will fade away,
 And thunder-tempests will deform the sky;
 And Summer heats bid the Spring buds decay,
 And the clear, sparkling fountain may be dry:
 And nothing beautiful adorn the scene,
 To tell what it hath been!

When are we happiest? In the the crowded hall,
 When fortune smiles, and flatterers bend the knee?
 How soon,—how *very* soon, such pleasures pall!
 How fast must falsehood's rainbow coloring flee;
 Its poison flowrets brave the sting of care:
 We are not happy there!

Are we the happiest, when the evening hearth
 Is circled with its crown of living flowers?
 When goeth round the laugh of harmless mirth,
 And when Affection from her bright urn showers
 Her richest balm on the dilating heart?
 Bliss! is it there thou art?

Oh, no!—not there: it would be happiness
 Almost like heaven's, if it might always be;
 Those brows without one shading of distress,
 And wanting nothing but eternity;
 But they are things of earth, and pass away,—
 They must,—they *must* decay!

Those voices must grow tremulous with years,
 Those smiling brows must wear a tinge of gloom;
 Those sparkling eyes be quenched in bitter tears,
 And at the last, close darkly in the tomb.
 If happiness depend on them alone,
 How quickly is it gone!

When are we happiest, then? Oh! when resigned
 To whatsoe'er our cup of life may brim;
 When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,—
 Creatures of earth!—and trust alone in Him
 Who giveth, in his mercy, joy or pain:
 Oh! we are happiest then!

London, (Eng.)

MARY ANNE BROWNE.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.

NUMBER TWO.

MUCH has been said and written on the subject of National Literature. On one hand, it has been contended that nothing is requisite to its existence, but a certain number of good writers, of native origin, whether the subjects on which their genius is exercised, and the feelings with which they are treated, be or be not national. Others maintain, that this last is an indispensable requisite to constitute National Literature. In any other country, the discussion of these conflicting theories would be useless, if not perilous; because in every other but this, there is, and always has been, a national feeling, which infused itself into the national literature, and stamped its character as indigenous and original. The present situation of public opinion, however, in the United States, renders this a subject of interest and importance, and we shall for that reason give it a brief examination.

That a school of native writers of standard merit, is indispensable to a national literature, is a truth so obvious at first view, that we shall take it for granted. But we believe something more is necessary, to its constitution. We are of opinion that it should partake largely of national subjects, and national feelings. The mere circumstance of a work being written by an American, is of little moment, unless the feelings and opinions are such as distinguish it in some measure from the productions of a native of any other country. An American painter, for example, may acquire great reputation abroad, and do honor to his nativity, by delineating Italian landscapes, or embodying the events of the history of other countries, and be called an American artist. Still in our opinion he would be much more clearly entitled to that character, were he to employ himself in illustrating the history and peculiar features in the landscape of his own country. So also it appears to us, that an American poet, historian, or writer of romance, has a certain duty to perform to his native land, in preference to any other, most especially when there is such a boundless region of novelty and interest open before him, as offers itself to our cultivation. He who devotes himself to that object, is, we think, unquestionably more of an American writer, and contributes much more directly to the promotion of a school of American literature, than one who consecrates his genius to a foreign shrine.

These remarks are most especially applicable to the United States. The nature of their government and institutions separates them in a great degree from the rest of the world, and renders them objects, not only of strict scrutiny, but of jealous suspicion. The name of republican, is of itself obnoxious to a large portion of mankind, and the exhibition of a republic, distancing the rest of the nations of the earth in its advances in every thing which gives value to human life,

has unquestionably produced a feeling towards the United States little allied to good will, or even common justice. This is seen in the continued multiplication of foreign books, compiled in the spirit of prejudice or antipathy, and felt by every native of the United States who travels or resides abroad. Every effort seems to be made in that quarter, to give such an impression of the situation and character of the people, as derived from the nature of their government and institutions, as shall operate to diminish their influence by destroying their reputation. It is also observed in the reception given to Americans in Europe, most especially among the privileged classes, which is almost always distinguished by a want of that cordiality exhibited towards other strangers; and unquestionably is in a great measure owing to the influence of those calumnies and misrepresentations every where disseminated abroad, to such an extent, that the phenomena is presented of a country which at this moment is the refuge of nations, that, if we are to believe these writers, is totally unfitted for the residence of civilized man.

Under such circumstances, it strikes us that every American writer, who brings his offering to the shrine of national literature, should infuse into his work more or less of the spirit of patriotism. A country which is forever liable, nay, subjected to attack, should be always on the defensive. It should sleep on its arms, and be at all times prepared to repel aggression. He who is not willing to vindicate his rights and reputation, will in time have none to excite his solicitude. We should deny the honors of a national poem to an epic, which was devoted to the glory of any other country than our own; and we would equally withhold the character of national from any American writer, who should lend himself to the object of bringing the institutions and the character of freedom into disrepute, or who should go so far as to declare or indicate a preference of monarchy and hereditary distinctions, over the equal privileges of the people of the United States. Such a writer might be a native, but in our opinion could lay no claim to national feeling, and of course would contribute nothing to the national literature; for according to our definition, one absolutely implies the other.

We do not pretend to insist that all the literature of a nation should be devoted to national subjects, but we do go so far as to say, that a patriotic and decided leaning towards our country ought to be the distinguishing characteristic of the writings of every native. If there is not a strong infusion of this sterling ingredient, it may be produced in America, or any where else, but it can challenge no claim to a home in the spot of its birth. It is a citizen of the world, and has no privilege of birthright any where. We should think little of a soldier who fought under any banner but that of his native or adopted country; and our estimation of a writer whose talents were indiscriminately at the service of liberty and despotism, would be equally slight. To write, is pretty much on a par with fighting, for the enemy.

Nor is it our intention to say that an American writer should declare war against the rest of the world. Such a course would produce a perpetual literary warfare, and foster the most pernicious national anti-

pathies. There can be no question, that the writers of England, by carrying an attachment to the honor of their country to the extreme of contempt for every other, have provoked the dislike of almost every reading people. This is most especially the case in the United States. We have forgiven the injuries, but the insults of England will be long remembered. Our theory of a national literature, goes not to such a length. All we require, is, that an American work, the production of a native writer, should bear the impress of its origin. That its physiognomy should vouch for its paternity, and its sentiments bear unequivocal testimony to the soil from whence it sprung. Now on examination we are persuaded it will be found, that where the language does not at once designate the country to which a book belongs, there is no other criterion so unerring, as the feeling of patriotism. Foreign writers may delineate the aspect of our scenery, and give a true description of the character, habits, and manners of the people; they may enter into the spirit of our social relations, our political institutions, and the policy of our government, but there is one thing they cannot do. They cannot *feel* that inborn attachment, that touching preference, which every true man cherishes for the country of his birth. It is this feeling which emphatically constitutes a national character, and which is essential to the constitution of a national literature. Without it, the literature of our nation will only be distinguished from that of another, by a different name, and a different tongue. To constitute an American work, something more than the mere name is necessary: it seems to us that it should always appeal more or less to the national feelings, and exhibit some degree of individuality. It should neither be a copy, or an abject imitation.

We regret to say that this character of distinctness, or if you please originality, is much wanting in our literature. In every thing but our politics, we are too much given to imitation. We imitate foreign fashions, and follow foreign opinions, with a degree of docility which approaches to abjectness. We have neither a national dress, a national taste, or a national character of our own. All are borrowed or imitated. Hence arises the strange phenomenon, which cannot but have struck every reflecting observer, of a country, whose social habits are diametrically opposed to its political institutions; a country where political equality constitutes the basis of the government, and social inequalities the foundation of personal intercourse. At the election polls, and in all matters of a political nature, we are equal; in the drawing room, and in all our social relations, there is as wide a distinction maintained as in the most legitimate court circles, where hereditary or official distinctions constitute the very basis of society. We have learned from books, or have imbibed through this habit of imitation, all those fictitious notions of distinctions, having no relation to personal merit, usefulness in society, or intellectual superiority, which it was the great object of our system of government to abolish entirely. We have attempted to keep up the edifice of social inequality, while the foundation was taken away.

Had our habits and manners been formed on the basis of our civil

and political institutions, there might, and probably would have grown up in this country a state of society more in harmony with our social relations. But unfortunately, we think, while we threw off the political, we retained the social fetters of Europe. While we repudiated her hereditary system, we continued to cherish her social inequalities, and to cling to the ragged remnant of those distinctions of rank, which we profess to abhor in theory. There is perhaps no country in the world, where people are more tenacious of any real or imaginary claim to superiority, arising from family or wealth, and where more marked distinctions are kept up between the different classes of society. We recollect the period when no clerk, or retail trader, was permitted to subscribe to the city assemblies, which at that time formed a sort of Almack's, sacred to the aristocracy of wholesale merchants, professional characters, gentlemen who professed nothing, and those who in the common phrase, 'lived on their means.' Even to this day, no lady of any pretensions to fashion, can be persuaded to go to a ball on the birth-day of Washington, or any other glorious national anniversary, because, forsooth, the company will not be select, and she may possibly be contaminated by dancing in the same cotillion with the daughter of a respectable mechanic, who in person, manners, accomplishments, and most especially in real value, is perhaps eminently her superior. This ridiculous idea of a distinction of ranks, does not belong to our country, nor does it naturally arise out of our government and institutions. It is imbibed from those books which form the ordinary reading of our would-be fashionables, and which every where hold up the more useful classes of society to ridicule or contempt. Honest worth is, in almost all these, introduced for no other purpose than to induce the scoffs or laughter of high-bred insolence; and those who value themselves on their superiority in breeding, seem to have no other mode of displaying it, than by forfeiting all pretension to common politeness, and the ordinary feelings of humanity. These books constitute our school of manners. We imitate them at second hand, and those who cannot catch their elegance and polish, fancy they make up for all deficiencies, by imitating their insolence, and wounding the feelings of all those on whom they affect to look down from their imaginary elevation. In short, like all imitators, they retail only the faults of aristocracy, without aspiring to any of its virtues. They unite vulgar pretension with vulgar minds, and fancy themselves dignified, when they are only ridiculous. They appear to have no other criterion of elegance but that of outside glitter and ostentatious finery, and to imagine that it is not moral excellence, and honorable usefulness, but money, that constitutes the only claim to dignity in this country.

We believe that it is the duty of every American writer to do his best to correct this pernicious foible, which is the result of an imitation of foreign manners, and a state of society at war with all our institutions. If they love their country, and cherish its liberties they should make it a point of conscience never on any occasion to lend themselves to foster or perpetuate these unnatural exotics. It seems to us that they should miss no opportunity that comes in their way, to ridicule and condemn these arbitrary distinctions in society, which have no

connexion whatever with the intrinsic value and dignity of man; that they should inculcate an entire new system of gradations in society, founded on the very nature of our government, which should recognize merit as the sole foundation for distinction, and in all their fictitious writings, endeavor to exemplify the doctrine, that neither accidental wealth, or outward manners, ought ever to take precedence of honest usefulness, incorruptible integrity, or superior genius and acquirements. Instead of following the example of the fashionable English novelists, who never introduce a plain, honest man into their 'good society,' except as monkeys are sometimes brought in to be laughed at, they should unite to raise that class to their proper station in the social system, that is, to a rank equal with the highest in the country. In short, that they should place morals, acquirements, and usefulness, above mere artificial manners and outside glitter, and do all they can to establish a better standard of human dignity, than mere factitious or accidental distinctions.

The love of our country, is in our opinion the great basis on which a national literature is to be erected. We do not mean an exclusive and bigoted attachment, which can see no faults at home, and no virtues in foreigners, but a strong, well founded and enduring preference of our native land, over every other in the world. Neither would we wish to see our writers always insisting on its claims to superiority, with a vulgar and noisy perseverance, and obtruding our claims forever on the attention of mankind. Let them content themselves with a defensive warfare, when war shall be necessary. This is not the kind of national feeling we mean. It is not coupled either with arrogant self-sufficiency, or with a dislike or contempt of other countries and nations. It demands nothing but justice, and wishes for nothing but the respect of the world. It is exemplified, not by empty boasting, clamorous avidity for praise, or childish impatience of censure; but by a calm, quiet, manly independence of thought and action; by a deep feeling of inborn, long-cherished preference, which is indicated on all proper occasions, by a general tone of affectionate devotion, that no one can mistake, as arising from any other source than genuine patriotism. It is not precisely the exclusive patriotism of the English, which approaches to that bigotry which allows of no salvation out of its own creed, and which would seem to have no mode of rising in the world, except that of mounting on the shoulders of others; and still less is it the patriotism of our own country, which appears principally to consist in bringing down the standard of European excellence as low as possible, and then making it the object of our most abject imitation. We would have men love their country, even though it might possess nothing worthy of their affection, just as we would have children revere their parents, though they should excite the ridicule of others. But the best foundation for true patriotism, is a clear, rational perception of the just claims of our country to our attachment and devotion.

But whatever may be the real basis of a national literature, we conceive ourselves fully warranted in asserting, that it cannot be founded on an abject imitation of the literature of any other nation. It should unquestionably be modified and restrained by those universal principles

which have been adopted by all civilized people, and partake in the great family likeness, which has grown out of the adoption of a common standard of excellence. But it should not be an inveterate likeness of any preëxisting model, nor ought it to confine itself to fac-similes. It must possess some striking features to distinguish it from the literature of any other country, or it can assert no claim to the distinction of nationality. It must be sufficiently original to claim some degree of individuality, and identify its nativity, either by certain peculiarities in opinion, certain preferences for things not especially relished by other nations, occasional traces of a departure from the old beaten track, and especially by local allusions, descriptions, references, and attachments, which cannot be mistaken in their origin. These at the same time give the stamp of originality, and designate the source whence they were derived. Without something of this kind, a country may possess thousands of writers, but it will never lay any just claim to the honor of a national literature, which has for its basis national manners, national habits, opinions, traditions, history, and above all, national feeling.

If this idea of a national literature is just, it must be acknowledged that we have as yet made no great progress in its creation. By far the greater portion of our works of fiction, both in poetry and prose, might claim equal affinity with China, as with the manners, habits, and feelings of this country. They are copies of European originals, and have no national physiognomy. They appeal to none of our national sympathies, through the medium of history or tradition; delineate not one feature of national manners, not one peculiar characteristic, and are just about as much American works, as the foreigner naturalized the day after his landing, is an American citizen. They address themselves almost exclusively to retailing European prejudices and opinions; delineating at second hand a state of manners, which does not only not exist, but we earnestly hope never will exist in the United States, and, holding up to our imitation or admiration, precisely what, as republicans, we ought neither to imitate nor admire, being entirely subversive of our national institutions and social happiness. The naturalization or adoption of such literature as this can have no other effect than to disgust the young and inexperienced with every thing partaking of nature and simplicity; weaken their attachment to our republican system; imbue them with an unmanly taste for effeminate frivolities, and implant in their hearts a sickly admiration of all those effects of a system of distinctions and inequalities, such as our patriot fathers laboured to destroy forever in this country. This was the general character of our native literature some few years ago; but of late it has assumed a much better tone, although still vitiated by the old habit of imitation. To this there are also some few honorable exceptions, and it is a subject of special gratification to us, that they are found among the very first and best of our authors. It is among writers of an inferior grade, that we always find the imitative class. It seems to be the destiny of such always to imitate, and always to choose either bad models, or the faults of good ones, for imitation.

It is much to be regretted that so large a portion of our periodical

literature, has, for many years past, consisted principally of selections from foreign publications, rather than contributions from our own resources. One special reason for this preference probably was, that the former, if not the best, were at least the cheapest, being procured by a species of freebooting on the borders of English literature. This enabled the publisher to offer his work at a cheaper rate, than if it were filled with articles fairly purchased; for it will be always found that the honest gentleman who comes by his goods in a left-handed way, can under-sell the fair purchaser. Hence the larger portion of our periodicals, though born in the country, became expatriated from the moment of their birth. They called themselves American, but like our fashionable people, their dress, manners, morals, and sympathies, were all foreign. Nothing was lately more common than to take up one of these American periodicals, without finding in it one single article the production of an American writer, or one word about the country. The criticisms were the mere servile echoes of foreign journals; the science and philosophy was filched from the same source; the reviews and notices were European; the sentiments European; and in short, instead of an original, we got nothing but a second hand hash, compounded of the remnants of dishes served up months ago on the other side of the Atlantic. Blackwood, the New Monthly, the Examiner, the Athenæum, and that most invaluable production, the London Literary Gazette, furnished their respective quotas to make up these *American* publications, occasionally aided by a dish of slip-slop, or egotistical gossip, from some travelling chambermaid, or dandy, giving an account of such piquant novelties as Rome, Florence, Paris, Mount Vesuvius, the Grand Duke, St. Peters, the Coliseum, Lady Blessington, and all the second or third rate donkeys in lion's skins, in London and elsewhere.

And these were called American periodicals, and this was denominated American literature, although destitute of every attribute of nationality; not a sentiment, not a description, not a vestige, a remnant, an indication appropriate to such a title. No strictures on American manners; no attempts to point out and correct, by reason or by ridicule, the faults or foibles of high or low life; no patriotic feeling; nothing to indicate that the head or the soul of an American had any agency whatever in the composition. But these impositions on the credulity of the public are rapidly passing away. A large proportion of our periodicals is now devoted to original articles, from native hands, generally having a reference to our country, and illustrating either its manners, scenery, tradition, or history. We could point out three or four magazines, which compare advantageously with any one now published in England, and furnish ample proof that we are growing rich enough to live without begging, borrowing, or stealing. All appearances indicate that our writers are gradually approaching the true track of originality, and that not many years will elapse before we have a national literature, from which other people will borrow in their turn.

'THY WILL BE DONE.'

'Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.'

When life is like some gentle rill,
Whose waves through blooming meadows run :
While summer breezes o'er it play,
Where'er its sparkling waters stray,
How easy then it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life is like that gentle rill,
While frosty winter rests thereon,
And icy fetters bar its way,
And storms for summer winds have sway,
How very hard it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life is like some lofty tree,
Whose green leaves glisten in the sun,
While from its top the wild bird's lay
Is heard throughout the merry day,
How easy then it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life is like that lofty tree,
Whose leaves have fallen, one by one,
Its glories trampled in the clay,
And all its minstrels flown away,
How very hard it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life is full of hope and joy,
And Pleasure's voices lure us on,
And every path our feet essay,
Is stepped to measures light and gay,
How easy then it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life is full of doubt and care,
And every winning charm is gone,
And all around us is decay,
Nor even hope comes to betray,
How very hard it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When life's great work is all performed,
And the unfading wreath is won,
How gladly doth the soul obey,
The voice that summons it away,
How easy then it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

When youth is in its strength and pride,
And life is only just begun,
And friends are beckoning us to stay,
While death will suffer no delay,
Ah, then, how hard it is to say—
'Thy will be done!'

A FOOT EXCURSION IN TUSCANY.

THE APPENINES.

THERE is no better preparation for a few weeks of travel, than five or six months of assiduous study. The mind springs up like a freed bow from the confinement of constant labor, and no bird released from prison, can hail more joyously the shades of his native wood, than the wearied student turns from the stillness of his study to the living air of nature. Every object greets him with a quickening voice. The breeze of morning awakens him to exertion, and lingers coolly around his feverish brow. The distant mountain invites him with its rugged slope and misty crest, and the quiet valley arrests his step, to linger and to meditate.

THE first blush of morning was stealing over a few light clouds that lay stretched above the eastern horizon, as I buckled on my knapsack for my first tour among the Appenines. Giving a hasty glance at the exterior of the massive Cathedral of Arezzo, I passed along the square toward the — gate, and was soon alone upon the highway to the mountains. For the first half mile, the road was silent and solitary, but as the rosy light grew brighter with the approach of the sun, every part began to throng with busy forms. It was the vintage season,—the season of mirth and festivity,—and the characteristic gayety of the period lent its bright coloring to the whole landscape. My path lay through a long range of fertile vineyards, where the vine and the fig-tree, purple fruit and green foliage, were mingled in rich profusion. In one quarter was a smiling peasant girl, tripping with her basket lightly to the wine press: in another, the grave form of an aged man cheerfully bending beneath his burthen: here was a group of eager rivals, each pressing to be foremost in stripping his vine,—there a small party gaily sharing their morning repast of bread and fruits, beneath the shade of a fig-tree. It was impossible to resist the influence of such a scene, and as I walked gaily along to the sweet music of rustic merriment, the hours of the morning glided rapidly away, and half my first day's journey was accomplished, before I felt the slightest sensation of weariness.

AFTER an hour's repose, and a hearty meal at a little hamlet near the foot of the mountains, I turned aside, for the first time, from the main road, and directed my steps toward the ascent. Vineyards and cottages were still scattered along the path, and the gay forms and sounds that had cheered my morning walk, continued for a time to move on every side. But soon the scene began gradually to change. The green chain of vineyards was broken by tracts of meadow, or planted ground. Here and there a desolate spot succeeded, with scarce a trace of cultivation. These grew by degrees more frequent, seeming to spread out under the eye and extend farther in every direction. The cultivated spots wore a rough and chilling look, as if they were placed beyond the proper habitation of man, and as I advanced along the ascent, each step

seemed to carry me farther from the traces of life. The deep and solemn silence of the vast tract before me had checked the light and joyful feelings of the morning, and it was not without a sigh that I turned back to catch the last sounds of mirth that stole faintly up from the distant valley.

A turn in the path soon shut out the vale from my view. Long, rugged wastes spread before me, succeeded at times by a solitary cottage, or a small space of brighter landscape. Even these at last entirely disappeared, and the path continued alternately to wind around the rocky sides of a hill, or pass beneath the matted branches of a dark wood. Every thing was sombre and still: not a living form could be seen; even the cawing of a solitary crow would have seemed cheerful. Daylight, by degrees, grew fainter. From time to time the sun was lost behind some projection of the mountain, and the light fell dimly and indistinctly, as if shaded by a veil. The peaks that rose on every side, cast along the slopes and valleys longer shadows, which deepening still more as they blended with the shades of the forest, gave the last blushes of day the dim and shadowy air of twilight.

Sunset found me in a small valley that 'spread in pensive quietness between' two long slopes of the mountain. A broad stream flowed along its bosom, and was lost far below in the windings of the vale. I threw myself upon the grass near its brink. It was sunset above. A golden light still streamed upward from the western sky, and tinged the wooded crests of the mountain with varied hues. A low murmur of rushing waters and stirring leaves filled the air around me. The shades of evening gradually deepened on every side. One by one the stars came forth, and a softer hue seemed to steal over the shadows of the valley, as their bright orbs floated along on the dark waters of the stream. But the whole scene faded from before me, as thoughts of other scenes, and a distant land, arose in my mind. How dear, in such an hour, are the scenes that memory pictures,—how sweet the soft and melancholy thoughts of the past,—of the distant and the dead!

Awaking from the dream, into which the hour had betrayed me, I hastily crossed the stream, and began to search for the traces of the footpath on the other side. But notwithstanding the brightness of the starlight, it was impossible to distinguish a single track among the low shrubs that grew around the foot of the mountain. I was compelled, therefore, to begin the ascent as well as I could, slowly picking my way through bushes and brambles, and stumbling over the stones and broken branches that covered the slope. In this manner I at last gained the summit, though nearly breathless and exhausted with my efforts. Here I easily regained the footpath. It was still a gradual ascent, running with frequent curves along the side of the mountain. It was no time to loiter in the way, and I hastened forward with as rapid a pace as I could command, after the fatigue of the day. The confused cries of a large flock, mingled with the clear voice of the shepherd, told me that I was once more approaching the abode of man. It was a single cottage, the bleak dwelling of a mountain shepherd, built directly at the foot of the last peak of the mountain, which rose above it, black with the

shades of a thick wood. I had hardly time to ask the direction of the convent, when the deep tones of the bell rung out from the summit of the peak. There could be no better guide, and following the sounds along a short but precipitous ascent, I soon joined a small band of pilgrims at the gates of La Vernia.

THE CONVENT.

'AN AMERICAN!' exclaimed the friar at the porter's lodge, as he examined the little slip on which I had written my name and country; 'an American, and come so far to see us!'

'A long journey, in truth, Father, but well worth the trouble it gives.'

'And are there any Catholics in your country?'

'Certainly there are,' I replied, 'and in some parts the 'holy church' can boast a numerous flock.'

'And you?' added the friar, with peculiar emphasis, while the pilgrims, with whom I had entered, drew nearer in order to hear my reply.

'A heretic, Father,—not a remarkably good one, but still a Protestant.'

The good Father shook his head, as he turned away to convey to the chief of the convent the names and wishes of the tardy guests. What impression this avowal of my heresy may have made upon the mind of the Prior, I am not able to say, but within half an hour after my first appearance within his walls, I found myself comfortably seated by his side, before a table that literally groaned beneath the weight of an abundant repast, while the cheering warmth of a sparkling fire soon banished every recollection of the chill atmosphere of the evening. My Father Prior was a boon companion, and knew well the value of a warm supper and ruddy flask, after a long day's journey on foot. 'Fill your glass,' he repeated, after the first hurry of our meal was over; 'there is nothing like wine to keep out the sharp air of such an eagle's nest as this;' and setting me a good example, by constantly filling his own, he soon brought us to the bottom of the flask.

One seldom sleeps well during the first night that is passed in a strange place. At least it was so with me. I lay long restless and uneasy, watching from my pillow the shadows which the half burnt faggots threw out upon the wall, and listening to the deep murmur of the wind, that raged around the walls of the convent. At length the fatigue of the day began slowly to weigh down my eyelids, and I was gradually sinking into a deep slumber, when suddenly the convent bell began the toll of midnight prayer. In a few moments, the hurried steps of the friars, descending to the chapel, were heard along the lodges below, and for a short time the convent seemed filled with the busy hum of life. The tolling of the bell ceased, and the echo of the last footstep died away among the cloisters. I could not bear the sudden silence, and rising in my bed, strained my ear to catch the sounds anew. A soft strain of distant music seemed struggling with the hoarse

voice of the night-wind. At times it rose, for a moment, above it, and a long, deep swell of harmony came floating in triumph through the vaulted aisles of the cloister. Then followed a stronger rush of the blast, and the hymn was lost in the melancholy sighs of the forest. Again the full tones of midnight worship were borne onward to the ear, and again their last strain died away on the rushing of the breeze. The hurried tread of the friars was once more heard along the passage to their cells, and every sound was lost in the inconstant moaning of the wind.

My first task in the morning was to visit the holy places of the convent; for La Vernia was founded by St. Francis, and is filled with the traces of his spiritual conflicts and physical humiliations. Numerous traditions linger around this consecrated spot, and, religiously preserved by the more zealots of the brotherhood, contribute to strengthen the enthusiasm of noviciates and pilgrims. On a narrow path that runs along the edge of an immense precipice, you see the marks of divine interposition, by which the holy saint was rescued from the hands of the Devil. In another part is the favored chapel, where his vigils were cheered by celestial visions, and revelations from heaven. But there is one spot which no one can visit without deep emotion. It is a low, vaulted chamber, hewn out of the solid rock, by the art of man, or by the more skilful architecture of nature. No covering is spread over its chilly walls, and the damp from the earth above, forcing its way through a thousand crevices, falls in small drops from the roof. In one side of this desolate chamber, a low niche has been cut, about two feet wide, and not exceeding the length of a common sized man. A little couch of iron bars extends across it. This was the bed of St. Francis,—the bed on which his worn and exhausted body gathered strength for new penance and longer vigils. These dripping walls have caught the voice of his midnight supplications, and echoed the first tones of his morning hymn. What tales of deep mental agony might they not reveal! What scenes of self-abasement, of bold resolve, of perfect resignation, of fierce struggle with every lingering wish for the world, and, if the Catholic legend be true, of stern battle with the powers of darkness, and cheering visions from angels of light!

On returning to the convent, I found the brotherhood collected in a small square in front of the chapel. In one corner stood a group, whose pallid and emaciated features bore witness to the severe discipline of the noviciate. In another was a band of aged friars, who, from the gravity and earnestness of their manner, might have been engaged in a question of deep theology. A third was apparently more at ease than either of the others, and partly seated on the low wall, and partly leaning against it, seemed to have no other care than to while away the moments of leisure. I should have taken them for the idlers of the convent, had I not distinguished among them the portly form of the Prior. He recognized me at the same instant, and advancing towards me with extended hand, conducted me to the group, and presented me to its members in turn.

This was the most favorable point of view from which I had seen

the situation of the convent, and the friars carefully pointed out every remarkable spot to my observation. I should not know how to describe the scene to one who had never been among the mountains; but he who has, will easily picture to himself the long tract that spreads out to the eye, varied with thick woods and cultivated fields, with here and there a bright stream, or a small village, scarcely to be distinguished from the vineyards that surround it,—while around you, and above, a hundred wild peaks soar upward into the blue sky, with dark forests and precipitous crags, amid a solemn silence that the voice of man has seldom broken.

My readers will hardly care to follow me throughout all my rambles, or listen to the stories and day-dreams that whiled away my time at La Vernia. The regular duties of alternate labor and devotion allow the friars but little time for romance; and the humble cares of laborious life are scarcely congenial with poetry. Although in part gratified, I was in part disappointed, and found there,—as we too often find in life,—that the coloring of imagination is seldom borrowed from reality.

G. W. G.

TO THE PYRAMIDS.

* *Man makes that great which makes him little.* —*Byron*

Ye watch-towers of Time! that for ages unnumber'd,
From Afric's red deserts have gazed on her skies,
A later antiquity's wrecks have encumber'd
The cities,—the nations,—that saw you arise.

The Pharaohs, your founders, 'twas mockery to bind them
In cerements embalmed that have vanquished decay,
Since science has rent the strong bands that entwined them,
And analyzed rudely imperial clay.

Gaul's emperor sighed, when, with victory sated,
Beneath your stern grandeur his standard he fur'd,
As he thought that mid-way from creation ye dated
The era that ushered your forms to the world.

'So ends,' he exclaimed, 'all our puny ambition:
Man buildeth a tomb and it buries his name,
Forgot in the marble whose cold inanition
Outlasts the hot breath of the conqueror's fame.'

How proudly ye stand for the thunder to jest on!
Each peak for the air's feathered monarch a throne:
The vulture sweeps upward your summits to rest on,
The stork in your shadow steps lordly and lone.

And so shall ye stand, mid the wild desolation
That girdeth your vastness—like gods of your clime,
Till the mountains upheave from earth's reeling foundation,
And Eternity breaks down the barriers of Time!

A PASSAGE

IN THE HISTORY OF RICHARD THE THIRD OF ENGLAND.

ONE of the finest specimens remaining of the splendid mansions built and inhabited by the rich citizens of London, about the middle of the 15th century, is Crosby Hall,* which, though considerably dilapidated by time, and obscured by the more modern but less dignified buildings that commerce has erected around it, still presents to the eye a noble monument of civic wealth and grandeur, in the reign of the fourth Edward. It is more than probable, that the terms of easy familiarity on which that gay and popular monarch lived with his metropolitan subjects, induced the more wealthy of them to vie with each other in erecting mansions suitable for the reception and entertainment of their princely guest. Many of these residences were built in a style of architecture, and fitted up with a magnificence, apparently more calculated for the splendid revelries of a Court, than adapted to the simple and unostentatious habits of a London merchant. Accordingly we find, that Crosby Hall, (after the death of its founder, Sir John Crosby, a rich alderman and wool merchant,) attracted the notice of Richard, Duke of Gloster, who, pleased with its noble exterior, and the chaste style of its internal decoration, purchased it, and it became a favorite residence during his protectorate, and the greater part of his reign. When courting the popularity by which he hoped to pave the way to royalty, he played, in its gorgeous banquet hall, the smooth and polished courtier, the frank and generous host; while in its more secret recesses, surrounded by the tools of ambition, his subtle yet powerful genius originated and matured the plans which conducted him at length, through the blood of his nearest kindred, to an unstable and tottering throne.

About the time at which our history commences, this prince had swayed the British sceptre little more than a year. During that short period, the scaffold had almost incessantly streamed with blood, and the noblest houses in the realm had wept the victims of his suspicious policy. But the hatred of despotic cruelty is a feeling too strongly implanted by nature in the mind of man, to be put down by the axe of the executioner; and the tyrant soon found that for every enemy he swept from his path, he raised up hundreds, who only waited an opportunity to avenge their martyred countrymen. Richard was not blind to the confederation that was silently forming against him. He knew

What now remains of this fine old palace occupies the western and northern fronts of an irregular quadrangle called Crosby square, on the east side of Bishop's gate street, London.

The magnificent Banquet Hall, and part of the north wing, are the only parts now standing, the other portions having been destroyed by fire, at the latter end of the 17th century.

that men already turned their eyes towards the young Earl of Richmond, as the future redresser of their multiplied wrongs, and that many of the ancient nobility, Yorkists as well as Lancasterians, were flocking to the court of Francis Duke of Brittany, (where Richmond resided,) to tender him their aid and services. But the usurper *also* knew, that the standard of civil war had not yet been unfurled, and he flattered himself that he had a stroke of policy in reserve, which would arrest the uplifted arm of retribution, and sheath the sword of faction in perpetual peace. It was to him of little moment that his object was only attainable by murder. Having once resolved upon it as expedient no compunctious visitings were likely to prevent its fulfilment.

It was with this fixed purpose in his mind, that on a fine evening in the spring of the year 1484, Richard determined on visiting his unhappy consort, Anne of Warwick, who was confined in the south wing of the palace of Crosby Place. He had on that day given a sumptuous repast to some of his most faithful adherents, and had dismissed them, flushed with wine and flattery, unconscious, in their vanity at being made the confidants of a king, that they were but the blind instruments of unscrupulous ambition.

As the last guest departed, the lip of the Usurper curled with a smile of bitter contempt at the credulity of his dupes; then wrapping his mantle closely around his mis-shapen and ill-proportioned person, he made a sign to the pages in waiting that their attendance was unnecessary, and leaving the banquet hall, turned into the corridor which led to that wing of the palace in which the Queen was imprisoned. Crossing the base court, he entered a narrow, vaulted passage, and after proceeding along it for a few yards, stopped before a low arched door way. Taking from his girdle a silver key, he unlocked the massive oaken door, and entered the apartment. It was a large and gloomy room, with a lofty and elaborately carved roof of polished chesnut, lighted by Gothic windows, divided, by heavy stone mullions, and admitting through the semi-opaque glass, then in use, a sombre and melancholy twilight. The walls were paneled with oak, and in the intervals between the windows were arched recesses, each of which contained the image of some saint, with a small stone altar before it, giving evidence that the apartment had been at one time used as a chapel. The floor was strewn with rushes, and the whole furniture of the room consisted of a low oaken couch, covered with faded crimson drapery, and a chair and table of the same material, on the latter of which lay a piece of unfinished embroidery. In one of the recesses above mentioned, knelt a lady in black robes, before an image of the Virgin. In her clasped hands she held an ebony crucifix, and was so deeply engaged in her devotions, as to be unconscious of the presence of an intruder. This was the unfortunate Queen Anne. On entering, the King had started back with momentary alarm, for coming suddenly from the strong light of the banquet hall, he had not immediately distinguished her majesty, and for an instant imagined she had escaped. As soon as he perceived her, he advanced, and laying his hand roughly

on her shoulder, bade her 'get up from her mummery.' The unhappy princess turned, and encountering the stern glance of her oppressor, uttered a faint shriek, and with a convulsive shudder, buried her face in the folds of her drapery.

'Ha!' said Richard,—his naturally harsh and dissonant voice rendered still more discordant from the tone of malignant sarcasm in which he spoke,—'ha! after so long an absence has our loving queen no gentler greeting than a shriek of terror? Am I the devil, that thou shouldst hide thine eyes, and shrink and tremble when I approach thee? What!' continued he, 'is the love that prompted thee to wed me, with Edward's blood yet reeking on my hands, grown cold so soon? But I cry your mercy, madam. Perhaps you shrieked from sudden joy at seeing me.'

'Richard,' said the Queen, 'why dost thou mock me thus? However much I may have offended Heaven by the act thou speakest of, *thou* shouldst be the last to taunt me with my weakness. Is it not enough that thou hast deprived me of my just rights,—slaughtered my dearest friends, and immured me here,—but thou must come to *exult* over my misery, and crush and trample on my almost broken heart? What have I ever done to deserve such malignant hatred?'

'Fool!' exclaimed the king, with vehemence, 'thou standest in the way both of my love and my ambition,—and are not *these* sufficient causes of hatred?'

'Oh, God!' replied Anne, in a voice half choked by grief, 'oh God! that I were a peasant's child,—the daughter of the meanest schelm that tills the earth,—any thing but a Queen.' She turned aside to dry the tears she could no longer repress, and then added in a firmer tone: 'But thou didst not come to listen to my repinings. There is some deadly purpose in thy heart. Tell me my fate at once. What wouldst thou have me do?'

'I'd have thee die, minion!' shouted the king, stamping fiercely on the floor. After a short pause, he continued more calmly: 'I'd have thee die; and methinks the proud blood of the haughty Warwick must have degenerated in thy veins, or thou wouldst have died a year ago. Why, the meanest kitchen wench had broken her heart beneath the insults I have heaped upon *thee*. Hark in thine ear: thou hast outlived my passion,—thy sickly brat is dead,—I'm tired of thee. The young Elizabeth is passing fair, and I would wed *her*. Mark me, thou art the *only* obstacle. Dost understand me?'

'Yes, I understand thee well,' said the Queen, mournfully,—'and believe me,' she continued, 'believe me, Richard, thou canst not more ardently desire my death, than —'

'Ha!' cried the tyrant, eagerly interrupting her,—'ha! sayest thou so? Then by St. Paul, thou shalt not lack the means!' With these words he drew from beneath his mantle, a small phial containing some dark liquid, and approaching the Queen, he said in a low whisper:

'Anne, in this phial there is a solace both for *thy* cares and *mine*. Life, as thou sayest, has doubtless long been a burden to thee: drink this, then, and mourn no more.'

'No, tempter! I will *not* drink!' exclaimed the unhappy Queen, with sudden energy. 'Monster! thou hast made earth a hell to me, and now thou wouldst bar my entrance to heaven! Away! I will *not* commit self murder!'

'The crime and the punishment shall rest on my head,' said Richard: 'for see,' he added, plucking a poignard from his girdle, '*this* shall be thy excuse in the heaven thou pratest of, that either thou must have drank that potion, or this dagger would have silenced thy scruples. Die, thou must, by the one or the other; but I would rather thou didst choose the poison, being, as thou knowest, a peaceful man, eschewing bloodshed.'

To this brutal speech his persecuted victim made no reply, but stepping aside to the niche appropriated to the Virgin, she placed her crucifix upon the altar, and kneeling before it, appeared for some moments to be engaged in silent prayer. When she arose, her features were tranquil and composed. With a firm and dignified step she approached the king, and saying in a voice of impressive solemnity, 'The guilt of this deed be upon thy head!' stretched out her hand to receive the potion. The gaze of the murderous usurper quailed before the resigned but unshrinking glance of his injured wife, and his hand slightly trembled as he gave her the phial; but this feeling of compunction, if such it might be called, was only momentary; for his savage eye dilated, and his sallow and swarthy cheek flushed with exultation, as the Queen, looking meekly upwards, raised the fatal vessel to her lips, and drained its contents to the very dregs.

The poison must have been of extraordinary potency, for she had scarcely reached and thrown herself upon her couch, ere the venom began to work. Her limbs became convulsed, the veins of her forehead swelled, and her features became writhen and distorted with the fierceness of her internal agony. But this lasted not long. The hue of fever faded from her sunken cheek, and there fell upon her pallid face and marble brow, that undefinable and awful expression which Death sends before him as the type and shadow of his coming presence. Her eyes were fixed upon the King, who had stood with folded arms, coldly gazing on her last agonies. Raising herself with a convulsive effort from her reclining posture, in a voice of dying energy, she exclaimed, 'Unhappy Richard! thou hast steeped thy soul in guilt, of which thou wilt never reap the harvest. I feel the spirit of prophecy on my lips. Listen to it for thy soul's sake. The bride thou hast chosen thou shalt never wed; the sceptre thou hast usurped no child of thine shall ever sway. Thou wilt die a bloody death, on a lost field, and thy name shall be a bye-word for tyranny, through future ages.' Pausing for a few moments from exhaustion, she continued, in broken and feeble accents: 'My murder I forgive thee. 'Tis the only mercy I ever received at thy hand. My eyes are dim,—my heart is cold,—the hand of death is on it. Oh God! Edward,—my murdered lord,—I come,—I come!' A slight convulsion passed over her face, and falling gently on the couch, with a heavy sigh, the

oppressed spirit left a world where it had suffered so much wrong. The Queen was dead.

Richard remained for some moments, gazing on the corse in silence. Then, as if continuing in words the train of thought that had been passing through his mind, he exclaimed: 'Why, so said the dotard Henry. Omens and prophecies are but phantasies to frighten brain-sick fools. *I* heed them not. If fate *will* have me fall, why then it will. The stake I played for, *I won* and *wear*,—and he who takes it from me, must first form another dull insensate piece of earth like this I gaze on. But why,' he continued, 'do I talk of falling? This last blow *secures* me. Now to King Edward's widow. She must be my intercessor with her daughter. Tongue, be thou eloquent,—and eyes, look meek. 'Twill cost a world of lies,—perhaps some tears,—to win her to my purpose. No matter. They're a cheap commodity, and my cause shall not fail for lack of them. Then I must send ambassadors to Rome, to beg that heaven's vicerent will approve the match,—thus our holy church sanctifies incest,—and, for I know the hoary hypocrite loves gold, they must have heavy purses. That shall be looked to. Married to Elizabeth, the lawful heiress of the British throne, *who* shall gainsay my title? Richmond, thy star has set!' He paused for a brief space, and then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, added: 'But now's the time for action!' With these words he quitted the apartment.

R.

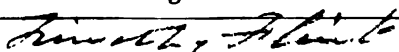
MOUNT ATLAS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

To ATLAS thus the jealous hills one day:
 'Lo! our fresh plains—our meadows green and gay,—
 Where the blithe maid in freedom roams along,
 To sing, and smile—and dream of love and song!
 Our feet which ocean laves with murmured sigh,
 Ocean so stern! our heads serene yet high,
 Where Summer, robed in flame, with tears of dew
 Weaves us each year her flowery crowns anew.

'Thou, giant! o'er thy barren summit, why
 Soars the lone eagle with untiring eye?
 Why, like a branch where builds the bird his nest,
 Bends thy vast shoulder and thy granite breast?
 Why in thy sides that wide abyss of night?
 What ceaseless storm rends it with lurid light?
 Who piled thy snows, or stamped with frowns that brow
 Where rose-lipped Spring dares bid no beauty glow?
 Why bows thy front, with hoary wrinkles curled?'
 Atlas replied,—'Tis that I bear a world!'

E.



ENGLISH CARICATURES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MACOUFIN, OR THE TALKING POTATO.'

IT is easy to account for the fact, that books of travels are intrinsically the most interesting reading. Man is formed for movement. His eye delights to hold infinite discourse with this wonderful world. To view the perpetually varying configurations of the earth, its hills, vales, waters, and its various inhabitants, with their works, and tastes, their laws and manners, is in itself the most delightful and uncloying of spectacles. To behold all this well presented in a book, in which the useful, instructive, and amusing only are retained, and the mere common place of existence rejected, is the cheapest and most rapid and pleasant way of enjoying travelling. So essentially captivating is this sort of reading, that even tedious and heavy books of travels are perused. But the ingredients to constitute a really useful and instructive book of travels are so rare, and valuable, that many such works are not to be expected. The requisite qualifications are, natural endowments, much previous instruction, capability of keen perception and enjoyment of the beautiful and sublime in natural scenery, a generous and philosophic mind to observe men, manners, institutions, laws, literature, the arts and monuments of the countries surveyed, and a sincere desire to separate the true from the seeming, and more than all, an indulgent and impartial spirit, and a disposition to find enjoyment, wherever propriety and innocence allow. It is easy to find travelers, who have some one or more of each of these qualifications. But the union of the whole, is a very rare assemblage, though indispensable to qualify the traveler to be useful and instructive, in composing a book of travels. Most of those who assume this task, are not only blinded by prejudice and incurable narrowness of mind, but by ignorance, vanity, and presumption. Every line they write, evinces that they carry their own thoughts and habits with them, as the common measure by which the beauty or utility of every thing they see is to be measured. They sound with their line of a foot in length, and conclude that they have struck the ocean's bottom, because they are at the end of their line. There is another class of irredeemable dandy travelers, who have made the tour of the continent of Europe. A corset gives them the insect grace of form, a fashionable tailor supplies a costume. Some fifty mystic phrases from the Bond-street vocabulary, with intermixed scraps of bad French and dilettanti Italian, prove them regular graduates of the *haut-ton*. Then we hear about the *palais royale*, St. Peter's, foreign courts, my Lord A—, Duke B—, Prince C—, and all the everlasting cant of theatres, stars, and paintings, that has been said and sung five hundred times. When such travelers visit us, and compare our great and fresh country, our diffusion of universal comfort and competence, our struggle for the useful rather than the agreeable, with such standards,—adjusted by their own unhappy and bottomless country,—what can we expect of them, but such accounts of us, as nine

tenths of the English travelers actually give. For myself, I have seen Europe, the West Indies, and South America, and have compared my impressions of what I there saw, with what I have seen in the United States, and Canada. Generally speaking, we have little to compare with Europe, in point of architecture, sumptuous erections, and monuments of the arts. But, contrary to the general impression, and the arrogant boast of European travelers among us, Boston, New-York, and Philadelphia,—particularly the latter,—are intrinsically handsomer towns, and strike the eye of an impartial observer, I dare be bound to say, more agreeably than most of the European capitals, in every point of view, except extent; and two of our cities sustain no mean competition with most of them, except London and Paris, even in *that* point of view. But our natural scenery, in many respects, incomparably exceeds that of Europe. It is out of question, that there is nothing in the old world to compare with the grandeur of our rivers, lakes, water-falls, and forests. The very thought of the world of lakes, from Ontario to the Lake of the Woods, of their solitary shores, their impending cliffs, the sounding streams that pour into them from a thousand unexplored deserts, of the whole concentrated mass of waters collecting in the channel of the beautiful Niagara, and thundering down the Falls, is one of unmatched sublimity. The Alps and Appenines, it is true, present more elevated peaks, more sublime ranges of rock and glacier. But after all, it is naked sublimity alone, for their mountain scenery is bald, ragged, revolting. Trees, verdure, cultivation, are never seen upon their higher summits. But innumerable points of the White, Green, and Alleghany mountains, show noble forests, dashing streams, sounding cascades, romantic glens and caves, sweet and sheltered glades and valleys; and the mountain eagle sails above beauty, and amenity, and susceptibility of cultivation, grouped immediately beside every form of grandeur. Quite to the summits of these lofty elevations arise the smokes of the abodes of husbandmen, and the retreat is gladdened by the low of kine, the cheerful sounds of life, and indications of increase and plenty arise amid their remotest nooks, and the scene is redolent of white clover, sounding with the hum of bees and rural noises, and busy with the active industry of the steady and healthy mountaineers, fostered by the keen mountain breeze. Still more unequivocal comparative advantages open upon us, in our 'freedom and abundance, our early marriages, and our rapid advance in population. Our waters are covered with more steam boats than those of any country in the world, and we have, even in this our infant stage of improvement, more length of canal than any country on the globe, excepting China. In five years we shall have triple the extent of rail road that England has. Such is the country that opens its broad surface to invite the peregrinations of the traveler. At a delightful evening gathering of a few friends, a year or two since, at Montreal, a general and desultory discussion of Captain Hall's, Major Hamilton, and Mrs. Trollope's views of the United States was entered upon. Their misrepresentations were compared with the caricatures contained in that capital work, 'John Bull in America.' 'The half a dozen sensible and impartial books of

English travelers in our country,' it was remarked, 'unhappily wanting the raciness of imaginative and splendid writing, and the piquancy of slander, have not been read, while edition after edition of the travelers who have found every thing to blame and nothing to praise among us, have been greedily caught up from the press, and universally read. Strange for the perverted taste of our country, that such books should have been so universally and eagerly read.' It is certainly only because they were abusive of us; for a book more arrogantly and pedantically dull, than that of Captain Basil Hall, can no where be found. Mrs. Frances Trollope was a blue-stocking, on furlough from her husband in London. She had lived much with play-wrights and play-going people, had travelled on the continent of Europe, and seen statues without drapery, until she had no particular fear of surveying man in his birth-day suit. Her book, it is true, is not so particularly prosing and authoritatively dull, as that of Captain Hall's. But had a volume upon England, of equal merit, been published here by an American lady, it would not have paid the ink of the printing. Major Hamilton's book is decidedly the most impudent and worthless one upon the United States, that has yet been published. A macaroni in literature, a coxcomb and Bond-street exquisite, in the form of a British author, and withal having obtained some previous reputation, as a writer of novels, he appears to have been soured, that a man of so much distinction and name should have found, owing to his coxcomical and sneering character, so cold a reception in American society, to the respectable part of which he was never intimately admitted. His book is colored every where with this base and illiberal feeling. Such were the men, and such the books, through which we were known to England. On one point it was agreed these writers were wise. Not only have they calculated upon the particular prejudices of the British towards the American people, but upon human nature in the abstract. Abuse is generally more palatable, and more eagerly listened to, than praise. The slandered party, it appears, will buy the abusive book, to learn what is said of them; and the disinterested public will buy, because slander is agreeable to human nature.

In another respect, they were admitted to be writers wise in their generation. The thing nearest the show of wit, is abuse; and the million invariably take it for wit. Slander is much less difficult to write, than praise. Nothing is easier than to make up a distorted, exaggerated caricature of an individual or a nation, as nothing is more difficult, than to award the fair and dispassionate meed of praise and blame—as weighed in the scale of impartial observation.

To prove, that such writing was the easiest of all compositions to get up, one of the party, Mr. M.—affirmed, that before the following evening he,—and he professed, he said, to be by no means a ready writer,—would produce a synopsis of the books of the pedantic and arrogant Captain Hall, that of the coarse flippant and vulgar man-in-petticoats, Mrs. Trollope, as well as of the impudent coxcomb, Major Hamilton. Accordingly, on the next evening we were seated to have the epitome of these works, in the new style introduced by the writers aforesaid. We listened attentively to the following :

SYNOPSIS.

"OUR mission was to find where the sun sets, and where people can stand on the edge of the globe and leap off; and our invaluable discoveries are intended for the express benefit of the readers of his majesty's London Quarterly Review, that thereby the wise and philosophic people of England may rightly estimate what they may expect to gain by leaving English comfort and refinement for the refuse and fag end of the universe,—to wit: the United States. Let those who emigrate there, expecting to find guineas at the roots of trees, that the springs run Madeira, and that the bayous are full of fresh milk, read our sad experience, perpend, learn wisdom, and remain at home.

"We swept the continent fore and aft, leaving not a particle of information upon the subjects we touched upon, to be gleaned by any one after us. We trust none of the enlightened subjects of his majesty will doubt that we have exhausted the several matters on which we have severally written. We traversed the continent from Maine to the Sabine, a distance, by the customary routes, of three thousand miles, both on the sea board, and the interior frontiers, making a circuit of seven thousand miles. (Prodigious, though ruinous extent of country, we grant them.) This circuit, in their slow and lumbering conveyances, occupied us nearly a month. Some would suppose, that a country with a circumference of seven thousand miles, would require more than a month, for a complete and philosophical investigation, and so it would, for any other than English travelers of our depth, quickness, and perfect impartiality, and freedom from prejudices. Who can doubt, that persons who have been used to London comforts and refinements, are admirably qualified to apprehend, and value at its exact worth, this large wooden republic on the other side the Atlantic? The people boast of their expeditious travelling through the forests, along the rivers, and over the lakes of this vast country. Now, we could have travelled the same distance, on the Liverpool and Manchester rail way, in half the time. In some places we found, indeed, what they call rail roads, but we were nearly jolted to death on them, being no other than cause-ways made through their interminable swamps, by cutting trees, and laying the trunks so close as to touch each other. Let lovers of America, unwhipt of justice, travel these accursed rail ways, and do penance! It is awful to hear of the number of miscarriages, seriously affecting the population of the country, that result from ladies journeying on rail roads. The liver-complaint, so common and fatal there, is solely occasioned by shaking that organ to fragments, on these horrid rail roads. As to a heart, no traveler need think of retaining any in his body, after such an experiment. As soon as you leave these 'rail-tracks,' where the whole frame has acquired the consistency of a jelly, your bruised frame is forthwith anointed, and poulticed withal, being turned into the mud, seldom less than three fathoms in depth, for the very soil itself is composed of clay, vegetable earth, and mud. The extent of this inconvenience may be calcula-

ted from the following well authenticated fact : An Englishman was travelling in Ohio, in the month of March, on his way to Birkbeck's Settlements. Groaning onward through the bottomless mortar bed, he thus soliloquised : 'Bah ! this is not McAdamized, nor am I within a league of paradise.' As he said this, he saw a neat quaker beaver quivering, as it were, in the bog. Dismounting to examine such a curiosity, (as what Englishman would not ?) and hooking the hat from the mud, he was astonished, in fact appalled, by hearing a human voice from under the hat : 'I hope thou art no thief, to be hooking my hat.' 'In the name of John Bull, avaunt !' cried the astounded philosophic traveler. 'Art thou log-king, or evoked from the Stygian lake.' 'Quake not,' replied the Quaker : 'It is somewhat muddy, I grant thee. I am well mounted, however, and advise thee, as thou art here on the margin of deeper mud, to rest thee awhile, and then peradventure thou mayest safely follow me into the thickest of it.' The next fact worthy of observation, is, that the whole country is one vast and sombre forest, except a mile or two round some of the Atlantic cities. The trees themselves, in fact, are all of wood. A single remark will be sufficient to convey an idea how completely the country is yet a tangled and unbroken forest. When I was at Cincinnati, a man was brought there to be hanged. They carried him half a mile out of town to execute him, in order that the women,—of whom five thousand came in from the surrounding country,—to enjoy the spectacle, might have a sight of the execution. It was soon found, that there was no area of sufficient dimensions for this purpose, clear of trees. Forthwith they sent for fifty woodsmen, and felled trees enough to open a space for the execution. But this took up so much time, that the sheriff got over his ill blood, and the man was liberated, and bounded over the trees like a panther. But let no man, who knows the sex, deprive the ladies of a spectacle. They insisted, that they came there to see a hanging, and did not intend to be balked. So they caught up the sheriff, dragged him over the fallen trees, and tucked him up on his own murderous contrivance, and while the poor fellow was swinging in the air, they amused themselves with singing 'Yankee Doodle !'

"It is utterly disgusting, to hear the Americans boast of their land of abundance. True, they have plenty of swine's flesh and cracked maize, or as they choose to call it, 'hog and hominy.' It is also true, that they stack such enormous pyramids of this flesh in the open spaces of the towns, as to obstruct the free circulation of the air, and thereby engender those terrible pestilential maladies, that sweep off the whole generation, every five years. Well they may abound in pork, for instead of the neatness of drill sowing and raising mutton by turnips, they have found out, that the swine is oviparous, as well as viviparous. Adroit in appropriating other people's thoughts, they have plagiarized from the Egyptians the mode of public establishments for hatching swine's eggs. The squeaking, when these piggeries unkenel, and hatch, is annoying, not to say terrific. I have no doubt, that more people die in the United States by gorging themselves to death with fat pork and onions, than starve in our more polished

Europe, from famine, and it is easy to perceive that the former is the more terrible death. If the Americans were a people to create sympathy, no one could refrain from tears, to think how many strangle themselves, or wear out their masticators, while devouring fat pork,—beginning to eat, and to spit, as soon as they are born, and only ceasing when they have spit out their last breath. Observe, that this takes place only south of the Niagara, for as soon as you reach the North shore, it is evident to all the senses, that people live like Christians, and spit only as comfort and neatness require. I should more than once have been affected by seeing so many Americans, male and female, spit themselves to death in the flower of their age, were it not that they cultivate such a vulgar and truly democratic contempt of death, that give them only tobacco, whiskey, and leave to spit, and they fear death as little as a fish does being drowned in the water. The women are pretty creatures, with delicate hands and feet, and uncommonly smooth faces; at least I heard of no female barbers in the country,—and it is decidedly unfashionable for the ladies to wear beards and mustachios. But people must be in a hurry in a country where so much pork is to be eaten, and so much spitting achieved, and where the ordinary length of life is but ten years. It is affecting to reflect, that these delicate creatures marry at eight, at nine have large families, and at ten have sharp and scraggy countenances, and bear all the marks of old age. No wonder this people double their population so often. I was travelling in a steam boat, which got lost in a bayou, and was at length brought up in the solid soil, nine miles from river or road. On an eminence just beyond the bow of our boat was a strange looking house, built of massive corn-stalks. My friend Mr. H—— took a graphic sketch of this strange looking abode. The only way of reaching the piazza was by a ladder made of swine's bristles. I looked up, and beheld a woman with a leg of a turkey in one hand and a gammon of bacon in the other, eating and spitting as usual. They have a detestable way of calling even young ladies with fresh complexions, if they are matured, old woman. 'How are ye, old woman,' says she in the piazza, intermitting her eating, wiping her mouth with the bottom of her gown, and spitting. 'Pretty well, I thank ye,' answered I. Said she, 'Old woman, as I am a living sinner, you bees the first parson I've seed these nine months, and I don't expect to see another for nine months more.' I observed: 'You are rather lonesome, I expect.' 'Not so lonesome, as you guess, old woman,' said she: and in truth, looking a little more attentively, thirteen children, each gnawing a turkey bone, showed their faces at as many broken panes of glass. 'All them 'ere,' says she, 'come here with out leave of priest or doctor. We psalm-sing at our own charges, pray our own fashion, bury in our own ground, after spitting ourselves to death, or dying strangled with pork and molasses. My old man says blessings over his pork and cabbage by the gross, and we get along mightily. David Crocket was here on his way to Congress, and he grinned for our amusement,—told us to go ahead,—and we had a mighty funny time of it. So, you see, old woman, we have our pleasures too.' I groaned in spirit to see this stupidity. God bless his majesty, and the bench of bishops! I wish they could see this sight.

"Of the fifty days which I passed in the United States, a large portion was devoted to investigating the condition of the slaves in the South and South-west. I attended various anti-slavery meetings, and read files of anti-slavery papers. But after all this information, I inspected every thing with a patience and expense of time worthy of a better people, with my own eyes. They talk about nullification and state rights! They cannot get hemp enough from Kentucky, but are obliged to import it from Russia, for the manufacture of cat-o'-nine-tails, and hanging cord. They talk about liberty,—God bless the mark! Why, what will they, what can they say, when they hear that we have set all ours free, and have abandoned one hundred million slaves in the East to the rights of self government! It is true, the aristocracy of slavery in the South has softened the barbarism of American manners to something a little more resembling the grace of English society, than the rude and impudent independence of the North. But much remains to be done for the cause of humanity there, as you will believe, when you read my word for it, that some of the more luxurious planters, *bon vivants*, who have actually read some of our treatises of gastronomy, behind the curtain, are fond of the flesh of a delicate young negro. At a sort of pic nic, I praised a dish which seemed both neat and pleasant. Asking what meat it was, I was answered by a mysterious smile. From what I learned afterward, there can be no doubt that I had been partaking of biped meat. It is astonishing, how much we are creatures of sympathy,—how soon evil communications corrupt good manners. In England, this thought would have been horrid. But I verily believe, that American barbarism began to incorporate with my blood, and assimilate my nature. I cannot doubt, that the air we inhale, and the food we swallow, as well as the examples we see, soon affect our moral propensities. I began to feel indescribable longings for food I shall not name. I was sensible of an irresistible propensity to sing 'Jump Jim Crow,' and to seize a cowhide and commence beating the negroes in the streets. The freedom, the liberty, of the people of that country, is their everlasting theme. The best sample I can present of this boasted freedom, is this: In the northern states, they have in the vicinity of every village huge stone or log pens, which, borrowing an English name, as is their custom, they call '*pounds*.' Whenever a person becomes lame, blind, halt, decayed, and superannuated, so that they cannot manufacture tin ware, wooden nutmegs, and pit-coal indigo, without the least touch of humanity they are seized by a writ of *habeas corpus*, dragged to this '*pound*,' yoked and wrung, a piece of red-hot wire being thrust through the cartilage of the nose, brought together, and twisted. Then they are locked into the '*pound*,' and as if this were not sufficient security against their absconding, they are fastened by a chain to a pillar driven into the ground. But, that there may be no want of some ridiculous feature in every institution of this democratic bedlam, these poor creatures, thus yoked, wrung, impounded, and chained to a pillar, are abundantly supplied with rations of whiskey and tobacco, bacon, hominy, and turkey legs, and you may hear them, under the pressure of their worse than Egyptian bondage, spit

ting, and roaring out at the top of their voice, 'Hail Columbia, happy land!'

"I went, of course, to their famous metropolis,—*the city!* of Washington, which I found to be a straggling village, on a barren heath, where any one but a woodsman would lose himself. Having been invited to the President's house, a building which, to say truth, is a good enough shelter to turn the rain, I was introduced to an old gentleman, that they told me was the President. Imagine my surprise, when, instead of shaking hands with me, he spat, sprang erect, clapped his arms, and crowed like a cock. Say what I would respecting my being an L.L. D. and an F. R. S., and one of his majesty's officers, he had fastened on the conceit that I was Jack Downing, and during the whole interview, I was addressed with no other title than Major Downing.

"I repaired from the residence of this queer old fellow to a huge, misshapen building, which they call the capitol, and imagine it has pretensions to architecture. The members of the Senate and House of Representatives are rustic-looking men, wearing bob-wigs, or their own long hair, in eel-skin queues, reaching to their middle. A Connecticut mechanican has invented for these persons a man-speaking spring, which is wound up when they reach this house, and enables them to continue *speaking*, as they call it, until they are run down. Such a passion have they for talking, and the people for hearing what they say, that they spout on *for quantity* through the session; and however silly, it is all printed in a hundred papers. There is a prodigious echo in the rotunda, below the halls of legislation. Here these eternal talkers will stay, after the session is closed, to make speeches to the echoes. Much has been said in England of this same American speaking. To enable our American mongers to judge without a voyage, I have bottled up a number of bottles of these speeches. But mark a precaution, learned by experience, which I found myself obliged to take, in packing this noisy article. Most of my samples threw their corks, or spoiled. I was obliged, to bring them genuine across the sea, to throw in a large quantity of the attic salt manufactured from my book, to preserve them. Judge of them from another criterion. They are chiefly made up of extracts from the common school collection of lessons for reading and speaking, sprinkled with scraps of dog-latin, and a sort of *patois*, called Salt-river roaring. These, with the frequent recurrence of the words *reserved rights, bank, deposits*, and the like, interlarded with the vulgarisms *I bees, I snore*, and other choice phrases from what is called the Jack Downing dialect, compose the *olla podrida* of the speech of a member of Congress. To compare the best efforts of their orators with some of the higher order of speeches in parliament, to illustrate coarsely, is to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Bad as the article is in the national capitol, it is still worse in the halls of the State Legislatures. A friend at Albany, whose hospitality I shared, carried me to hear the legislative debates, when one of the most accomplished speakers in the state was to make a speech. Judge my astonishment to see a brawny rustic rise, rub his hands, and begin with, 'I sniggers!'

"After these statements, it will be easy to judge what sort of a literature belongs to the Americans. It is true, I have seen the *Spectator*, Pope's *Homer*, and some other English books on their shelves. Every thing which they pretend to call literature, is borrowed from us, and they generally stumble on the worst, even of this. Their newspapers are rich, if not happy, in abuse, which is the highest wit to which they aspire. To say a word of their critics, would be to descend far below their newspaper editors. In the way of novels, essays, periodicals, and light literature, they have not, to my knowledge, produced a single thing read, or readable in England. Thus it happens, that while they catch up every word which we say of them, and fly in a passion about it, we neither hear, nor care in the least, what they say about us. Bryant, I am told, is their chief poet. I have tumbled over a volume of his poems, and have read enough to know that he is not of my parish in poetry. I shall quote a few lines from a poem of his, entitled '*Thanatopsis*,' of which his admirers are not a little proud. I quote at random, but correctly:

'Ah! Debby Jinks, light of my soul,
Who dost my secret thoughts control;
Wert thou as deep in love as I,
Thou wouldst not leave thy swain to die.'

"I visited two or three libraries, which, I was told, were the largest in America. There was some show of books; but on examination I found them to consist chiefly of files of newspapers, and old almanacs, put in showy bindings. Scarcely such a book as a whole copy of the Bible was to be found. I was told that a library which had figured in the papers as a munificent theological endowment, numbered just one hundred volumes. A real English book-worm would read through their most extensive collection before breakfast. I do not believe that the reading of every book in the United States, would qualify a person for a higher place than Attorney's apprentice in England. Major Hamilton, who was fastidiously delicate in his eating and liquids, frequently dined in New-York at the '*North American Oyster House*,' considered the best eating establishment in the city, on pigs tails! Yes, reader, believe it or not, literally on pigs tails! and what is worse, crumbled into milk! And this singular delicacy they bolt so '*dreadful*' fast, that a bowlful disappears before you can count ten.

"A lady in Cincinnati was sewing what no lady in England would hesitate to call a gentleman's shirt. This lady, who had delicate hands and feet, and who, I dare say, knew a thing or two more than she would be thought to know, affected to be sensitive about giving the name of this article of apparel. Says a young man, who was ogling her, with his hat knowingly cocked on one side of his head, and spitting rivulets of tobacco juice: '*By gosh, Sal,*' says he, '*I guess I knows what you are sewing,—its a—*' '*Now John,*' says she, '*you behave, or I'll slap your jaws.*' Says he, '*Sal, I'll bet it's a thing for a man.*' '*I never!*' says she. '*Now see, you impudent dog, it a'nt a thing for a man;*' and with that she produced her work, sewed up at the bottom, like a meal-bag. In company, the men all gather on one side of the

room, and the women on the other. There they stand, grinning and making faces at each other; so that there can never pass between the sexes in that miserable country any of those little innocent freedoms, without which the present would be the last generation. This is partly owing to their infinite devotion to money getting; and partly to their unappeasable rage for politics. The extent to which they carry this latter passion, may be inferred from a single fact: A young, healthy, and newly married man, a member of Congress, married a pretty wife, and departed, immediately after the wedding ceremony, to attend a caucus, and got so deeply engaged in making speeches and electioneering, that he wholly forgot his bride at home, and, in fact, did not return for two or three weeks. The women take all this with a docility and patience without bottom or shore; and are just as eager to get married as with us, and never think of resentment or complaint. Yet in this same wonderful country, where every thing has a twist the wrong way, these identical women are the greatest viragos and scolds to their servants, that ever were seen. They screw up their pretty mouths, and talk about virtue, with such demure countenances, and set phrases, that one would think an ice-cream would hardly dissolve in their mouths. Yet to such a horrible extent is prostitution carried there, that a wealthy bachelor had a number of sacks of foundlings left at his door in a single night. Every Englishman knows how perfectly all this democratic tendency of things is provided against, especially among the higher classes, in our country.

"I can give the clearest view of the manner in which married people pass their time in domestic life, by presenting a single sample of the way in which they get along in Philadelphia. I became acquainted with a pretty woman, who lived in the best style, in one of their fine houses, with marble steps, neat rooms, and Turkey carpets. The husband was a wealthy merchant. The wife dressed, I must say, with taste, and lived expensively. She never went to the theatre, or any other place of public amusement, but dissipated piously, by going to church five times a day, and carrying with her to the evening meeting a favorite missionary in a band-box. She lived all the while on the best terms with her husband, but saw him only four times in a year, when a conversation regularly took place, of which the following is a fair sample: 'How de'-doo, dearie?' 'I guess I does pretty well, dearie, thank ye:' upon which the servants bring in supper. The wife yawns, the husband spits, and there is an end to their intercourse for that quarter of the year.

"To elevate our morals, and refine our taste, we have public and private amusements of all sorts. But here all the sensation, all the craving for amusement, evaporates in a thousand forms of religious excitement,—meetings for people 'under consarn of mind,'—anxious meetings,—inquiry meetings,—conviction meetings,—conversion meetings,—revival meetings,—and last, though not least,—camp meetings. The preachers leer in the faces of their innocent and excited subjects, most seducingly. Sighs circulate,—hands are pressed,—embraces ensue. They roll on the floor. By and by, some one springs up, and

cries at the top of his voice, 'Glory! Hallelujah! I have glory in my soul!' Screams and cries, rending the air, follow; and then they kiss, and giggle in the holy laugh. A lady of standing and education, and a bright Methodist, in answer to my question, what religion, as they understood it, was? thus explained it, from which you may judge how intelligible is the dialect of the initiated: 'Religion,' said she, 'is a pic-nic feast of fat things,—a delicate tit-bit from the tender loin-ah! religion is a sweet up-heaving of the passions and affections-ah! religion is the wine and sweet-cake of the precious ones in Israel-ah! religion can be no more felt or understood by such a one as you, than you can cut pine knots with a razor-ah!' As to society, meaning the manners of the Corinthian column, or of those who live at the west end of our city, so little do they understand of fashion: able crim. con., elopements, separations, separate establishments, and the like,—so little are all these results of polished intercourse understood here,—that they have no morning and evening papers chiefly devoted to intelligence of this kind. In this rude and unpolished land of democracy, husband and wife are obliged to hold together to the end of the chapter, as though she were stitched to his coat, and he to her petticoat; and this I hold to be one of the most intolerable bores of their institutions. As to religion, meaning a religious establishment, you know that you and I, and all wise people, have but one idea about religion, separate from an establishment. But though the one is the idle dream of weak and old people, the other is an all important and indispensable feature in the institutions of every polished people. Fearing God is for the silly; but honoring the king is a great point. Bishops and tithes are the main sinews of enforcing the latter. There must be a few such prizes as the Archbishopric of Canterbury, connected with a salary larger than that of the American President. To keep up the due subordination between those who preach continually that all men are on a level in the sight of God, it is equally necessary, that there should be curates with forty pounds a year, to go through the drudgery of preaching and praying. Glorious establishment, that of our dear country! Well and wisely did the reverend bench hold to it, tooth and nail, in the House of Lords. Oh! wretched, superlatively wretched, rude, democratic and sunk, submerged a thousand fathoms deep in the gulf of gothicism must that country be, where, as in the United States, every one is at liberty to do his own preaching and praying for himself. The consequence is, that they are deluged with sects and ministers; and there is certainly more show of that stupid nullity, religion, which is not state religion, than in any other country. No wonder, the negroes are the only polite people in the country. No wonder the whites turn their broad backs towards the boards at the theatre. No wonder the men spit, as soon as they are born, and spit till they die. No wonder they gape at one side of the room, and the women giggle at the other. No wonder the women marry at nine, and look old at ten.

"They talk about having fine vegetables and fruits in that country. Well, as I am a literary sinner, a lady, and a Christian of veracity, I declare, that when I sent to market for potatoes, I could get nothing

better than mean artichokes. I had heard much about the pears, apples, and peaches, at Cincinnati. What they sold to me for pears, I found to be wild crab apples. The apples I found to be cranberries; and the peaches,—what do you think they were? They were potatoe balls! I do not believe that there is an apple, pear, or peach in America, fit to be eaten. Mr. F—— had spoken of a promenade a little out of Cincinnati, as being a shaded and agreeable walk. Thither I went, on the strength of his recommendation. I found the air, among a tangle of disagreeable shrubs and trees, to be close and suffocating. I sunk up to my middle in decayed leaves and putrid vegetation; started a number of horned snakes, which bit me, snap dragons, that hissed at me, musquitoes, that stung me, and gallinippers, weighing an ounce a piece, that pierced my thin English skin, and soon drained every drop of blood in my veins. One walk satisfied me, as you will readily suppose.

"I was invited to a party, composed, I presume, of the most fashionable people in town. On my veracity, the refreshments were pickled shad, *dodger cake*, Johnny cake, gammons of bacon, turkey legs, and hashed onions. The men on one side of the room spit as usual, and the women on the other cried, 'O la!' Major Hamilton, in travelling to Boston, passed through New-Haven. At night, they literally put him in a dog kennel, with two or three litters of young puppies for companions. The Bostonians are such knavish cheats, that, he having very fine teeth, they watched him until he was asleep, and then fell upon him and drew out his ivories, to put into their own toothless jaws. Moreover, they stole his famous fustian jacket, to furnish a Bond-street pattern to a tailor there. He was in constant fear, being an uncommonly knowing man, that they would catch him, and compel him, by their execrable laws, to act as a schoolmaster. In a steam boat from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, he found himself amidst the most detestable and barbarous people, with whom he had ever met. The food and society were scarcely fit for the tenants of the cells of the condemned at Newgate. Most of them, I found, had murdered, and none had committed a humbler felony than horse-stealing. A fact must stand instead of details, touching the gross and disgusting manners of this place. For combs they used common horse curry-combs, and for towels, and not enough even of them, they had coarse fragments of baskets. Among the strange customs of this country, they eat the skins of the peaches, throw away the pulp, and sell the stones; and mutton and fowls bear a good price in the market, while the beef and pork is distributed gratis. There are a thousand mis-called charitable societies, not for the relief of the old, poor, and superannuated, that are left to perish, but to take care of sick kine and sheep. Most of these societies are managed by women, who budge about with the missionaries, and tease every body for contributions.

"But '*Ohe jam satis!*' as the critics say: I should never have done with describing all the odd, annoying, and disgusting circumstances of an existence in this much boasted, but really miserable country. Not an English emigrant is there, but eternally sighs to escape from it, and

return to monarchy and bishops. The emigrants there, not excepting even the Germans, weep continually, and hang their harps upon the willows, for want of thirty dollars, which would pay their passage back to their father land of politeness and true comfort. And yet, my word for it, there is in the people an English staple, if I may use a hard word, a substratum, that might be wrought into a real country. I recommend to them to send a humble petition to his Majesty, to send them over thirty or forty such persons as Captain Hall, Major Hamilton, and Mrs. Trollope, for distribution through the country to instruct them in the decencies and comforts of polished society. In such case, the republic would soon become bearable."

L I N E S

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BIBLE.

' And God said, Let there be light, and light was !'

LET there be light! the Almighty said,—
 The darkness heard His voice, and fled :
 There is a darkness of the mind
 As thick, as deep, as undefined
 As that which wrapped the world in night,
 Ere God exclaimed, ' Let there be light !'
 But, as the womb of chaos nurst
 The germs from whence creation burst,
 When He, on whom archangels wait,
 Bade the rude atoms congregate,
 Which, but for his Almighty skill,
 Had rolled in useless darkness still,—

So doth the mind of Man infold
 The ore of true Religion's gold,
 Which, when the blood of Him who died
 Upon the Cross, hath purified,
 Shall be laid up beyond the sky
 In heaven's eternal treasury :
 There, at the coming of the just,
 God will requite the Holy trust
 With pleasure knowing no alloy,—
 A boundless heritage of joy.

This holy, bright, immortal page,
 Shall light us to that heritage ;
 And if at times across our way
 The clouds of doubt a moment stray,
 If Mercy seem to hide her smile
 In gloom and mystery awhile,
 Shall we despair ? Forbid it Heaven !
 The darkness shall again be riven :
 All that our ignorance concealed,
 Shall stand in glowing words revealed :
 All that our doubts had veiled in gloom,
 Eternal radiance shall illumine.
 A beam shall pierce our *moral* night,
 From Him who said,—' Let there be light !'

THE PILGRIMS.

' Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the *Mayflower* of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them no sight of their wished-for shore. I see them escaped from their perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-cold rocks of Plymouth.' *Edward Everett.*

On the bleak and dreary sea,
Behold that struggling sail!
The salt spray dashes o'er the deck,
The spars creak in the gale;
Thick, thick the chilling snow descends,
The rain and sparkling sleet,
And fast the curling billows freeze
That o'er her bulwarks beat:
And scarce the haggard crew can guide
The staggering vessel o'er the tide!

Suns rise and darkly set,
Long weeks and months depart,
And they who crowd that narrow deck,
Grow deadly sick at heart!
The wailing infant pines and dies,
Stout frames are drooping fast,
And scarce the rugged mariner
Can mount the reeling mast:
And long his straining sight in vain
Is cast across the yesty main!

'Land, land!' the blessed sight of land!
The Pilgrims' toils are o'er:
The anchor plunges in the bay,
The boat rocks at the shore:
The white tents glimmer on the beach,
The red fires blaze around,
And hearts with grateful thanks o'erflow,
And hymns of lofty sound!
And the sweet slumbers of the blest
Steep their worn frames in happy rest.

Morn shines upon the new-found shore,
And forth the Pilgrim goes,
But all around is bleak and wild,—
Dark woods and swarming foes!
Far as his anxious eye can stretch,
The hills with ice are white,
And the swart Indian stalks around,
Arm'd for the deadly fight:
And fear falls on that little band,
Collected in a stranger land!

Years, years have passed,—two hundred years!
And lo! the mighty change:
A thousand sail, a thousand roofs,—
Far as the eye can range!
The wild beast from his haunt hath fled,
The tribes molest no more,—
The Pilgrim slumbers in his grave,
His perils long since o'er:
And millions of the gallant free
Possess the land from sea to sea!

TERESA CONTARINI.

NEXT to the Epic, it is well acknowledged that there is no species of writing of so arduous and delicate a nature as that of Tragedy; and it marks an advance in refinement and intellectual superiority in no mean degree when we find, in the literary productions of a country, approved poems of this nature, which are not only agreeable to the eye and ear, from the stage, but able to stand the cool and investigating judgment of criticism in the closet, without deteriorating from the first favorable impression.

It is no small praise to our country, that, young as she is among the civilized nations of the earth, and great as have been her labors in the few years of her political existence, she can nevertheless boast of successful writers, both in Epic and Tragedy; that she has presented both fable and language, such as the critic and unbiassed judgment have not failed to approve; and such as have been incorporated with the present literature of our times, in foreign countries as well as our own.

The writer of the Tragedy before us, has many claims to the attention and respect of the public. We will mention the strongest first. *The play itself is a good one*;—in addition to which it must be observed, that it is written by a lady who, though very young, is intimately conversant with the history, language, and peculiarities, of the people among whom the scene of her drama is laid; who has already given to the public several graceful and spirited translated specimens of the Italian tragedians; and, by the translation of an entire play from the Italian of Silvio Pellico, has effectually stamped her character for classic taste, in the opinion of the critical world.

It must be admitted, that there is in general a predisposition among literary men to look unfavorably on the tragic efforts of a female; and not without reason. The state of comparative retirement in which she is supposed to live, the nature of her education, the delicacy of her frame and feelings, which constitutes her, as it were, perpetually an object of protection to the ruder and more robust sex,—all these, while they tend to refine her sentiments, purify her ideas, and clothe her language with greater elegance, tend also to preclude her from the observation of those stronger and more violent passions, those ebullitions of rage, those expressions of vengeance, those oblique glances of hypocrisy, withering envy, and all

‘The fiercer tortures of the mind,’

which constitute integral principles of tragedy, and keep up that intense interest, without which it retires into the character of a mere poem. On the contrary, light and airy playfulness are more the legitimate vocation of the female pen; and authoresses have commonly been found much more successful in the expression of sentiment connected with comedy, than with the more dignified, yet harsh and severe tone which is the concomitant of tragedy. From such remarks, our authoress is free, in a much greater degree than her most sanguine critical friends

could have anticipated, and almost as effectually as her most ardent admirers could have wished. Nevertheless, the work is not a 'faultless monster.' The female mind is seen throughout the language, which, though forcible as well as elegant, seldom merges into those torrents of passionate speech and action which appear to carry away the agent, captive at their will, and draw the hearer in their train, captive also, and completely, to the force, vigor, and vehemence of the idea.

The scene of this play is laid in Venice, at the period when the *Council of Ten* exercised an almost despotic influence over the people of the Republic,—when inquisitors of state could dispense either justice or vengeance,—and when wanton and anonymous accusations were sufficient to throw life and liberty into jeopardy. It was at a period also when great jealousy was entertained of the machinations of France and Spain, and public attention was much taken up in endeavors to avert their effects. The piece opens with the Doge and Senate in council, when, after some altercation between *Veniero*, (the father of *Teresa*,) and *Loredano*, one of the state inquisitors, which partly opens the plot, a decree is voted which makes it capital for any Venetian to be seen within the precincts of the Spanish Ambassador's palace. The altercation just mentioned, kindles a desire for revenge in the bosom of *Loredano*, who contrives to get an anonymous accusation against the old soldier and senator *Veniero*, to be thrown into the *Lions Mouth*, at that time the common receptacle for such communications. In consequence, the latter is thrown into prison, and inevitable destruction is before him. His daughter however, who is the heroine of the piece, is beloved by *Contarini*, one of the State inquisitors, and he prosecutes his suit with great ardor. She loves and is beloved by *Foscarini*, a young nobleman and soldier of great promise, and cannot yield to the suit of *Contarini*, against whom, indeed, she feels sentiments of dread and dislike. Whilst *Veniero* is in prison, he is visited by his daughter, and *Contarini* finds them together. The inquisitor urges his suit, offers to save the daughter, but demands as a reward the daughter's hand. A scene here ensues, which is beautiful in itself, but is repugnant to our preconceived ideas of *Veniero's* courage and independent feeling. By playing upon the fears and the filial regard of *Teresa*, there is wrung from her a reluctant oath to accept *Contarini* as her husband, although her secret vows are breathed to *Foscarini*, who is at this time sent by the State to Switzerland.

Of course, by the power of *Contarini*, *Veniero* is released, and the nuptials take place. But we have an underplot, carried on by means of a lady named *Fiorilla* who having been strongly attached to *Contarini*, and feeling herself slighted by him, sends word to *Foscarini* of what is going on in the family of *Veniero*, and he visits the bride on the night of the nuptials, in all the anger of an injured lover, but under cover of a mask. He soon after discovers how she has been imposed upon, and visits her again, to take leave of her forever. They are nearly being surprised in this last interview, and to save her from reflection, he ignorantly takes shelter in the Spanish ambassador's grounds. There he is discovered, and sentence of death is the consequence.

Teresa rushes into the Senate-house, to save him if possible. There she declares all the arts used by her husband and her father, to urge her to the sacrifice she has made. She insists upon *Foscarini's* innocence, and that he unwittingly sought shelter there. It is all in vain; the jealousy of her husband has anticipated the reprieve of the Senate, and he has the cruelty and malevolence to point out to her from a window the execution of the ill-fated *Foscarini*. The triumphs of the villain are however but short. His colleague, *Loredano*, produces papers which prove him guilty of high treason against the State, and he is led out to a similar fate with that of his unfortunate but secret rival. *Teresa*, overcome by all these evils, falls in the Senate-house and expires broken-hearted.

Such is the plot, and we shall now proceed briefly to point out a few gems of beautiful ideas, which are interspersed through its pages.

The two passages immediately following, are remarkably happy and comprehensive. They describe the distinct characters of the coquette, and the retiring modesty of virtue, while at the same time they indicate the fickleness of the speaker, and the ease with which an excuse can be found for our own acts and purposes :

Contarini. At shrines so fair
Kneeling we offer passionate vows, but dream not
Of single worship. Would the sun in heaven
That fills the world with glory, treasure up
His gathered beams for one poor mortal's gaze ?
Or if he might, would not the dazzling tide
Overwhelm his votary ? *Florilla's* charms
Were never made for one ;—and all who share
The sunlight of her smile, may bask in safety—
It shines on all alike.

Again, in the same scene and dialogue ;

Loredano. So fickle a gallant !
Contarini. Your pardon. The majestic flower that spreads
Its beauties to the open eye of day
All may admire, and quaff its beauteous fragrance—
But love we less some gentle, shrinking bud,
That blooms but for our gaze ?

The language of love, chaste but impassioned love, is perhaps peculiar to the fair sex. At least, it comes with double force from *their* lips, and communicates a double fervor and purity from *their* hearts. The elegance, the exquisite sweetness, of the following sentences, has been seldom surpassed ; and we cannot either read or hear those lines without being impressed with the delicacy of the mind that could conceive them.

Foscarini. She listens like a goddess, fresh from heaven,
To airs that breathe nought heavenly but her name.
The winds that wanton, lady, round thy lips,
Steal thence the fragrance that with prodigal wings
They lavish round the world !

* * *

Foscar. Forgive me,—it is hard to measure words,
When the heart overflows. Mine own *Teresa* !
I've loved you long, and sacredly, and deeply.—
As we do ever love all gentle things,

All glorious things, and holy,—the rich flowers—
 The brilliant morn,—the far and smiling heaven !
 All these grow sometimes pale; heaven is o'ercast—
 The dawn is clouded,—and the fickle flowers
 Are blighted ere their bloom is ripe. Oh, tell me,
 Who shall ensure to love, in chilling absence,
 Exemption from their change ?

Teresa. It owns no change.
 To speak like you in figures,—wears the sky
 A fainter hue, because some clouds a while
 Obscure its glory to terrestrial eyes ?

In the second act we have a beautiful idea of the innocent, unsophisticated state of the heart, which knew so little of the inconsistency of human nature, so little of the malevolence of revenge, the workings of hatred, the guile of hypocrisy, or the policy of ambition, as to suppose that even a long course of honor, bravery, and patriotism, could avail against the machinations of evil passions, or against the determination of lawless power to attain its ends. When her father is accused, she vainly imagines that by bringing his life and actions in brief but startling review before them, such arguments would be conclusive of his innocence.

Teresa. Believe it not !
 He has served you long and well. His years are many,
 But they outnumber not the victories
 He won for you. His hair is grey—'tis blanched
 With hardships more than age. Would he now cast
 The reverend mantle of his honors off
 To league with traitors ?

This beautiful simplicity is entirely consistent with the noble disdain which she expresses, when Contarini offers to turn aside *the course of justice*, and save her father, on condition of receiving her hand as a reward. The keen and biting irony with which she commences her address, seems to rend his very soul; and when she rises into virtuous indignation, and expresses her abhorrence of such selfishness, and unprincipled conduct, the effect seems to be most humiliating to the hearer :

Teresa, (scornfully.) Is this the Noble
 So honored ? This the haughty Senator ?
 Ready to barter, in his selfishness,
 The trust he holds ? Bearing the solemn charge,
 A nation's safety—laden with the prayers
 Of suppliant millions, on his truth who rest
 Their hopes,—their all—yet ready to fling down
 The mighty burthen, if it impede the way
 To some light goal of pleasure ? Is 't to such
 We plead ? Before, I revered, tho' I feared thee—
I scorn thee now !

The value which the well cultivated mind places upon the esteem of one's fellow beings, and upon a posthumous good name, is prettily expressed in the following passage, in which Teresa is pondering over the evils to which she has been subjected through the instrumentality of her father and her husband, and the apparent breach of promise to her honest lover. The imagery in these few lines is sweet, yet mournful :

Teresa. Yet it is hard to bear! My misery sure
Might claim some pity! I would fain be thought on
With grief, but not with scorn. I'd be remembered
Like a dim, far-off vision, worn and sad;
Leaving a mournful, yet a softened image,
Mellowed by passing time to tenderer hues,
To fade at length, like tremulous light away!

She goes on to comment upon that love of life, which, under the most adverse circumstances, is found inherent in the human breast. She is weary of the world, and of its miseries, yet cannot bring herself to think on death as a relief.

Teresa. Strange, that life should cling
But closer, as we strive to shake it off;
And mock its tenement, though that be worn
Too thin to harbor it.

And in the following passage we have a lively idea conveyed of the thousand nameless wishes which find momentary place in the heart, under the impulses of dread, horror, disappointment, a consciousness of wrong towards another, of which we may have been the cause, even though involuntarily. Wishes and thoughts, which, if realized, would plunge us into the depths of anguish and despair, yet when viewed only through the vista of anticipation, and as the probable means of averting one painful subject of weariness, are cherished against our better reason, and are dwelt upon with all the intensity of the most desirable hopes.

Teresa. No,—you know not half
The wild, bad thoughts I've cherished. *Fbecarini*,
I've wished thee dead: I've looked upon the sky
When the fierce tempest blackened it—and hoped—
And hoped its wings would sweep thee to destruction!
Invoked the heavy mountain rocks to crush thee!
Prayed,—as I ne'er before have prayed for weal
Of thine or mine—for death, ere thou should'st come
To find me thus.

We cannot be brought to approve the inconsistency of *Veniero's* conduct; a man who is introduced to us as brave, honest, patriotic, and firm, yet who in prison, and to preserve a degraded life for a few short days or years, would entrap his daughter's feelings, and draw her into a loathed marriage with an unprincipled judge. The part of *Fiorilla*, also, has too little connection with the main plot of the piece. She is nothing more than a vain and malicious coquette, who comes on and goes off the stage so frequently as to break one of the important unities of tragedy very materially. She might either have been left out entirely, or made to play a more prominent part. We may add to these exceptions, that *Loredano* and *Veniero* hardly receive poetical justice,—the former especially. These are not sufficient, however, to overbalance the thousand beauties which are to be found in the various scenes of this play. The versification is harmonious, the moral is pure, the action is close, the catastrophe is striking. The wholesale murder of the English tragedies, particularly those of Shakspeare, is avoided, and thereby the sensibilities of the audience are awakened, without being afterwards blunted.

The play will be still more admired in the closet than on the stage; and we may safely predict, that with such a piece as the present for the *coup d'essai*, the fair author will rise to high eminence in the walk of tragic poetry. P.

STANZAS.

For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.
Rom. Paul.

How oft, in my tear-flowing moments of sorrow,
 When shrouded in darkness, and tempests, and gloom,
 Have I thought that the light of a coming to-morrow
 Would scatter the storm, and the shadows illumine.

How oft, when for hours the cold drops have descended,
 Like winter's dire hail, on my shelterless head,
 Have I longed for the spot where from peril defended,
 My rest would be sweet till the danger had fled.

How oft, when for days I have shrunk at the thunder,
 And gazed on the clouds with a feverish eye—
 Have I prayed for those clouds to be driven asunder,
 Or sealed by the rain-bow, o'erarching the sky!

Thus thinking, and wishing, and longing in sadness,
 The worldling is duped as he seeks for a goal;
 Griefs ever succeed his unsanctified gladness—
 And anguish, the pride and the lusts of his soul.

Not so the Believer! Though storms hover o'er him,
 Though deeply he sinks in life's stormiest wave,—
 There is One who has breasted the billows before him,
 Whose arm is extended, and mighty to save!

That One will be with him to cheer and to cherish,
 To roll back the storm-cloud, and on him to pour
 The light of His love, when creation shall perish,
 And Faith to its mansion immortal shall soar.

Brooklyn, New-York.

D.

OUR OWN COUNTRY.

NUMBER TWO.

THE TIMES.

'*VETERA EXTOLLIMUS, RECENTIUM INCURIOSI*,' is a remark of Tacitus: but if it were fit for Tacitus's age, it is not fit for ours. We judge ourselves to be about the wisest people on earth,—and we pity the poor, stupid blindness of antiquity, which, if it did have grand temples, filled them with blocks of marble, called Jupiter, Venus, and Mars, just to worship them, and to make them gods or goddesses. Savage, indeed, we think the Athenians must have been, to live without windows to their houses, even if their very fishermen could detect the slightest inaccuracy of accent or pronunciation in the orators of Athens. When we are flying over the rail-road, at the rate of twenty or thirty miles an hour, and can journey from Bangor, (Maine,) to Charleston, (South Carolina,) in less than a week,—all by steam,—what a contempt we feel for the snail-paced Roman who was forty-seven days in going from Rome to Gibraltar! 'Shame,' we cry, 'on those who for centuries carried about heads, legs, arms, and bodies, without knowing that the blood circulated in their veins!' 'What think ye,' demands the panegyrist of the present day, with scorn on his lip, as he thinks of the past, 'of the men who did not know this earth was moving,—who had not a telescope to see a star,—who crept tremblingly from cape to cape, fearful to start out on the Atlantic? What think ye,' he continues, 'of the Monks who erased from parchment the Decades of the immortal Livy, to transcribe therein their miserable legends,—of the monarchs and princes who could not write their names,—or of the infatuation that forced Galileo, with the oath of God upon him, to dream that the earth was immoveable, although it was then rolling one hundred and forty times swifter than a cannon ball?' Our old puritan fathers we begin to pity,—the strong-hearted and noble-souled men, who defied tyranny in one world, and fled for peace to another, there to build up this magnificent nation,—one virtue in whose breasts,—one single principle of theirs, which they had the insight to discover, and the courage to proclaim, groping as they were in the thick darkness of religious and political proscription,—is worth more than all their degenerate sons can do to the end of time. '*OUR ANCESTORS*!'—you hear no such appeal here, as this, with which Cicero would electrify a Roman Senate, where 'our ancestors,' and 'the immortal gods' were almost one idea, that swelled the soul of the Roman, and made the blood run thrilling through his veins. A thousand chances to one, if an orator of ours were to appeal to *our* ancestors, that some political whipster did not answer him, '*Our school-boys now, know more than the Platos of antiquity.*'

There is not a country on earth, where there is less reverence for

antiquity, than in the United States. We have been laying hold of its pillars with Herculean strength, ever since the pilgrims landed on the rock of Plymouth,—tumbling them down one at a time, but almost always with a solemn deliberation. Since the American Revolution, England has been imitating our political example,—demolishing one fortress of antiquity after another,—taking years to accomplish what we have perfected in a few months,—so that now the British public has almost reached Bentham, and shot far ahead of Brougham, his great disciple. True, at this moment she is pausing, but she is pausing only to accumulate strength. The volcanic fires are crusted over, but there is the rumbling within,—the terrible rage of pent-up wrath, which must and will find vent, some day or other. England has not gone far enough. She is but in her swaddling-clothes. We, her children, have shot ahead, and are earnestly beckoning our parent on. We see the danger,—the burning cinders, covered with ashes, among which she is walking, and as dutiful children, we would rescue her. But it becomes us, as we have undertaken to act the pilot, to keep watch of ourselves. The mariner, when he is drifting upon the ocean, narrowly watches his latitude and longitude, and takes note of every star that glitters about or above him. So we who are drifting hitherward and thitherward, should turn our glass about us, and our horoscope beyond us, and mark our latitude and longitude on the chart of the present day,—taking note where we are, for what purposes we are destined, what we are to learn, what we can do, what are our vices and our virtues, and in what our day is distinguished above all others that have gone before it.

In the January number of this Magazine, I pointed out what there was in this broad-spread country of ours, to exalt the just pride of every American. But a republican is unjust to his country, when he turns courtier, alone, and flatters her virtues, without exposing her faults. A crisis is approaching in our destiny, of the which if we stand the trial, we shall redeem the world from the thralldom of monarchy and priesthood, and from all the misrule of the past. If we fall, adieu, a long adieu, to all republican institutions, when they have failed under such auspices, with so many circumstances to favor them! Our republic is the lost Pleiad of antiquity, that our ancestors brought back again, and reestablished in the political sky,—the divine conception of the gifted Pericles, and of Aristotle, who lived two thousand years too early,—a glorious star, heralding in its train a constellation of states, whose motions, whose orbits, our ancestors have adjusted with almost infinite wisdom, which, if we disturb, the lost Pleiad is *lost*, forever! The crisis that approaches, is that which drenched the Roman republic in blood, and ended in the establishment of a long line of emperors. We are prosperous, beyond description. We have wrought miracles in felling the forests,—in subduing nature to our wills,—in gathering wealth from the ocean,—in all the achievements that make a people great or proud. Now comes the trial, whether we can stand this prosperity,—whether wealth will sink and wallow in sloth and corruption, forgetful of its duty to God, its country, to science, literature, and the

arts,—or whether the tremendous energy of mighty masses of people acting directly upon the government every year, will be guided with that moderation and virtue, that becomes man, when made the arbiter of his own fate. In this crisis, Property has a duty to perform, of momentous importance. If accident or exertion has given it superfluous wealth, it is its duty to direct that superfluous wealth to educate the mass. An American ought never to be quiet, until Property is made to educate the whole people at the public cost, and to give them, not an ordinary education, but to throw open, encumbered only with a trifling expense, all the colleges and the academies of the day. EDUCATION,—free, universal education,—is the great pillar on which our fabric rests : and no man in a republican government has any security for his property, bolt it and bar it as he may, unless the people are a well-educated people. Or, if he has security, it is the security which armed force gives to law,—and which may, at any time, be directed against the liberties of the people. I mean to say, that when all the people make the laws, the security which property has, that good and equal laws will be made, is in the intelligence of the people,—in the liberality that education always infuses into the whole character,—in the guard that a universally educated people ever have over all turbulent and mischievous men. Hence Property has an interest in universal education, and as it is its duty to educate all, so it is its interest. When the multitudinous mass levels its mighty catapulta against the walls of property, it is too often the fault of Property itself. If it neglects society, it cannot well expect friendship, even if it has protection, from society. If it grows insolent, it must expect insolence in return. But what a hold has that man upon society, whose property enables him to engage in the most liberal errands of benevolence,—whose life is a life of charity,—who patronizes the arts and the sciences,—and who encourages and rewards genius, wherever it may be found. Bonaparte achieved as much by his liberality as by his arms,—and the difference between him and Cromwell, is, that Cromwell was a vulgar hero, and he a sublime one. Fortunate, indeed, is it, that there is this link of interest between the extremes of society, which, when not strained too roughly, preserves the peace of both. The mass, as an interest as well as a principle, seek only a good government, and the best administration of that government,—but if the mass be not well informed, every vulgar rabble-leader, no matter of what party, will push them to one extreme, and drive Property to the other,—so that in the end, the interests of both are sacrificed.

Our day, and our country in particular, have a tendency to extremes. In driving the chariot of reform, there is danger that we drive too furiously, and heat the axle, and set the whole on fire. In levelling the abuses of antiquity, there is danger that we level its uses too, and dash down the very foundations of society. When we undertake to do a thing, in our heat to do it, we are not willing to stop when it is done. Again, in using a good thing, we often use it too much, and in following out an excellent principle, we often follow it too far. Take the society principle, for example, and see how far it is extended. If one

ever doubted that man was a gregarious animal, he could not doubt it now. Every thing must now be done in flocks. The gregarious principle is the great principle. The difference between our state and the savage state, is, that in the savage state there is but one flock, subsisting but for one purpose,—whereas in ours, the mighty herd, moving in masses, under one control, is now divided into myriads of flocks, called SOCIETIES,—into parties of every name, hue, and character, purpose, and description, in which men herd for various objects,—and many, alas! too many,—but to save themselves the trouble of seeing, thinking, and acting for themselves. Hence, no man acts of himself and by himself; but he sounds his horn, and summons around him his clansmen, and forms a society, a party, a flock. Whatever is to be done, must be done in such societies. A solitary man is a wonderful man, and lucky indeed is he, if he be not thought a fit tenant for a mad-house. Is public opinion to be formed? First form a society,—tap the popular drum,—muster your followers,—call the roll,—act in masses. No Peter the Hermit would, now-a-days, run over the earth, and act with individual, solitary enterprise. He would form a society, and stretch off here, and branch off there. Men must be herded as cattle are herded. All classes, all parties, all occupations, make use of societies for all purposes. They are formed for our heavenly as well as for our earthly good. Religion has its thousands of societies. Every denomination runs up its flag,—Baptists and Ana-Baptists,—Unitarians and Universalists,—Swedenborgians and Catholics,—Congregationalists and Methodists,—Episcopalians and Armenians. Each has its newspaper,—each its schools,—each its missionaries, and sub-societies. Each bands its followers together, and rallies them under one flag. Temperance has its societies. Benevolence works by the social principle. Nothing can be done in religion, in morals, or in charity, without a society. So in business, men are herding together. Steam is managed in companies. Mines are worked in companies. Logs are driven in companies. Millions of spinning jennies go in companies. The Insurance Company mocks at the calamity of fire. Canals, Rail-roads, Trusts, Savings, Life-insurance, Stocks,—all are managed in companies. A man has a water-fall. Away he goes, and summons a dozen or twenty more, and up go mills, manufactories, iron-works,—all in companies. One has a thousand dollars, and so has another: then a third is summoned, and up springs a Bank, an Insurance Office, a Land Company, or—heaven knows what, such is the ingenuity of man! Why, pins are made in companies, and so are needles,—and so is almost every thing we see, touch, or use, from the buttons on our coats, to the pegs in our shoes. There are card companies, thimble companies, paper companies, and wafer companies. But the politician outdoes all. What societies he has of nations, states, counties, towns, districts, wards,—legislatures, twenty-four in number, all making laws,—and then the Federal government, legislating over all,—with judiciary systems, how numerous and how complex: and then his parties, conventions, caucusses,—how many and how various!—of Jacksonmen and Anti-Jacksonmen, State Rights and Anti-State Rights, Federalists and Demo-

crats, Nullifiers and Constitutionalists, Masons and Anti-Masons, Regular and Anti-Regular, Workingmen and Anti-Workingmen, Radicals and Conservatives, Tammany-men and Pewter-muggers,—all at work, cleaving down and butchering each other, calling names, framing thunder-bolts, grinding out creeds, sawing off systems, roaring lustily for the public good, and — (do they not sometimes mean their own?)

It is a melancholy fact, that the single voice of a single man cannot be heard in the mighty uproar. His sole breath is but a mouthful of empty air, unless it swell the boisterous chorus. Hence men puff together, to raise a whirlwind, and make a storm. The gale that wafts us forward, has become so strong that we think we *must* go with it. The societies of the day,—not the thinking, individual men who make them up,—are the winds that often form the gale of public opinion, and by this mighty gale, hundreds and thousands are often drifted, they know not where. The right-divine of feudal lords is tumbled down, but other lords, with other names, are springing up. What hitherto could only be done by the pike, the spear, the sword, the gun, is now attempted by driving men in masses, in societies, in parties of every hue and character. Men so link themselves in bodies, and shackle themselves by laws, that they too often become but mere machines. The thinking principle, the magna charter of the soul, is frittered away amid endless pieces of social mechanism. The spirit of independence loses its sway,—that spirit which, whenever it is necessary, enables man to defy the society, the mass, the flock,—and then men are driven in herds, as other animals are! Such men are not Mahometans, but they would have been, if they had been born in Mahomet's land,—or Turks, if on the Bosphorus,—or filthy, ferocious cannibals, if New-Zealand had given them birth. We must not forget, that machines are not made of wood, and iron, and brass, alone. They are made of bones, and joints, and muscles, too. The soldiers whom Bonaparte led to battle, whose bones are strewn from the walls of Moscow to the Pillars of Hercules, were but machines, no better than the spinning jennies that hum and hiss in every factory. So were the legions of Casca, with which he passed the Rubicon. So are the miserable victims of European despotism, that form the armies of the Autocrat, and execute his errands of vengeance. A free government will not make an American free, if others use him as their machine. The thinking principle that God has given him, *that* is the divine charter of his freedom, if he will but use it,—and the moment he stifles that, or submits himself to the ambitious purposes of others, then he is the slave, *owned*, as much as the negro who toils in a southern swamp.

I solemnly believe, there never was a people of so much daring as our countrymen. There is a glorious recklessness in all they do, which, while one admires, he also trembles for. The old English leaven of Hampden's day is ever working within us. Rebellion is a sort of household word, and we have man-nullifiers as well as state-nullifiers. Far better is this, than to have the blood curdling in our veins, and our necks ready to take the yoke of every tyrant. But if I mistake not the signs of the times, we are getting into a sad habit of

rebellling in mobs, and in societies instituted for the very purposes of rebellion. Rebellions become local, and meet with no response save on the very spot of the rebellion. The mechanical system of the day is effecting this, and it is one of the melancholy pressages of the times. The machinery becomes too hot by friction in one place, and then the machine takes fire, and burns and blazes. It was not so in the Revolution. Rebellion then acted according to law. It assembled, reasoned, hesitated, deliberated, and then resolved. It acted coolly, and with cautious moderation. When the Bostonians and Virginians first set the ball of the revolution in motion, they did so in obedience to the voices of almost all their countrymen. But it is not so now. Men seem to raise mobs, for the very sport of the thing, as they love to see a display of fire-works, a rocket, or so. Rebellion is often very gravely talked of, as an affair involving no principle. Even philanthropy loves a riot now and then. Religion's skirts are not always clear. The press, as the organ of some society, acts upon the mass as the exploding bomb that falls upon the magazine. Instead of being compelled to move the whole flock, but start the bell-wether, and you have a riot any day. Such is the power of the social organizations of the day!

The glorious results of the daring of our countrymen,—on the ocean, in the forests, every where that an American flag can float,—I have described in my former article. Be it my duty now, to point out some of the dangers of this daring. The truth is, all speculations have been so abundantly realized,—all prophecy has lagged so far behind history,—that though we once called madmen mad, we now only call them inspired. The cry is, 'Nothing is impossible,' audacious as it is. The *aliquid immensum infinitumque* of Cicero, is the passion of the day. The Horatian '*Nil admirari*,' too, is on every man's banner. The power that Fulton vivified and subdued for man, is infecting the whole character of all our countrymen, and the destinies of our country, too. To him be the immortal honor of striking out a new link for our union, in annihilating the distance, as it were, that separated State from State, and thus more firmly binding us together. But this power, at the same time, is acting upon mind as well as upon matter. It sends into the world such a flood of books, that we are overwhelmed by the very tide. There is so much to read, that many read—nothing. There is so much to think of, that we only *think*, to *think* we need not think at all. Alas! too, this new power is strengthening all the mischievous tendencies of the present day. As there is a steam power acting physically, so there is a steam power acting morally,—intellectually,—to which is given the name of EXCITEMENT. That creature, PUBLIC, is fed on this, and over-fed, and, like all dainty epicures, thirsts for spicier dishes, and more fiery draughts. The public, like some great beast, roars for food, reckless of what that food may be, provided only it be a highly seasoned dish. Even the wizard pen of the once mighty Scott has, with some, ceased to charm, and another author has sprung up, carrying all before him,—the '*thrilling* Bulwer,' as he is called. Such is the thirst for terror, such the panting to witness even the spilling of human blood,—you see your highways thronged, even with

women, to witness an execution! The bookseller will sell more of the Pirate story than of the proudest achievement of the human mind. This excitement enters our language,—aye, the very construction of our sentences. Metaphors must not now be abstract, but of something that will satisfy the physical and mechanical cravings of the day,—something that you can see, touch, handle, fumble over. Sentences must be short,—not built in the regular way, for such nobody will read,—but in the hop-skip-and-jump, startling style, set off with exclamations and interrogations; for whether you are read or heard, more depends upon the manner than upon the sentiments you utter. The dictionaries, in fact, are in a whirl. Words do not mean what they did, before steam power came along. Our very mother tongue is on a rail-road. Our politicians, editors, and lawyers, for example, call each other fools, ragamuffins, scoundrels, liars, when all the time they mean, ‘We are a very clever set of fellows.’ Such is the reason why every thing is now done on the high pressure principle. Every body is for talking,—none for hearing. You can’t catch a friend long enough to tell him a story. You can hardly get a civil answer from a business man in business hours, unless there is a bargain in the way. Wall-street is full of little steam locomotives, chattering of stocks, news, etc., whizzing, buzzing, and puffing, like the pipe of a Mississippi steam-boat. Lawyers are codifying, that is *condensing*. Jeremy Bentham has been the great legal steam engine of the day. Abridgements, Encyclopedias, Reviews, are words in common use. Every thing must now be short. Men are heard and read by their length, according to what their speech measures, not by their calibre, or what they have to say. Even the sanctuary of the pulpit has been invaded, and the line and the rule have cut down the three-hour sermons of our ancestors to twenty or thirty minutes. Literature, too, is measured by rule. Why, you buy it as a trader buys a cord of wood,—so much a volume,—so much a page,—so much a line! Imagination, like every thing else, is now mechanical. The lofty epic is built up like ‘a granite block,’—*secundum artem*, as the conjurers say. The bard goes to work, carpenter like. He scores off his paper for his verses, prepares here and there a pathetic speech, steals a lot of metaphors, then works himself into a fever,—drinks his gin, perhaps, as Byron did, or lashes his sides,—and with this poetic afflatus on, his hexameter or pentameter rule in one hand, and his rhyming dictionary in the other, (for now-a-days they even have a rhyming dictionary,) proceeds, ‘according to order,’ to erect his Iliad or his Odyssey, or to strut in the Miltonian periods of Paradise Lost. Even the sublime drama, that Shakspeare lit up with his pen of fire, is falling into machinery,—into show, tinsel, scenery, noise, clap-trap, the gaudy melo-drama, and the obstreperous farce. Poetry is not now what it was, the musings of an exalting intellect,—the breathings of an impassioned spirit, struggling with deep thoughts within. His ‘eye in fine frenzy rolling,’ is the happy phrase of another age. ‘*Pandite Helicon, nunc Dæce, cantusque movete,*’ is no longer the invocation of the bard. Melpomene and Euterpe, with their sister muses, have fled from ‘the beautiful Præneste, and the Eolian

Aganippe, to dwell on Hyperborean plains, by the rapid Aufidus, or the storm-bearing Bosphorus. The whole character of poetry is changed. The 'silver-footed nymph,' 'the rosy-fingered morn,'—the expressions of a classic day, are found no more. That mysterious imagery that peopled earth, air, and sea, with sweet creations, has also fled. Not now does poetry rush warm from the heart, trickling through the veins, as it were, and electrifying the pen,—but the poet is a sort of truculent Saracen, who gnashes his teeth, and spouts forth flame and fire. Apollo now marches with a corps of Berecynthian trumpeters, and Phrygian flute-players. He wields Vulcan's sledge-hammer, and knocks off rhymes and blank verse, full of stormful periods and volcanic paragraphs. Fancy,—abstract, unembodied fancy,—is incomprehensible now. '*Cui bono?*' '*Can we see it?*' '*Is it practical?*' '*What is the use of it?*' Such are the cries of our busy day. Virgil has gone, and Lucan is coming. Pathos, tenderness, beauty, grace,—the thoughts that breathe,—are sacrificed for the words that burn. Sublimity, therefore, is always clothing itself in terror. Jupiter does not trust to his ambrosial locks, but brandishes his thunder-bolt. Hence the spirit of poetry, that lurks in every people, as the lightning lurks even in the cloudless sky, though it has almost ceased to break forth in verse, often starts to life in prose,—and is vividly clear in the achievements of the day. Poetry, in fact, has left language, and is reigning in matter. Instead of an epic, it builds a rail-road. Instead of the pen, it uses a pick-axe. Instead of man, it inspires the steam-horse. The forests it is studding with villages. The country it is decking with beautiful farms. The mountain it dashes asunder, and its rocks it rends in twain. Over the rivers it is throwing the hanging bridge. The floods it dams and dikes, and lets not a drop of water run in vain. The winds have been made its servant. The tides and currents it has conquered. Even the ocean,—the proud, tumultuous ocean,—swells, and frets, and roars in vain. The air, alone, of the elements, shares empire with it. ENTERPRISE, men call this spirit of the day,—but it is poetry, with all the soul of poetry. It acts on matter, instead of mind. It speaks in works, instead of words. In fact, the language of the day it cannot embody in its once graceful metre. The folds of verse are too tender for such rough words as tariff, jobbing, cuts, stumpage, snags, sawyers, etc. Indeed, the last I have seen of the true spirit of poetry, as embodied in language, was as it died in the rich blaze lighted up at its own funeral pyre,—an effort so brilliant, that it exhausted itself,—when it flamed forth in the stormful Dythyrambic of Bruce's Address, the fearful Warning of Lochiel, the stern outcry of Hohenlinden,—or with the Laras, the Corsairs, and the Harolds of Byron:

Cohors gigantum—
Unguis, horribilique mala.

This poetic spirit, acting upon matter, and making nothing wonderful, has almost done away with the use of wonder as a word. That 'nothing is wonderful now,' is a common saying. Almost Promethean

audacity infuriates the age. Experiment is essaying every thing. The Patent Office in Washington is a curious panorama of what men will attempt to do. Measurement is even applied to our heads, to gage our intellects. The Phrenologist decides upon our powers by our 'developments,'—as if man himself was a piece of mechanism, full of a thousand little strings and cog-wheels, called brains,—and then at last he assumes to know what a man will do, by running his fingers through his hair! And then the audacity of steam,—with steam-boats, steam-mills, and steam-horses,—with contrivances to make us sleep by steam, and even to catch our fish by steam! So mechanical has the age become, that men seriously talk of flying machines, to go by steam,—not your air-balloons, but real Dædalian wings, made of wood and joints, nailed to your shoulder,—not wings of feathers and wax, like the wings of Icarus, who fell into the Cretan sea, but real, solid, substantial, rock-maple wings, with wrought-iron hinges, and huge concavities, to propel us through the air. A machine has been invented, too, for planting corn! Machinery is getting into our schools. The schoolmaster works by it, with blocks, moving maps, diagrams, orreries, etc. Grammar is taught by pictures,—conjugations are done by wheels. The schoolmaster measures, phrenologically, his boy-machine, and then brings his other machines to act upon his 'developments.' Our colleges are but little more than mere machines, that grind out a 'Bachelor of Arts' in four years, whether he knows any thing or not. The sum of the statement is, that machinery is usurping the place of men; and men, in defence, are becoming machines. There is, it cannot be disguised, a tendency to *matter* rather than to *mind*. A few choice spirits keep alive the vestal fire, but the mass of our countrymen demand what is practical, rather than what is intellectual. This is visible in the universal scramble for property,—in the adoration felt for wealth,—in the neglect of the fine arts,—in the little reward that genius has hitherto received at the hands of our countrymen, while it is cherished every where else. But what more could be expected? We have just finished laying the foundations of an empire. We have had two wars to fight, both fierce and bloody. The war-whoop is not yet over. The infernal yell of the savage has just ceased to startle us. The musket is now laid down, and the pen, the pencil, and the chisel, begin to be taken up. The Great West is opening its rivers and prairies for a reading and a thinking population. Anon, this will be the greatest book-mart in the world. Literature is already becoming a profession. As we grow in our growth, then, and strengthen in our strength, we will build upon the foundations our fathers left us. We will rear the fabric of FREE GOVERNMENT to the skies. We will adorn and embellish it, and make it beautiful in the eyes of all men. We will kindle such a light on the American shore, as shall illuminate the earth. Do not here accuse me of prophecy. Prophecy has ever done us injustice, and for very cowardice faltered behind the day. Imagination, even, cannot picture the destiny that awaits us, if we preserve our Liberty and our Union. God has promised a renowned existence, if we will but deserve it. He

speaks this promise in the sublimity of nature. It resounds all along the crags of the Alleghanies. It is uttered in thunder at Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans, from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has written it in the broad expanse of our inland seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters. The august Temple in which we dwell was built for lofty purposes. Oh! that we may consecrate it to Liberty and Concord, and be found fit worshippers within its holy halls!

THE POWER OF SONG.

*Sångens insatser all lifvets lycka.**

Holburn.

*Zaukilili vjeterki, samoliki púchek' khorí,
I priugli stadi.†*

Krileo.

*Og dete betydningsrige toner svæved,
Melodisk giennem florets storme heen,
Men sk! — som Æolsharpens harmonier,
Tidt overdøvede af hule vinistødd,
Dog aldrig kvalte.‡*

From.

In the temple stands the golden lyre,
Near the presence of the genial power;
Sound it plays an orb of holiest fire—
Stands it waiting there the inspiring hour.
Rolls the sun unto his highest throne;
Broad he fills the temple's vaulted shade;
Touched by hands unseen, in solemn tone,
Rings the harp—the winds are laid.

Slow and full they swell—the mystic chords;
Stillness, more than awful, fills the air;
Mingled with the tones, sublimest words
High the listening soul, in glory, bear.
Light is all around him; light and love,
As on wings, aloft the listener raise:
Ever wider heaves the arch above;
Fairer beauty round him plays.

Now they swell—the tones, and swells the breast,
Kindled with the bliss of great design:
Faint the music whispers; hushed to rest,
Couched on flowers, the passions all recline:
Clear the harp resounds; the spirit's eye
Keenest glance through nature's wonders throws:
Tenderer touches glide, and silently
Blest the tear of feeling flows.

* The bliss of life is all in song.

† Still because the winds, silent the choirs of birds, and side by side the flocks reclined.

‡ And away its full meaning tones floated melodiously through the storms of time, but ah! like the harmonies of the Æolian harp, often drowned by the hollow blast, yet never stifled.

How hushed the winds ! how calm the air !
 The leaf is still on bush and tree ;
 No blossom shakes, and quietly
 The herd and flock are resting there.
 They feel the soothing power of song ;
 A stream of love, it flows along ;
 The winds are still ; the sky is fair.

By magic shores the vessel glides ;
 Entranced by song, the waves are laid :
 Visions of home, forgotten, fade ;
 In peace the storm-beat wanderer rides.
 Smooth sleeps the sea ; serenest day
 Smiles o'er the ocean far away :
 The power of song has hushed the tides.

Pale in the west the glow decays,
 That late arose in golden fire ;
 Waked by the touch of soft desire,
 Through twilight shades the music plays.
 In darkened vale its pulses thrill ;
 Peace broods above the glimmering hill ;
 His flight the fleeting moment stays.

It comes—the storm, so long repelled,
 In wilder rage again ;
 Like wintry stream, by barrier swelled,
 Loud bursts it o'er the plain :
 With gathered might, it sweeps along ;
 Like thunder, peals its roar :
 The Æolian melodies of song
 Are lost, amid the wildering throng ;
 The lyre is heard no more.

A moment's pause the tempest feels,
 And soft the heavenly tone,
 As evening hymn from cottage steals,
 Breathes sweetly faint and lone.
 Uncertain, as if thrilled with fear,
 It melts and dies away :
 I turn, and wait with longing ear,
 And low and dim, it rises near,
 Quick falls—it cannot stay.

Serene and calm, the world of song ;
 Above the cloud and gale :
 There flows a sheeted stream along,
 Through many a silent vale :
 There ever blue the sunny sky ;
 Spring-warm the wooing air :
 White filmy wreaths of beauty lie,
 Alone, in holiest rest, on high—
 Love dwells forever there.

New-Haven, April, 1836.

JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

EXCERPTA

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

NUMBER TEN.

LXXII.

REFLECTIONS ON SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

TO MANY of your readers it will doubtless appear arrogant and presumptuous heresy, to dare to controvert any dictum of the illustrious Shakspeare, whose eagle eye penetrated through all nature, and into the inmost recesses of the human heart, tearing away all the manifold envelopments by which its movements elude the ken of other writers. But of another equally illustrious author we are told, that he sometimes slumbered—*'aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus'*;—and we are further assured, by very high authority, that 'no man is wise at all times.' Perhaps, therefore, it may appear that Shakspeare was indulging himself in a little nap, when he sketched 'the seven ages of man.'

There will be some small difficulty in this discussion; as he has not designated any landmark by which we can ascertain the commencement or termination of the different ages. Having no chart to guide me, I shall endeavor to make one for myself.

I will assume that from sixty-six to seventy-four forms the seventh stage,—that the stages rise by ten years except one,—and that five years are abundantly sufficient for the first stage. If I be in error, let my lucubrations pass for no more than they are worth:

First Stage.—'Child puking in its nurse's arms,'	from	1	to	5
Second Stage.—'The School-boy with his satchel,'		6	"	15
Third Stage.—'Lover sighing like furnace,'		16	"	25
Fourth Stage.—'The Soldier bearded like a pard,'		26	"	45
Fifth Stage.—'The Justice in fair round belly with good capon lined,'		46	"	55
Sixth Stage.—'The lean and slipper'd Pantaloon. His youthful hose a world too wide for his shrunk shank,'		56	"	65
Seventh Stage.—'Second childishness and mere oblivion,—sans teeth—sans eyes—sans taste—sans every thing,'		66	"	75

One of two things: either the duration of the intellectual and physical powers was in Shakspeare's days much more limited than at present, or he most egregiously mistook. In looking round, as far as my knowledge and experience extend, I see nothing that warrants the two last stages.

Since the above was written, I have met an arrangement of the seven ages, translated by Malone, one of the editors of Shakspeare, from Proclus, a Greek writer, which differs considerably from mine,—but still does not warrant the view of Shakspeare, so far as regards the sixth and seventh ages.

Proclus makes infancy terminate at	-	-	4
Childhood at	-	-	14
Youthhood or adolescence,	-	-	22
Young manhood,	-	-	42
Mature manhood,	-	-	56
Old age,	-	-	66
Decrepit age,	-	-	81

With the five first ages we have no concern, in this discussion. But a very slight examination, by the reader, among the men advanced in years, of his acquaintance, will prove that decrepit age,—that pitiable state, when the human being is 'sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing,'—does not commence at 69. Instances are innumerable of persons possessing all the vigor of their faculties at 70 and 80. Talleyrand, who has recently had the management of some of the most arduous and difficult negociations that have taken place in Europe for half a century, is now 81 years of age. He has expressed a wish to retire from the cares of public life; but Louis Philippe is unwilling to spare him. Benjamin Franklin possessed all his intellectual faculties, and the most important of his physical ones, till the time of his death, which occurred at 84. Thomas M'Kean died at 83, with his mind unimpaired till the last. William Patterson, of Baltimore, was over eighty, when he died, and yet wrote his letters and transacted business to the last year of his life. Crabbe, the poet, a clergyman, performed his clerical duties, preaching till within two weeks of his death, at seventy-seven.

At the risk,—perhaps with the certainty,—of being charged with egotism, I venture to add a few words respecting the writer of this discussion. He was 75 on the 28th of January last, and does not perceive himself, nor, unless his friends deceive him, do they perceive, any of those 'premonitory symptoms' that indicate his approach to the seventh age, '*second childishness and mere oblivion*,'—that deplorable state, which renders a man a burden to himself and to his friends. He does not spend an idle or a lounging hour once a week,—and is employed, either in reading or writing, fifteen or sixteen hours in the day. He writes with as much facility as he did thirty years ago,—but, not having a Gil Blas to admonish him of mental decay, he is unable to judge whether he ought to burn his paper, break his ink bottle, and destroy his pens. He enjoys low comedy and broad farce, *when not disgraced by buffoonery*, as much as he did at fifteen,—and for deep tragedy, or traits of magnanimity, he has as keen a feeling, and as ready a tear, as any frequenter of the theatre, whatever be the age of the party. No man enjoyed more highly the exquisite acting of Miss Kemble. He has never in his life, but on one day, travelling in an open sleigh during a storm of snow and sleet, drank at one time a glass of ardent spirits. His general health is good. He eats three regular meals a day, and always with a good appetite,—and is frequently so hungry about ten at night, that he is obliged to indulge in a little food. His digestion is excellent. He pretty uniformly goes to rest at twelve, and rises at five or six. Far from agreeing with the dogma of 'As you like it,' as far as his observation goes, in regard to intellect, (memory excepted,) the well-known distich,

'The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made,'

is far more correct. His memory, however, is greatly impaired, and his limbs are feeble. How far he may be cited as corroborating or disproving Shakspeare's doctrine, he submits to the reader.

In full proof of the theory here advocated, I annex three lists, of men who died at various ages, about Shakspeare's age of '*second child-*

ishness,' all of whom contradict his assumptions. There were fifty-four signers of the Declaration of Independence, of whom *twenty two lived beyond seventy, and two died at sixty-eight.*

List of foreigners who have gone far into Shakspeare's seventh age, without a display of second childishness.

	Ob.	Ætat.		Ob.	Æt.
John Thorp, Antiquarian,	1792	78	Socrates was 70 when he fell a		
Lord Thurlow,	1806	71	sacrifice to popular clamor.		
Archbishop Usher,	1656	75	Solon, the Lawgiver,	B. C.	401 70
Marechal Vauban,	1707	74	Sophocles,		406 90
Admiral Vernon,	1757	73	Spencer, the Poet,	A. D.	1598 88
Polydore Virgil,	1553	80	Bishop Spotswood,		1639 74
Voltaire,	1778	85	Stanislaus, King of Poland,		1768 89
Admiral Wager,	1743	77	John Stowe, Historian,		1605 80
Edmund Waller,	1687	81	John Strype, Annalist,		1737 94
John Wesley,	1791	88	Taylor, the Water Poet,		1684 74
Wm. Whiston, Astronomer,	1752	86	John Howard,		1809 82
John Wilkes,	1797	70	Dr. S. Johnson,		1784 78
Thomas Woolston,	1763	103	Inigo Jones,		1651 79
Wm. Wycherly,	1715	75	Juvenal,		127 82
Xenophon,	B. C.	359 90	Archbishop Laud, executed,		1645 71
Count Zinzendorf,	A. D.	1748 70	Leibnitz,		1716 70
Juan Mariana, Spanish Histo'n,	1624	87	Ninon de L'Enclos,		1706 80
Dr. Richard Meade,	1754	82	William Lilly,		1681 91
Girard Mercator, Geographer,	1594	82	Dr. R. Long, of Cambridge,		1771 91
Metastasia,	1782	84	Lord Lyttleton,		1773 73
Dr. John Munro,	1791	77	Charles Macklin,		1797 97
Montfaucon, celebrated Antiqua-			Magliabechi,		1714 81
rian,	1741	86	Madame Maintenon,		1719 84
Dr. Thomas Morell, Lex'grapher,	1784	82	Dr. W. Heberden,		1801 91
Morton, Bishop of Durham,	1659	95	Dr. Richard Henry,		1761 86
Dr. Charles Morton,	1799	83	Cardinal Alberoni, Spanish pro-		
Arthur Murphy,	1805	77	mier,		1752 88
Sir I. Newton,	1726	84	Anacreon,	B. C.	474 86
John Ogilby,	1676	76	Bishop Bedell,	A. D.	1641 71
James Ogilby, Mathematician,	1717	77	Benserade, French poet,		1691 79
Rev. Dr. Zackary Pierce,	1774	84	Bishop Berkley,		1753 73
William Penn,	1718	74	Rev. Richard Bentley,		1762 80
The celebrated Pitt,	1778	70	Theodore Beza,		1606 86
Pope Pius VI.,	1799	81	Dr. Hugh Blair,		1800 83
Humphrey Prideaux,	1724	76	Boileau,		1712 82
Francis Rabelais,	1538	75	Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux,		1704 77
Rev. John Ray, Naturalist,	1705	77	Calmet, Commentator on the Bi-		
Abbe Raynal,	1796	84	ble,		1757 86
M. de Reaumur,	1757	74	Colley Cibber,		1758 87
Clara Reeve,	1808	70	Lord Chief Justice Coke,		1634 89
Samuel Richardson, author of			Copernicus,		1543 70
Clarissa,	1761	72	Dr. Erasmus Darwin,		1802 70
John Rushworth, Annalist,	1690	83	Dryden,		1700 87
Archbishop Sancroft,	1693	77	Henry Claude,		1723 83
Father Paul Sarpi,	1654	102	Cardinal Fleury,		1743 90
Sir Henry Saville,	1540	82	Fontaine, French poet,		1696 72
Julius Cesar Scaliger,	1558	75	Fontenelle,		1757 100
Sir Charles Sedley,	1720	84	Galileo,		1642 78
John Selden,	1654	70	Rev. Richard Graves, Spiritual		
Madame de Sevigné,	1696	70	Quixote,		1804 90
Dr. Shebbeare,	1788	79	Dr. Edmund Halley,		1742 86
James Shirley,	1666	72	Jonas Hanway,		1786 74
Sir Hans Sloane,	1752	92	Dr. Wm. Harvey,		1667 79

List of American citizens, most of them natives, chiefly revolutionary men, who have lived beyond sixty, without displaying, as far as is known, any symptoms of 'second childishness.'

	Ob.	Ætat.		Ob.	Æt.
Elias Boudinot,	1821	87	Ezra Lee,	1821	72
Benjamin Burd,	1823	70	Benjamin Lincoln,	1810	77

	Ob.	Ætat.		Ob.	Æt.
James Clinton,	1812	72	Gen. C. Lippel,	1824	80
George Clinton,	1812	73	Philip Livingston,	1778	62
Charles Clinton,	1773	83	William Livingston,	1790	67
R. Adam Comstock,	1822	80	John Manly,	1793	60
George Rogers Clarke,	1817	64	Francis Marion,	1796	62
John Cropper,	1822	66	Thomas Mifflin,	1824	80
Thomas Cushing,	1788	63	William Moultrie,	1806	76
Gen. Wm. Drake,	1801	66	Peter Muhlenberg,	1807	62
John Dickinson,	1808	76	Jeremiah Olney,	1812	63
P. Dickinson,	1809	70	John Orne,	1823	75
Eliphalet Dyer,	1807	86	John Paulding,	1819	87
Oliver Ellsworth,	1807	63	Charles Pettit,	1806	70
Christopher Gadaden,	1805	81	Andrew Pickens,	1817	78
Peter Gansevoort,	1812	63	Andrew Porter,	1813	70
Horatio Gates,	1806	78	Timothy Pickering,	1829	84
John Gibson,	1822	80	Governor Shelby,	1826	76
Francis Gurney,	1815	77	Timothy Dwight,	1817	65
William Gwynn,	1819	70	William Prescott,	1795	79
Benoni Hathaway,	1823	70	Samuel Prioleau,	1813	71
Nathan Hawkins,	1817	69	Israel Putnam,	1824	86
Joseph Hawley,	1788	64	Paul Revere,	1818	84
Gen. William Heath,	1817	77	John Stark,	1822	94
Patrick Henry,	1799	62	Thomas Thomas,	1811	79
Col. Edward Heston,	1824	79	Joseph B. Varnum,	1821	72
Capt. Levi Holden,	1823	78	Artemas Ward,	1800	73
David Humphreys,	1818	66	George Wythe,	1806	81
Jedediah Huntingdon,	1818	75	Robert Yates,	1801	66
Jared Irwin,	1818	68	Col. Howard,	1827	75
Francis Johnson,	1815	67	Governor Brooks,	1825	73
Nathan Kinnard,	1823	68	Gen. Schuyler,	1804	71
Richard H. Lee,	1818	61	Chief Justice Shippen,	1806	78

Period of the deaths and the ages of twenty four of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence :

		Obiit.	1826	Ætat.	91
Massachusetts,	John Adams,	"	1814	"	84
	Robert Treat Paine,	"	1803	"	82
	Samuel Adams,	"	1814	"	70
	Elbridge Gerry,	"	1803	"	80
New Hampshire,	Matthew Thornton,	"	1797	"	72
Connecticut,	Oliver Wolcott	"	1814	"	79
	William Williams,	"	1793	"	72
	Roger Sherman,	"	1788	"	78
Rhode Island,	Stephen Hopkins,	"	1820	"	72
	W. Ellery,	"	1821	"	87
New York,	Wm. Floyd,	"	1803	"	90
	F. Lewis,	"	1798	"	71
	Lewis Morris,	"	1794	"	73
New Jersey,	John Witherspoon,	"	1794	"	69
	Abraham Clarke,	"	1806	"	73
Pennsylvania,	Robert Morris,	"	1813	"	68
	Benjamin Rush,	"	1790	"	84
	Benjamin Franklin,	"	1813	"	74
	George Clymer,	"	1817	"	83
Delaware,	Thomas McKean,	"	1811	"	70
Maryland,	Samuel Chase,	"	1832	"	94
	Charles Carroll,	"	1826	"	83
	Thomas Jefferson,	"	1806	"	81
Virginia,	George Wythe,	"			

LXXIII.

NEW ENGLAND.

ACCORDING to the Rev. Dr. Dwight, the population of New England in 1810, was as follows : Maine, 5 to a square mile—New Hamp-

shire 13—Vermont 15—Massachusetts 63—Rhode Island 46—Connecticut 50. In the year 1820, Maine had 7—New Hampshire 23—Massachusetts 67—Vermont 20—Rhode Island 51—Connecticut 55.

LXXIV.

'THICK AND THIN.'

MANY years since there was a caricature published in London, of an Englishman, with a most capacious paunch, who might claim the honor of being a fair representative of Sir John Falstaff, on one side, and on the other, a Frenchman who was little more than skin and bone. The Englishman, standing with his arms akimbo, and looking down with ineffable contempt on the Frenchman, cries out, 'I feeds myself,—who the d——l feeds you?'

Philadelphia could some years since turn the tables on the Englishman, and produce a contrast of a totally opposite character. A well-known Frenchman, whose name I suppress, was always in good case, and in a high state of *em bon point*,—the picture of health, and carrying the undoubted air of what he really was, an extreme gourmand. He had a fellow lodger, an Englishman, who was full five feet eleven inches high,—did not weigh more than a hundred and ten pounds,—and appeared as if he had been fed through a quill.

LXXV.

DOMESTIC COMFORTS OF THE ANGLO SAXONS.

THE habitations of the lower orders of the Saxons were without chimneys. Their principal furniture consisted of a brass pot, valued from one to three shillings; and a bed, valued from three to six shillings. Even so late as the sixteenth century, in the days of Erasmus, who records the fact, the dwellings of the common people in England, were without chimneys, and the floors of their huts were the bare ground. Their beds were of straw, among which was an ancient accumulation of filth and refuse, with a hard block for a pillow. And such, he adds, was the situation of the labouring classes throughout Europe.

LXXVI.

ENORMOUS EXTENT OF PERSONAL PROPERTY OF AN ENGLISH NOBLEMAN IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

EARL Spencer, in a petition to Parliament for indemnification for losses sustained by depredation and outrages, enumerates among his moveable property, 28,000 sheep, 1,000 oxen, 1200 cows, 500 cart horses, 2000 hogs, 600 bacons, 80 carcasses of beef, 600 sheep in the larder, 10 tons of cider, and arms for 200 men.

LXXXII.

THE LAST DECADES OF LIVY.

ABOUT one hundred years since, during a great conflagration in the Sultan's Seraglio, at Constantinople, the Secretary of the French embassy, seeing a man with a large folio volume under his arm, asked to look at it. He found it to be a manuscript, containing the first and second decades of Livy's History of Rome, and probably the continuation. He desired the man to follow him, and that he would reward him. The man agreed, and walked after him, but the crowd was so great that they were separated, and the expected prize was irretrievably lost.

LXXXIII.

OTWAY.

It is recorded in his biography, that Otway, the poet, who had been for some time in a state of starvation, having received a guinea as an alms, bought a roll, and began to devour it so ravenously that he was choaked with the first morsel. Spence, on the authority of Dennis, the well-known critic, gives a different version of the affair. He says that an intimate friend of Otway's, one Blackstone, having been killed, Otway pursued the murderer to Dover, and being violently heated, drank water to such excess, that he was seized with fever, of which he died.

LXXXIV.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

It is generally known that Germany abounds in literary men: few, however, have even a remote idea of the extent of their literature. The following list of the works published in the year 1818, taken from Jacobs' Travels in Holland, Germany, etc., will doubtless surprise the readers of the Knickerbocker:

Theology and Practical Devotion,	438	History, Biography, Mythology, and	
Law,	141	Antiquities,	224
Physic and Surgery,	208	Geography and Statistics,	199
Metaphysics and Moral philosophy,	64	Natural History,	76
School Books,	205	Military Science	58
Rural Economy and Finances,	192	Commerce,	23
Politics,	121	Fine Arts,	219
Mathematics, Astronomy, and Physics,	95	Miscellaneous,	396
Editions of Classic Authors,	145		
		Total,	2,803

As there are many of them large works, the number of volumes must be considerably greater than four thousand; and besides these, there were many not included in catalogues, such as plays, romances, and editions of such popular works as are published in England, France, or Italy.

Philadelphia, April 21, 1835.

M. C.

THE PASSIONS.

I.

THE Passions are our heritage. The tale
Of mirth or madness that they vie to tell,
To cloud the listening spirit like a veil,
Or, like the leaping of a fountain well,
To stir its depths to gladness, who may sing,
In the strong music they should each command?
This, the hard tear from iron hearts to wring,
And this to bind the broken like a band;
This to uplift and startle with its power,
This on our souls to weep, like dew upon the flower.

II.

They hold unmeasured monarchy o'er Man,
They rule him with a broad and tireless sway;
Luring to doom he may not dream nor scan,
By promptings that he dares not but obey;
They whisper through the watches of the night,
Peopling his busy pillow with strange forms,—
They gild the present with a rainbow light,
And wrap futurity in clouds and storms;
Companions still in solitude or crowd,
With tongue that palsies not they talk to us aloud!

III.

They rule us with a wand of mystery,—
Creation changes at their mighty ban;
As at a word its magic features fly,
And all its beautiful seems waste and wan;
The hues which Nature scattered faint and fade
From the broad picture of her loveliness;
The very sunlight sickens into shade,
Till all that joyed us seems but to distress,—
And the o'ertortured vision yields no more
From a sad world the deep enchantment that it wore!

IV.

They sway us in the deep of solitude,
Till all that charmed us in its solemn shade,
The Sabbath silence and the bending wood,
Seem mid the marvel of their power to fade;
And scenes enchanting still to other eyes,
Are stretched before us as the dullest sea,
Where nothing starts the spirit to surprise,
But sameness wears it to intensity,—
Until the eye, grown senseless to the earth,
Sees midnight shroud the matchless tints that crowned its birth!

V.

They sway us mid the crush and wild uproar
Of cities in their deep tempestuous tide,
And straight a shadow like a dream comes o'er
That panorama in its hour of pride;
The ocean noise that rends the capital,
Falls all unheeded on the insensate ear,
And silence settles downward like a pall
On the wide thunder that a world should hear!
No lights to gladden, and no eyes to bless,
And the o'erteeming mart is but a wilderness!

VI.

Such is that magic madness of the brain
 That lures us from our nature—till we seem,
 Hugging the links we strive to break in vain,
 To catch, as thro' the glimpses of a dream,
 The story of the past—and faithless turn
 A dull ear to the record of that time,
 When incense up from holy shrines did burn,
 An offering in simplicity sublime,—
 As tho' it were a visionary tale,
 The worship of pure hearts, ere souls were sunk in bale!

VII.

Such is that sterner monarchy than man
 Ere claimed above his kindred. Upon them,
 Since first the necromance of power began,
 It came with sceptre and with diadem:
 The tyranny of Earth is pomp pride,
 Crushing the body, while the chainless Mind,
 To things of nobler heritage allied,
 Casting the manacles of dust behind,
 Soars to a boundless atmosphere away,
 Leaving the baser fate and bondage of its clay!

Boston, April, 1835. GREENVILLE MELLON.

 OLLAPODIANA.

 NUMBER TWO.

WELL,—Spring is coming at last, with smiles such as she used to wear in my childhood, when she stepped over the glowing mountains, with light and song in her train. The feelings of better years are kindling within me, as I look from my window over the blossoming gardens of the city, regale my nostrils with the inhalation of the air from fresh waters, and taste the fragrance which sweeps over the town from the flowering trees in yonder 'fashionable square.' If there is any positive enjoyment on earth, one gets an inkling of it, on a spring day, when his heart is not worn, and 'his bosom is young.' It is a blessed time; and he who feels it has a right to say so, even at the expense of being called a proser. I love to sit, as I do now, by my casement, with the gale melting all over my forehead, (like an invisible touch of benediction from some spirit-hand,) and mark the rosy clouds move along the west, as the hum of the city dies upon the ear, and the æriel currents of evening are taking their course over the vast inland from the sea. I feel, at such moments, that I have an indestructible soul; that the God whose fingers lifted the mountains to their places, and set the sun in heaven, likewise lights the human spirit from the exhaustless fountain of His power. I muse upon the littleness of man, and the greatness of his Creator, until the thought exalts my contemplations aloft, and I am lost in wonder.

There is nothing so graceful as a cloud. It is the richest thing in nature, except a wave in its dissolution. How beautifully its painted sides flaunt along the West! If you would see clouds, you must see them in the West. I have watched those that were engendered by the sprays of Niagara and the winds of Ontario, floating eastwardly from the occident, until every fold was baptized in molten ruby, amber, and vermillion,—and as the vast curtain rolled upward above the mountains, leaving only a few thin bars of crimson across a sky of the tenderest violet, I have repeated these beautiful lines of Glück :

Methinks it were no pain to die,
On such an eve, when such a sky
O'ercanopies the West ;
To gaze my fill on yon calm deep,
And like an infant, sink to sleep
On earth, my mother's breast.

There's peace and welcome in yon sea,
Of endless, blue tranquility,—
Those clouds are living things :
I trace their veins of liquid gold,
I see them solemnly unfold
Their soft and fleecy wings.

Clouds are like flowers, in their fading and passing away. We lose them with regret. Thoughts of our last hour come upon us, as we watch them die, and we almost wish to die with them : to say

—Come now, oh, Death ! thy freezing kiss
Emancipates ; the rest is bliss,—
I would I were away !

I am led, in looking at clouds, to think of the past, and the mysterious awe with which they were regarded in the olden time. In the days of Tacitus, when the Roman armies approached a town to besiege it, and the shadows of clouds lay upon it, they would postpone their warfare until the sun-light was there. I think of those old ballads, where desolate ladies are represented in their castles, watching the clouds as they sailed up the sky from France into England, envying their elevation and scope of view, and building a thousand dreams, as fantastic as they.

MENTIONING the past, causes me to revert to Charles Lamb. In a former number I spoke warmly in his praise, but I gave no taste of his quality. From the past, he cannot be dissociated. It was a realm in which he lived. There grew the vines and fig trees under which he sate him down, not in 'sullenness and gloom,' but with the light of an exuberant fancy ever kindling at his heart. Believing that he was the writer on whom the mantle of Shakspeare did the most manifestly descend, I am bound to 'give a reason for the faith that is in me.' This I shall do, by quoting a few passages from his works. *John Woodvil*, a tragedy from his pen, affords a copious supply of Shaks-

perian thought, and fully justifies the remark of Hunt, that 'Lamb, and he alone, was worthy to have heard, by the lips of the Bard of Avon, the recital of a scene in any one of his immortal plays, hot from the brain.' I must of course be brief in my quotations,—but a few will suffice. John Woodvil is beloved by Margaret Woodvil, an orphan ward of his father, Sir Walter. He becomes cold and distant to her, and she deserts Woodvill Hall, after addressing him a kind, *womanly* letter. The following are his reflections on its perusal ;

Gone ! gone, my girl ? So hasty, Margaret !
 And never a kiss at parting ? Shallow loves,
 And likings of a ten-day's growth, use courtesies,
 And show red eyes at parting. Who bids 'farewell,'
 In the same tone he cries 'God speed you air ?'
 Or tells of joyful victories at sea,
 Where he hath ventures, does not rather muffle
 His organs to emit a leaden sound,
 To suit the melancholy dull 'farewell'
 Which they in Heaven not use ?
 So peevish, Margaret !
 But 'tis the common error of your sex,
 When our idolatry slackens or grows less,
 (As who of woman born, can keep his faculty
 Forever strained to the pitch ? or can at pleasure,
 Make it renewable, as some appetites are,
 As namely, Hunger, Thirst ?) this being the case,
 They tax us with neglect, and love grown cold.
 Coin plainings of the perfidy of men,
 Which into maxims pass, and apophthegms,
 To be retailed in ballads.'

By the way, the word apophthegm reminds me of the numerous sayings current in this country, that are utterly unsusceptible of meaning or explanation. Thus, when a person is eccentric, he is pronounced 'as odd as Dick's hat band.' The origin of this native apophthegm is buried in obscurity. In vain does curiosity inquire *who* was the mysterious Richard, with taste *unique*, and hat-band odd ? Was it Richard the III. ? or Cœur de Lion ? Probably not the former. The only queer things about that monarch, were his misshapen back, and his knee-band,—an article which his proud representatives of the stage wear only on one leg, a custom certainly odd, because, according to the antique rule, 'One is odd, and two are even.' Most men have but one hat-band. It is considered sufficient,—and no man has two : if he had, it would be odd indeed. A mass of reasoning on this subject presses itself at present upon my mind,—but I pass to other sayings. When one is good humored, it is apt to be remarked that 'He is as smiling as a basket of chips.' Now reader, is there anything so very humorous in a basket of chips ? Does it wear a smile ? I never could perceive that it did. A basket of this sort is as much devoid of expression, as the whites of Job's eggs were of taste. I have gathered many a basket full of chips in the country, for the gay mid-winter's fire : but really they never smiled. There is no lineament of pleasure in a basket thus replenished. The contents lend a glow to the farmer's parlor,—and that is their only smile,—a compulsory brightness, which

consumes them in its light—like ‘a cheerful look from a breaking heart.’ I take this to be sound logic,—but have not, as yet, availed myself of any archæological commentaries on the subject. When an individual, also, is in a state of extreme inebriety, it is observed of him, that ‘He is as blue as a razor.’ Now under favor and correction, I would express my belief, that a razor hath not that cerulean hue spoken of ‘i’ the adage.’ It is of a bright and silvery aspect, and the sheen thereof is entirely unlike the sky, or any other azure element or tint whatever. How the saying became extant, is beyond the lore of the antiquary. I have consulted several grave old gentlemen on the subject, and they all tell me that the saying is only valuable from its exceeding longevity. They have heard it, they say, from the lips of their great grandfathers, but comprehend not its fitness or sense. Age is its protection, and it continues to be received as a good phrase, merely because the memory of man runneth not to the contrary of its acceptance.

But to return to Lamb. In a dialogue in Sherwood Forest, between Margaret Woodvil, and Simon the brother of John, the following beautiful passage occurs :

Margaret. What sports do you use i’ the forest ?

Simon. Not many ; some few ; as thus :

To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist, with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bonds of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes, the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like Beauty, nestling in a young man’s breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep ;
Sometimes, outstrech’t in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, their dancers upon air,
Go eddying round : and small birds, how they fare,
When mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
Flit from the careless Almathea’s horn.

How completely is the subjoined colloquy *drenched* with the spirit of Shakspeare :

Lovel. I marvel that the poets, who of all men, methinks, should possess the hottest livers, and most empyreal fancies, should affect to see such virtues in cold water.

John Woodvil. Because your poet hath an internal wine richer than lippara or canaries, yet uncrushed from any grapes of earth, unpressed in mortal wine-presses.

Lovel. What may be the name of this wine ?

John. It hath as many names as qualities. It is denominated indifferently, wit, conceit, invention, inspiration ; but its most royal and comprehensive name is *fancy*.

Lovel. And where keeps he this sovereign liquor ?

John. Its cellars are in the brain, whence your true poet deriveth intoxication at will ; while his animal spirits, catching a pride from the quality and neighborhood of their noble relative, the brain, refuse to be sustained by wines and fermentations of earth.

Equally Shaksperian is the following *fancy* portrait of an honest, confidential friend :

This Lovel here’s of a tough honesty,
Would put the rack to the proof. He is not of that sort,
Which haunt my house, anorting the liquors,
And when their wisdoms are afloat with wine,

Spend vows as fast as vapors, which go off,
 Even with the fumes, their fathers. He is one,
 Whose sober morning actions
 Shame not his o'er night's promises ;
 Why this is he, whom the dark-wisdomed Fate
 Might trust her counsels of predestination with,
 And the world be no loser.

No one, it seems to me, of all the race of modern writers, has been so completely successful as Lamb, in the power of imbuing a composition with the true style and spirit of ancient English. Upon his ear alone, would seem to have melted the sweet and majestic harmonies of the olden time ; and, from a skill acquired by familiarity with that golden age of his native tongue, he touched his pen, to awaken in every reader a glow of enthusiasm.

TALKING of enthusiasm, leads me to say, that of all places wherein one can catch a glow of *sacred* transport, commend me to a Methodist meeting-house. I am no bigoted religionist. I have a feeling of deference and respect for every sect that worships God ; and about none particularly, have I either prejudice or predilection. But I must allow that in no convocations, save those of that church, did I ever hear so much to move my sensibility ; to quicken, as by a sudden shock, the pulses of the heart, and to rouse the affections by a rapid and irresistible pathos. Often, from pure volition, do I wander away from the more flashing streets of the metropolis, into some of those quiet haunts whose retirement seems to denote the absence of society and the world. I enter the humble porch, and with a feeling of reverential simplicity, I sit me down. The pulpit is occupied by two or three speakers. One is engaged in an exhortation. With justifiable tact, he has been selected as the first, in order to give him ' fair play,' as he is evidently the weakest of the clerical trio. I perceive in him nothing extraordinary. He doles forth a sermon, full of common places, and

—' in that nasal twang
 Heard at conventicles !'

but his brevity is studied, and the clerical *foil* takes his seat, while the brighter gem, whose eloquence he has set off in anticipation, arises. He is young, and handsome. The disposition of his dress and contour betokens the presence of one who is desirous, primarily, of impressing his hearers ' by that first appeal which is to the eye,'—and secondly, to inspire them with the eloquent fires that are slumbering in his brain and bosom. At first, his voice is low and indistinct ; anon, it aspires into a mellifluous cadence, until every heart is moved, and every lip tremulous with a sigh. Such an one I heard, not many months ago. He commenced with the text,—' I have been young, and now I am old,—yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' In his pictures of youth and age, and of the sole consolation,—' the one thing needful,'—which should sustain both, he broke forth into the following sublime emblem :

' My friends, as I look down from this advantageous eminence, upon

the different mortal ages that appear before me,—upon cheeks painted with the rosy bloom of childhood, and lips redolent with the fragrance of spring,—when I contrast them with the corrugated lineaments and snow-sprinkled temples of age, my mind labors with a fearful comparison. I contrast the full veins and fair moulded features of childhood, with the thin and shrivelled aspects of declining years; and I liken them all to the scenes which we meet with, on the broad ocean of existence. In our better days, we leave the pleasant land of youth in a fairy barque; the sunshine laughs upon the pennon, and trembles on the sail; the sweet winds refresh our nostrils from the flowery shore, the blue vistas delight our eyes, the waves dance in brightness beneath our keel; the sky smiles above us, the sea around us, and the land behind us, as it recedes; and before, a track of golden brightness seems to herald our way. Time wears on,—and the shore fades to the view. The barque and its inmates are alone on the ocean. The sky becomes clouded,—the invisible winds sweep with a hollow murmur along the deep,—the sun sinks like a mass of blood over the waters, which rise and tumble in mad confusion through a wide radius of storm,—the clouds, like gloomy curtains, are lifting from afar. The sails are rent; the tackle disparts; broken cordage streams and whistles to the tempest; the waves burst like molten mountains upon the half submerged and shuddering deck; masts are rent in splinters; the seaman is washed from the wheel. Cries of terror and anguish mingle with the remorseless dash of billows, and the howling of thunder and storm. The foundered boat sinks as she launches,—the deck is breaking. God of Mercy! *Who* shall appear for the rescue? *Where* fold the arms that are mighty to save? Men and brethren,—aid is near at hand. Through the rifts of the tempest, beaming over the tumultuous waters, moves a pavillion of golden light. The midnight is waning; gushes of radiance sprinkle the foam; a towering form smiles on the eyes of the despairing voyagers, encircled with a halo of glory. It is the Saviour of Man,—it is the Ark of the Covenant! It moves onward,—the waves rush back on either hand,—and over a track of calm expanse, the Ark is borne. Who steps from its side, and walks over the deep, as if upon the land? It is the great Captain of our Salvation,—the Mighty to save! He rescues the drowning from death, the hopeless from gloom. He stills the fury of the tempest; and for the spirit of mourning, he gives the song of rejoicing and the garments of praise. Ark of the Covenant! roll this way! We are sinking in the deep waters,—and there is none to deliver! Let the prayer be offered, and it will save us all!

Such is a faint sketch of the exhortation I have mentioned. In illustrating this point, the preacher said: 'Let not this sketch be deemed the dream of a fanciful mind. We are the voyagers, ours is the danger, and God is the Power who guides the Ark of Deliverance. These things are not visible to the naked, mortal eye, but their truth is the same. The things which are seen, are temporal; from them depend those momentous things, which are unseen and eternal. How shall I illustrate the boundless difference between the glories of the spiritual and temporal

world? Some years ago, I remember, I was in a town in a neighboring State, when there chanced an eclipse of the sun. I had forgotten the anticipated event, and was reading in my room, unmindful of the pale and sickly twilight that had gradually stolen over my page. A friend came in, and said, 'Brother, are you aware that the eclipse is now taking place?' I answered no; and joining him, I walked down into the long, broad street. It was full of people; and the houses of the town, on all sides, were covered with the population. I took a small fragment of smoked glass, and surveyed the sun. It was nearly obscured by the other sphere, and by the clouds which, clad in gloomy light, were sailing fitfully by. After a little while, I retired to my apartment, but for nearly an hour was totally blind. Now, my beloved friends, that mighty orb, even when, as at this present, it sails in unclouded majesty above us, throwing its flood of light upon the far-off mountain, the arid desert, the fertile valley, or the heaving main, that glorious orb is but a faint spark at the foot of the Omnipotent,—a dimly-lighted lamp, feebly glimmering on the outer verge of that transcendent world, whose glories are unseen and eternal!

To appreciate bursts of pulpit eloquence like these, you must *hear* them. You must have partaken of the excitement which warms the speaker, and spreads like a sweet contagion, if I may so speak, among his auditory. You must see the faces of young and old lighted up with a solemn interest; and when he goes on to depict the goodness of the Saviour, you should mark the tearful features beaming in loveliness from the galleries; hear the sobs of irrepressible rapture which attest the animation of the believing; and anon your own heart is so melted with enthusiasm, that when the rich, trembling tones of the congregation are blended in the hymn, you seem carried aloft on wings of extacy, by the infectious transport of the scene. I have listened to the *ad captandum* eloquence of many a 'popular' divine, without emotion, and heard, indifferently, the incontrovertible propositions of many a 'stately son of demonstration;' but when I desire to be subdued and melted in simple feeling, I go to a Methodist meeting. Something humble and holy is there; the distinctions of this life are lost in the contemplation of that which is to come; the music rings in tender supplication at the door of my heart; and I come away, feeling for days like a purer and a better man. There be many who visit such places for amusement: to mimic the prayer of the righteous, and sneer at the stay of the comfortless and the aged; but he who would thus insult his God, is worse than a *reptile*.

TALKING of reptiles, makes me think of critics. By the bye, there are several obscure and self-elected things of this kind now in the country, who have come to us in steerages from over sea, to guide our taste in literature, and tell us whom we are to admire. Some of these are so amusing, that they merit a description. I bethink me now of two,—*Georgium Sidus Cayenne*, and *O'Dilly Langhorne*. They are

both from the Emerald Isle, and members, if I mistake not, of the Institute of Cork. A survey of Hoboken, by an alumnus of that Alma Mater, is to be found in the works of our lamented Sands, and well develops the critical merit which comes from that fabulous college. Of *Cayenne*, I shall say but little. He has never read but one book, which is Lempriere's Dictionary; and he never gets into a quarrel (which he does continually,) without engaging all the ancients in his assistance. You would laugh to see how unceremoniously he plays with such famous personages, as Hercules and Hecuba, Pluto and Agamemnon. Cayenne is still extant, and wields, I believe, the cudgel of a *religious* newspaper, where his lucubrations illustrate his morality. In replying lately to an alleged mistatement, he expressed himself thus: 'It's a d——d lie!' If this be not 'a man of piety, go to,' then my judgment is erroneous.

O'Dilly Langhorne is much this sort of man. When he reached that open asylum, our native land,—something musty by confinement, and unseemly in guise, by the same token, and other causes,—he was wont to itinerate through the town as a critic, picking up odd jobs in the summer months,—when editors were disporting themselves in the country,—in the manufacture of literary sentiments. His knowledge of the country and its literature was amusingly slender; but what cared Langhorne for that trifling circumstance? By the mass, nothing! He pronounced his *dicta ex cathedra*, with unblushing assumption. Periodicals, especially, were the marks for his inkhorn. If he chanced 'to write sweet songs in marvellous dity linen,' or bad tales, and find them rejected from a work to which he sent them, forthwith would he discover, in some journal into which he could squeeze his invidious paragraph, that the periodical was not a good one!

I forbear to dilate upon the ups and downs of this inferior animal. They would include a mass of unpaid bills, and unbounded impudence, that might startle a reader of sensibility. How he has escaped, as by a miracle, from meditated *coups de pied*,—how strolled, and libelled contemporaries,—how truckled and reviled by turns,—it were useless to inquire. Does a popular gentleman write a novel? Forthwith Langhorne beseecheth him for the sheets. If he is not gratified, he posteth about town, with a declaration that the respectable papers which reviewed the work with favor, were induced so to do, by a consideration from the author. Straightway the author calleth upon O'Dilly, and requireth him, in a peremptory mood, to sign a paper, (his word being null,) that what he hath asseverated is untrue. Langhorne's sign-manual saluteth the bond, and the author withdraws with the *certificate of character* in his pocket! The inflated nature of his pretensions does not conceal the saffron hue of his envy; and whenever any of his ribaldry oozes out into the newspapers, you can trace it to its source, as easily as the experienced huntsman tracks the pole-cat to his hole. This is not a sweet simile, nor yet a poetical; but there is a wonderful fitness in its application. How long O'Dilly will flourish, I cannot tell,—but probably not long. Such scribes usually degenerate into 'producers of public opinion,' and from Wash-

ington, or some such central point, make letters and country editorials to order. I take pleasure in the vicissitudes of no man, however contemptible : but when these little lights are baleful, I like to see them erratic ; moving about through various degrees of latitude, and dispensing, alternately in different places, their noxious twinkling.

These sort of persons, with their few American helpers, may well be called the weeds in our young garden of letters. They produce nought but barren comments, and useless vituperations. They dilate upon incontrovertible facts, and spin long digressions on subjects of which they are utterly ignorant. They seem not to know, that their proper sphere is within the boundary of a newspaper item,—and that the precincts allotted to *niaiserie*, are their true dominion. They may shoot from their orbits occasionally ; but it should only be to attempt a witsicism, or achieve a pun.

TOUCHING puns, I have heard many definitions. It has been generally conceded, that the *worst* are the *best*. The most far-fetched are certainly the most unexpected, and consequently the most humorous. What can be better, in this way, than Hood's description of Ben. Battle, in the conflict ?

' A cannon ball took off his *legs*,
And he laid down his *arms* !

Or that doleful announcement, after his death, when

' They went and *told* the Sexton,
And the Sexton *toll'd* the bell !

Things like these make one laugh every time they are thought of. They are irresistible to the most ordinary apprehension. Looking over my dear familiar Lamb's works the other day, I encountered some comments on a pun, which, with the example offered, are so admirable, that I transcribe them entire.

A pun is not bound by the laws which limit nicer wit. It is a pistol let off at the ear ; not a feather to tickle the intellect. It is an antic which does not stand upon manners, but comes bounding into the presence, and does not show the less comic for being dragged in sometimes by the head and shoulders. What though it limp a little, or prove defective in one leg ? All the better. A pun may easily be too curious and artificial. Who has not at one time or other been at a party of professors, (himself perhaps an old offender in that line,) where, after ringing a round of the most ingenious conceits, every man contributing his shot, and some there the most expert shooters of the day ; after making a poor *word* run the gauntlet till it is ready to drop ; after hunting and winding through all the possible ambages of similar sounds ; after squeezing, and hauling, and tugging at it, till the very milk of it will not yield a drop further,—suddenly some obscure, unthought-of fellow in a corner, who was never 'prentice to the trade, whom the com-

pany for very pity passed over, as we do by a known poor man when a money-subscription is going round, no one calling upon him for his quota,—has all at once come out with something so whimsical yet so pertinent ; so brazen in its pretensions, yet so impossible to be denied ; so exquisitely good, and so deplorably bad, at the same time,—that it has proved a Robin Hood's shot ; any thing ulterior to that is despaired of, and the party breaks up, unanimously voting it to be the very worst (that is, best) pun of the evening. This species of wit is the better for not being perfect in all its parts. What it gains in completeness, it loses in naturalness. The more exactly it satisfies the critical, the less hold it has upon some other faculties. The puns which are most entertaining are those which will least bear an analysis. Of this kind is the following, recorded, with a sort of stigma, in one of Swift's Miscellanies :

'An Oxford scholar, meeting a porter who was carrying a hare through the street, accosts him with this extraordinary question : 'Prithee, friend, is that thy *own hare*, or a *wig* ?'

'There is no excusing this, and no resisting it. A man might blur ten sides of paper in attempting a defence of it against a critic who should be laughter-proof. The quibble in itself is not considerable. It is only a new turn given, by a little false pronunciation, to a very common, though not very courteous inquiry. Put by one gentleman to another at a dinner-party, it would have been vapid ; to the mistress of the house, it would have shown much less wit than rudeness. We must take in the totality of time, place, and person ; the pert look of the inquiring scholar, the desponding looks of the puzzled porter ; the one stopping at leisure, the other hurrying on with his burthen ; the innocent though rather abrupt tendency of the first member of the question, with the utter and inextricable irrelevancy of the second ; the place—a public street, not favorable to frivolous investigations ; the affrontive quality of the primitive inquiry (the common question) invidiously transferred to the derivative (the new turn given to it) in the implied satire : namely, that few of that tribe are expected to eat of the good things which they carry, they being in most countries considered rather as the temporary trustees than owners of such dainties, which the fellow was beginning to understand ; but then the *wig* again comes in, and he can make nothing of it ; all put together constitute a picture. Hogarth could have made it intelligible on canvass.'

There are some men who speak in puns. Philadelphians, since the time of Knickerbocker, have had the merit of being the most atrocious punsters in the union. But with the exception of a happy journalist or two, and a few jurists, they have the name only ; which, however, has attained such an altitude, that they sleep on their laurels. Perhaps it is as well ; yet of all miscarriages, an abortive pun is the worst. How many wittings have I seen bring forth one of these pseudo *bon mots*, and baptize it with a grin, when it was the very quintessence of inanity ! Truly, they have their reward ; for they are often asked by their acquaintances, when they have finished, whether the time has come to laugh !

I like a play upon words in other ways. Ben. Johnson made a right good hit, when he wagered that he could incorporate the choral words *di, do, dum*, into a melancholy couplet. Being challenged to do so, he adventured as thus :

' When Dido found that *Aeneas* would not come,
She wept in silence,—and was *Dido dumb*.'

Chesterfield made it a rule, that in social chat, the visitor's good sayings should be reserved for the last, and that when he had uttered them, he should instantly take himself away. Believing that I cannot add a better thing than this versicle of Ben's, (built, no doubt, at some happy moment when 'his learned sock was on,') I follow the counsel.

OLLAPOD.

SONG IN SPRING.

I.

The Spring hath many garments,
And puts gay colors on,
And pearls of dewy morning
She gathers for the sun :
And decked with many flowers,
She dances with the hours.

II.

And gentle winds attend her
From many a summer sea ;
They come with odors laden,
And flush of melody :
In forests couched with roses,
Her gladsome form reposes.

III.

And when the sun no longer
Is shining from the West,
She warbles in the twilight,
And lulls him to his rest :
And with the lingering hours,
She shuts the drooping flowers.

IV.

Oh ! gentle Spring, I love thee,—
Thy pleasant dews and airs,
The sweetness of thy countenance
When Winter disappears :
The bird that with thee singest,
And the early buds thou bringest.

A TRAGICAL TRAGEDY.

'ORLANDO, OR A WOMAN'S VIRTUE, A TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS.' BY MORATIO NEWTON
MOORE. PHILADELPHIA.

WE have much respect even for a melo drama; but our reverence for a tragedy in five acts amounts to veneration. In early life, it was with difficulty we could sit bolt upright in company with an author whose name figured on the title page of such a production. There was a witchcraft about him, that, like the potent eye of the royal Vathek, curved our vertebral column and abased our countenance. We shrunk before the blaze of his glories, as wet woollen shrinks before the sun. Since that interesting period, however, familiarity with distinguished men has somewhat abated our personal reverence, and we have acquitted ourselves tolerably in going through the ceremony of shaking hands with the author of no less than four successful tragedies, all in five acts. There is so much of humanity about the most illustrious of our race,—so few of them can exhibit their genius in common intercourse, as they do their buttons,—that our past-time awe and reverence are soon transferred from them to their works. The feeling itself has not abated: it has merely sought another channel, and turned from the inhabitant of a coat and pantaloons, to the great achievements of the mortal, invested with those ungraceful memorials of our common fall: it has turned from the grosser matter to its essence; or, to make ourselves clear to the most unimaginative, from the apple to the whiskey.

We, therefore, in the greater coolness of more mature years, to outward appearance, meet the author of a tragedy in five acts, very nearly as we would encounter an equal; and can contrive, when in his presence, to wear a composed aspect, and occupy quite as much of our chair, as comports with gentlemanly ease and elegance. Emotion is reserved for a copy of the said tragedy; our spirit bows to the majesty of the duodecimo, and whether its aspect be white, brown, or whitey-brown,—for some publishers do indulge in paper of a most bilious hue,—we approach it with humility, and handle it as gingerly as a barber's apprentice takes a choleric customer by the nose. It is the embodying of a superior intellect, and soulless indeed must he be, who can toss it about like a flapjack, or see others do so, without sensations of horror and compunction.

The objection may be urged,—and plausibly,—that our own confession proves us unfit for the office of an impartial critic of dramatic literature; that the iron obduracy of the skilful surgeon is wanting, and that he who so admires, so reverences, cannot apply the cautery, and direct the knife, when unsound parts require such harshness. The justice of the charge is acknowledged. We do not profess the blood-thirstiness of those hackers and hewers, who chop all beauty from their subject, and finish by pinning the unsightly mass to the wall, to be laughed at by an inconsiderate world. Whip us such critics! They are the lineal descendants of that wicked youth, Erostratus, who fired the Ephesian pile, that the flames thereof might light his cruel

selfishness to glory. Like a sulky cow, they unrelentingly overturn pails full of that milky excellence, the enjoyment of which their envy would forbid to others. Our delight is to point out merit, to applaud desert, and when there are spots in the sun, to get out of the shadow as quickly as possible, and bask in unobstructed rays.

We cannot write a tragedy ourselves; we wish we could; but we are able to appreciate, and perhaps,—it is spoken with all humility,—and perhaps to illuminate the efforts of men gifted with the faculty denied to us. We soar no higher than to the office of holding a candle to superior worth. Should our wick be so well snuffed as to shed brilliancy, we have all that is necessary to gratify our lowly ambition. Even where merit is not very obvious to the hasty observer, we would dig out the imperfectly developed gems, and flash them in the public eye; for, as it was eloquently remarked by ‘glorious John,’ ‘the part of true criticism is to play the whetstone to genius,’ to sharpen its edge, and to make it ‘cut like a razor.’

But in reference to the tragedy, the name of which graces the head of this article, and to the author, the exercise of the shovel and of the grindstone is unnecessary. On every page his treasures glitter in complete display, as glowingly as the frostwork on the columns of the mimic stage, which ‘Orlando, or a Woman’s Virtue,’ will soon occupy with honor. Our office here is an easy one, and as pleasant as it is easy. It is no more than the stringing of orient pearls and the picking up of diamonds, which we do with the more pleasure, as we are sure that Orlando is not yet in the hands of our readers. To them it is an unopened mine; and, if the merit of the work is not ours, we are certainly entitled to the reflected honor of a discoverer. We are the first to take the dashful but meritorious Orlando by the hand, and present him to that good society, the *entrée* to which should be his; and, to use a parliamentary phrase, ‘we are free to confess,’ that, like many a dowager, we shall be apt to appropriate some share of the attention bestowed upon our *protégée*, as a recompense for performing the duties of a chaperon. Should he, by the effect of the present introduction, be invited to rich men’s feasts, thither shall we repair, and expect to find a plate laid for ourselves. Should he glide through the salons of fashion, greeted with the cordial grasp of genius and wisdom, and the smiles of beauty, shall it not be ours to follow as a gleaner, to receive, at least, a nod from the one, and a glance from the other?

Who the author of Orlando is, we know not. His name is euphonic, but by no means familiar. Like other names, it conjures up no definite idea of the owner. Whether he is tall or short, rotund or lathy, it is impossible to decide from the data. Nor is it material. ‘The play, the play’s the thing.’ To that our attention is turned.

Orlando, or a Woman’s Virtue, a tragedy, as before observed, in five acts, ‘dedicated to the memory of Lord Byron,’ is a story of love and horror,—the fire and smoke of the tragic muse. The *locus in quo* is Grenada, at the time of the struggle between the Christians and the Moors which resulted in the expulsion of the latter from Spain, under the edict of Philip. The hero is Orlando, a Spanish general; a right

valiant, and, at times, a very rational gentleman. He had, however, in an unlucky moment, fallen deeply in love with the fair Ianthe,—rather a singular accident, to our minds, (though very effective for dramatic purposes,) as they had been brought up together, from an early age, under the impression that they were brother and sister. In reality, however, they did not come within the Levitical degrees; and that love matrimonial did spring up in their bosoms, is doubtless intended by our author to show the subtle instincts of heroes and heroines, to whom common rules and the experiences of every-day life are not applicable. Their hearts felt, although they did not know it, that there were no bars of consanguinity to the formation of a more perfect union,—a species of unknown knowledge, which, it is easy to see, leads to mischief, and makes three or four of the *dramatis personæ* very miserable through several acts.

It appears that Ianthe was correct in supposing that she had a brother. The difficulty all arose from being 'mistaken in the person.' A youth, named Sabyro, who had 'twinued with her—both at a birth,' proves to be the veritable Amphitryon. At the opening of the piece, this Sabyro is a prisoner among the Moors, under sentence of death for favoring the Spanish cause. We find him immured in a dungeon, and in no very enviable state of mind, as under the circumstances might have been anticipated. He asserts, after the conventional manner, that his uneasiness is not on the score of dying. His agitation, according to his own story, arises from the manner of his coming death. Like Pierre, he cannot look with composure on the 'wheel,' a method of being trundled out of the world much deprecated by heroic souls. To Sabyro the idea must have been particularly painful, as he tells us that the thought acted on him, internally, precisely as the wheel itself would act externally. He exclaims:

Oh! that thought
Does fall full deep within,—acts as a wheel,
And as it there revolves, more agonizing
To my heart it is, than yonder dread one
Unto the mortal frame of mine can be.'

Painful indeed! 'A revolving thought,' which acts in the interior of a gentleman's body corporate, in the wheel-like manner, above described, must hurt him very much. We can imagine the effect, from certain physical ills, which, in the course of time, we have been called upon to suffer, and acknowledge both the strength and originality of the passage. The world is tired of common-place images, such as harrowing, splitting, rending, and ploughing thoughts, which are strong in themselves, but are spoiled by iteration, and will hail with delight the advent of a thought quite as painful and perfectly fresh,—a thought which, if we may so express it, acts on the coffee-mill principle, and grinds up the heart and other intestines of the sufferer.

Sabyro continues his lamentations; but suddenly an unexpected comfort comes in the person of one Solyman, a Moorish officer, who pities his hard fate, and resolves to release him.

The following pithy conversation takes place, in the course of which an important discovery is made:

Solyman. And say, how gottest thou into this net?

Sabyro. A net indeed, and I am caught in it!

Sir, humanity did ope the way, and then

The fire of youth for fame did spur me on:

And now, and the dear object unattained,

The fire must out! O horrible idea!

I cannot die—cannot die.

Solyman. Nor shalt thou die.

Sabyro. Thou dost mock me, *Solyman*.

Solyman. I mock thee not,—

Ay, by Allah, *nephew*, thou shalt not die!

Sabyro. What wonder's this? If rightly I did hear,

If that my reason lives, thou calledst me

Thy nephew?

We share the astonishment of *Sabyro*, and turn with eagerness to *Solyman*. The reply is conclusive:

Solyman. And with truth I called thee so,

For I'm thine uncle, Sir.

Solyman reasons closely, and is indisputably correct in his deduction from the premises; for it is generally conceded, that if one individual is uncle to another, probabilities favor the conclusion that the latter is nephew to the former. *Sabyro* is thunder-struck.

Sab. Uncle! mine!

Sol. Thine.

Sab. Allah, what meanest thou? *Say direct.*

Fair and softly. The cool old veteran is not to be hurried, and checks the impatience of his agitated auditor:

Sol. Dear sir, haul in the bridle of your tongue.

Again we have reason to admire the boldness of our author. We have heard a thousand times of reining in, and of curbing the tongue, but no other writer, with whom we are conversant, has taken the bull so manfully by the horns as he, in seizing the *bridle* of that unruly member, and ordering the loquacious *Sabyro* to 'haul in.' It was unnecessary to go into particulars, as the distinctions of 'bit and bridoon' were probably unknown at the period referred to. If no anachronism would be involved, a tug at the curb instead of the snaffle would have been directed, as the garrulity of the lad promised to be excessive.

Solyman proceeds to the unfolding of the mystery. He is *Sabyro's* uncle, because he is brother to *Sabyro's* father. He establishes the fact as farmers prove their right to wandering cattle, by a scar, which he used to exhibit to the infant *Sabyro*, for the amusement of the child. *Solyman* also informs his nephew of his relationship to *Ianthe*:

Iberia's castle holds her,
And old *Pelayo's* daughter, and his son:
Orlando's sister, she is accounted there,
And to the adverse is she known to none
Save thou and I.

Thither would *Solyman* send *Sabyro*, furnished with a letter of introduction to *padre Antonio*, spiritual director to *Orlando* and *Ianthe*:

————— the ideas
Of which shall unto him of times past by
Communicate, and this entangled skein

O, were ever twain more wretched than we!
And on the prospect shines not one single
Hopeful ray.

Antonio, the priest, enters, and Ianthe retires to her chamber to weep, and perhaps, like Mrs. Oakley, to dine upon 'boiled chickens.' The priest talks to Orlando, seriously, about his love affairs; but finds that he is not to be cured by precept. Nay, he even goes so far as to ask the *padre* to unite him to his sister. The request is of course refused point blank.

Orlando. ——— 'O that I could
Displant this passion from my wearied soul!
———— but no,
It there remains, and burns, intensely burns.
How it will terminate, I do not know.

Antonio, however, has an inkling of the end:

Antonio. 'Desperate distraction I fear will end it.
Orlando. *I can't be more distracted than I am.*

Not easily; although the friar, being more acquainted with the General, thinks it probable.

Antonio advises Orlando, as a cure for love, to go on an expedition against the Moors, and 'dissipate her beauty from his mind.'

Orlando. 'Can I,—O, can I?

Antonio. Take resolution.

Orlando. I can, I can,—Ah, no,—I can't, I can't.'

He finally resolves on the expedition, not in the hope of conquering his love, but in the expectation that some Moor may 'clip him to his grave.' While preparing, he has a conversation with his lieutenant, Carlos, to whom he unbosoms his griefs. The exordium is peculiar and impressive:

Orlando. 'Come near, and let me press me on thy breast,
Unbolt the flood-gates of my tears, and give
A flow to sorrow's tide.'

Carlos consents to stand the Niagara of wo, being a subaltern, without even a little shed for an alleviation: the flood-gates are unbolted, and the tide rushes forth. The General feels much better, and continues his preparations.

We follow Ianthe to her chamber, first knocking at the door, and apologizing for the intrusion. She is found seated on a sofa. She mourns:

O, strange ideas throng my soul.
If but this sofa were the immortalized rock,
And here along the expansive ocean swept,
How gladly would I seize upon the chance,
And, like the love-lorn Sappho, boldly leap,
And end my torments all at once.'

The sofa not changing into the rock of Leucate, Ianthe does not follow out the 'strange idea,' as it would have been trenching on Nathaniel Lee's patent, who makes Alexander mistake an arm chair for Bucephalus, and the floor for the yellow Tigris.

But matters now take a happier turn by the arrival of Sabyro, who renders Orlando the happiest of men, by the knowledge that Ianthe is

not his sister. The Spanish leader rushes to his love, so wild with delight, that Ianthe remarks :

I'd almost opine,
And my fond heart would let the idea off,
My brother's crazed.

Orlando. Yea, crazed with ecstasy.

So much so, that he cannot explain the reason for his joy :

Orlando. Come in.
Come in ; the good friar shall tell thee all.
O, this excess of joy !

Ianthe. But this is strange—

Orlando.—*We'll be married,—we'll be married.*

Ianthe.—*Married !*

Orlando. Come in—, come in,—come in.'

Exeunt.

'These violent delights have violent ends.' The Moors approach in battle array.

Orl. How ! the Moors in arms ?

Messenger. Unwelcome, I fear, is my intelligence.

Orl. *I was to be married, and this hinders me !*

The General droops. If the piece were melo-dramatic, it would be advisable to introduce, at this point, 'Music expressive of not being able to get married.'

Ianthe resolves to accompany her lover to meet the foe :

Ianthe. I'll with thee to the field of battle, love:
I'm a woman here ; there, I'll be a man.

Orl. Indeed it is impossible, my love.

Ian. How ! Impossible !

Orl. Thou knowest the danger.

Ian. And say, cannot I confront the danger ?

Orl. Besides, it looks not well for petticoats.

Ian. No more. I understand thee ; but quickly
I will thy doubts and rising fears dispel.

Orl. How, sweet ?

Ian. But a moment, and I will tell.

Exit.

She obviates the General's objections to petticoats in the embattled field, by throwing them off, and returning in jacket and trowsers :

Ian. And thus accounted, I'll along.

Orl. Why, at ———

In truth, I scarcely knew thee, love. What, all

In male attire ?

Ian. Ay, ay, my lord ; there 's ne'er

A particle of petticoat beneath.

Orl. Indeed !

Why what a wondrous thing is woman's wit !

Here we are at fault. That petticoats, unless they are kilts, have no business in battle, is clear enough, for they are sadly cumbersome in running away, and we are as well convinced that, if the lady must go, it is better for her to do so *en cavalier*. Changing the dress is all very well ; but how her not having 'a particle of petticoat beneath' her boy's habiliments, is a proof that 'woman's wit is a wondrous thing,' puzzles us not a little. It strikes us that it would not be easy to wear panta-

loons, or, to speak more properly, 'Spanish shapes,' over petticoats; though the reverse, 'frock and trowsers,' is of every day occurrence. Had Ianthe returned, and said that she was in boy's attire, with all her petticoats beneath, the wit or ingenuity of the arrangement would have been more apparent.

The pair leave the castle with an army, and defeat the Moors in the first engagement. The victory is thus announced by Aurio:

The day is ours, and o'er ninety acres of the field,
The Spanish ensign flouts the breeze.

Unskilled in military affairs, we here confess ourselves in a quandary, for the second time. Ninety acres! What is the average size of battle fields? What is the regular number of acres? Without possessing the information, it is out of the question for a plain citizen, be his arithmetic ever so good, to estimate the importance of Spain's having gained ninety acres. We have Aurio's word for it that the cross was triumphant over the crescent, and, therefore, take it for granted that ninety acres was the whole ground; but the passage is as defective as its petticoat predecessor.

But of what avail are the ninety acres? The fair Ianthe is captured, and carried off by the retreating Moor, and borne to the Alhambra. A sad event, which Aurio well observes, 'is enough to be the death of the General.' The sun of happiness is set forever upon the fated pair. The Moorish leader is a man of taste: he becomes enamored of Ianthe, and resolves to possess her, in despite of her reluctance and her engagements with Orlando, which certainly was not behaving like a Christian and a gentleman, and is precisely what one would expect from a turbaned Abdallah. Orlando, however, in 'a fine frenzy rolling,' reaches the Alhambra just in time. He begs an interview alone with Ianthe, and stabs her, in imitation of the Roman centurion. Waving the bloody steel, he calls the Moorish king, Abdallah:

Abd. Why did'st thou kill her?

Orl. But to protect her honor.

Abd. A strange protection that, *I must allow.*

Orl. Better she should be dead, than dishonored.

Abd. *My impression was,* that thou lovedst her.

Orl. Love her I did, and therefore I kill'd her.

Abd. 'Twas then for this that thou asked'st of me
Five minutes, hey?

Horrors on horror's head accumulate. Enraged at the philosophic indifference of the king, Orlando puts a dagger into him to discover whether he has a heart, and kills him in the experiment, as Majendie did the cats, in his systole and diastole researches. The Moors revenge their king by slaying Orlando, and the curtain falls, leaving, as usual, an extensive job for the undertaker.

The moral of the tragedy lies on the surface, although it is somewhat allegorical. The fatal catastrophe was brought about by Ianthe's premature assumption of those nether integuments, which, like the sceptre, designate the ruling power. This is not the first, nor will it be the last lover that has met a violent end by similar indiscretions on the part of

the lady. The reproof to the sex is delicately conveyed,—perhaps too much so,—for thousands of them may peruse Orlando, and see that the horrid termination is entirely owing to Ianthe's attiring herself as a man, and yet not perceive that it is intended to caution them against abrupt and undisguised efforts to control their lovers and their husbands. The rebuke to the masculine gender strikes us as being equally clear. Had Orlando checked the first symptom of insubordination; had he promptly rebuked Ianthe, and refused her permission to clothe herself in his prerogative, and, so clothed, to follow him to the battle, all would have been well; and happiness would have rewarded them. Thus we see that a single error may have incalculable consequences,—and that, like a flaw in the roof, it may inundate and destroy the stateliest mansion.

Further comment would be a work of supererogation. The merits of Orlando are before our readers; and, as we have every reliance in their judgment, we need not charge the jury. It is impossible that they can err in returning a verdict, and in pronouncing the play original and striking beyond its cotemporaries,—a literary treasure. Were our means as large as our hearts, we would gladly present every man, woman, and child with a copy; but as we have but one, it is out of the question. We may, after a time, take it and cut it out in little stars: until then, let the reader be content with the specimens furnished, or patronize the publisher.

N.

MUSIC.

WHEN life's sad dream is o'er,
 Its happiness and woe,
 And nature, weak and wearied out,
 Has done with all below,—
 Sit near my couch,—and while my breath
 Comes feebly up, oh! let me hear
 Thy voice repeat that plaintive strain,
 My dying hour to cheer.

Sing while my fluttering pulse
 Its labor faintly plies,—
 Sing while my spirit hovers here,
 And while to God it flies:
 Let thy voice, that soothed my 'morning hours,'
 As cheerful sound at even,
 And thy music waft my soul away
 To sweeter strains in heaven.

Northampton, (Mass.,) April, 1835.

R. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUTRE MER : A Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. In two volumes, 12 mo. pp. 478. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS.

The author of this work, in our opinion, has a glorious career before him. With a mind pure and simple, yet strong and ardent, and stored with learning, he writes always as if under the influence of a true inspiration. As a scholar, especially in his acquaintance with modern languages, we believe Professor Longfellow unequalled by any author of his years in America or Europe. His style, which is peculiarly his own, is polished and free ; his moral sense is exquisite ; his humor rich without rudeness, and keen without asperity. With all the good old English writers he is a familiar acquaintance, and having thumbed their black letter tomes to some purpose, he has saturated his mind with their refreshing spirit.

'*Outre Mer*' was commenced in numbers, like the *Sketch Book*, and abandoned for the more fashionable and lasting mode of 'two volumes.' The author acted wisely in this particular ; for that which appears at uncertain intervals creates little expectation, and thus becomes ephemeral. Now that the Pilgrimage of our friend is imprinted in books, we know they will be found on the round tables of the gentle, and in the library of the *sarant*. The merits of the work, in our estimation, are of a very high order. A quiet sweetness of thought, forcible pathos, the most accurate observation of men and things, a quick perception of the burlesque, and moving appeals to the affections, are the characteristics of *Outre Mer*. The work includes a series of charming sketches of 'many yles and countrees' which the author has visited, interspersed with beautiful digressions upon the literature and history of different lands, and tales both grave and gay. Rich indeed are the pictures of France, Italy, and Spain. In reading the volumes, we have margined so much which pleased us, that our quotations must be brief and unmethodical. 'Rome in Midsummer,' could only have been suggested by the genius of the scene. How calm and clear is the following, from 'The Village of La Riccia :'

"The sultry day was closing, and I had reached, in my accustomed evening's walk, the woodland gallery that looks down upon the Alban Lake. The setting sun seemed to melt away in the sky, dissolving into a golden rain, that bathed the whole Campagna with unearthly splendor ; while Rome in the distance, half-hidden, half-revealed, lay floating like a mote in the broad and misty sunbeam. The woodland walk before me seemed roofed with gold and emerald ; and at intervals across its leafy arches shot the level rays of the sun, kindling as they passed, like the burning shaft of Aesclea. Beneath me the lake slept quietly. A blue, smoky vapor floated around its overhanging cliffs ; the tapering cone of Monte Cavo hung reflected in the water ; a little boat skimmed along its glassy surface, and I could even hear the sound of the laboring oar, so motionless and silent was the air around me."

In Spain, our author seems to have been impressed with the different moods of Cervantes and Manrique ; sometimes gay and merry, at others, sad and didactic. In the former vein he was, when he dined at Manzares, in an old and sombre looking inn, which he thought must have been, some centuries back, the dwelling of a grandee, where he met the son of a barber,—a kind of Gil Blas character, who 'wore a black gown and cassock, a pair of shoes made out of an ex-pair of boots, and a hat in the shape of a half moon, with the handle of a wooden spoon sticking out on one side like a cockade.'

We cannot conclude without offering the subjoined brief sketches of Cordova and Granada. They are by no means the best,—perhaps not equal to numerous others in the volumes :

CORDOVA.—“The approach to Cordova from the east is enchanting. The sun was just rising as we crossed the Guadalquivir, and drew near to the city ; and alighting from the carriage, I pursued my way on foot, the better to enjoy the scene, and the pure morning air. The dew still glistened on every leaf and spray ; for the burning sun had not yet climbed the tall hedge-row of wild fig-trees and aloes which skirts the road-side. The highway wound along through gardens, orchards, and vineyards, and here and there above me towered the glorious palm in all its leafy magnificence. On my right, a swelling mountain-ridge, covered with verdure, and sprinkled with little white hermitages, looked forth toward the rising sun ; and on the left, in a long graceful curve, swept the bright waters of the Guadalquivir, pursuing their silent journey through a verdant reach of soft lowland landscape. There, amid all the luxuriance of this sunny clime, arises the ancient city of Cordova, though stripped, alas ! of its former magnificence. All that reminds you of the past is the crumbling wall of the city, and a Saracen mosque, now changed to a Christian cathedral. The stranger, who is familiar with the History of the Moorish dominion in Spain, pauses with a sigh, and asks himself, ‘Is this the imperial city of Albakam the Just, and Abdoulrahman the Magnificent ?’”

GRANADA.—“The contrabandista accompanied us to Granada. The sun had already set when we entered the Vega, those luxuriant meadows which stretch away to the south and west of the city, league after league of rich, unbroken verdure. It was Saturday night, and as the gathering twilight fell around us, and one by one the lamps of the city twinkled in the distance,—suddenly kindling here and there, as the stars start to their places in the evening sky,—a loud peal of bells rang forth its glad welcome to the day of rest, over the meadows to the distant hills, ‘swinging slow, with solemn roar.’

“Is this reality and not a dream ? Am I indeed in Granada ? Am I indeed within the walls of that earthly paradise of the Moorish kings ? How my spirit is stirred within me ! How my heart is lifted up ! How my thoughts are rapt away in the visions of other days !

“Ave Maria purissima ! It is midnight. The bell has tolled the hour from the watch-tower of the Alhambra ; and the silent street echoes only to the watchman’s cry. Ave Maria purissima ! I am alone in my chamber—sleepless—spell-bound by the genius of the place—entranced by the beauty of the star-lit night. As I gaze from my window, a sudden radiance brightens in the east. It is the moon, rising behind the Alhambra. I can faintly discern the dusky and indistinct outline of a massive tower, standing amid the uncertain twilight, like a gigantic shadow. It changes with the rising moon, as a palace in the clouds, and other towers and battlements arise—every moment more distinct—more palpable, till now they stand between me and the sky, with a sharp outline, distant, and yet so near, that I seem to sit within their shadow.

“Majestic spirit of the night, I recognize thee ! Thou hast conjured up this glorious vision for thy votary. Thou hast baptised me with thy baptism. Thou hast nourished my soul with fervent thoughts and holy aspirations, and ardent longings after the beautiful and true. Majestic spirit of the past, I recognize thee ! Thou hast bid the shadow go back for me upon the dial-plate of time. Thou hast taught me to read in thee the present and the future—a revelation of man’s destiny on earth. Thou hast taught me to see in thee the principle that unfolds itself from century to century in the progress of our race,—the germ, in whose bosom lie unfolded the bud, the leaf, the tree. Generations perish, like the leaves of the forest, passing away when their mission is completed ; but at each succeeding spring, broader and higher spreads the human mind unto its perfect stature, unto the fulfilment of its destiny, unto the perfection of its nature. And in these high revelations, thou hast taught me more,—thou hast taught me to feel that I, too, weak, humble, and unknown—feeble of purpose, and irresolute of good, have also my mission to accomplish upon earth—like the falling leaf—like the passing wind—like the drop of rain. O glorious thought ! that lifts me above the power of time and chance, and tells me that I cannot pass away, and leave no mark of my existence.

“Yonder towers, that stand so huge and massive in the midnight air, the work of human hands that have long since forgotten their cunning in the grave, and once the home of human beings immortal as ourselves, and filled like us with hopes and fears, and powers of good and ill,—are lasting memorials of their builders ; inanimate material forms, yet living with the impress of a creative mind. These are landmarks of other

times. Thus from the distant past the history of the human race is telegraphed from generation to generation, through the present to all succeeding ages."

We close with the author's Colophon :

"My pilgrimage is finished. I have come home to rest ; and recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind,—for the most part when the duties of the day were over, and the world around me was hushed in sleep. The pen wherewith I write most easily is a feather stolen from the sable wing of night. Even now, as I record these parting words, it is long past midnight. The morning watches have begun. And as I write, the melancholy thought intrudes upon me,—To what end is all this toil ? Of what avail these midnight vigils ? Dost thou covet fame ? Vain dreamer ! A few brief days,—and what will the busy world know of thee ? Alas ! this little book is but a bubble on the stream ; and although it may catch the sunshine for a moment, yet it will soon float down the swift rushing current, and be seen no more !"

We beg leave to assure our author, that his work is not such an air-blown trifle as he modestly imagines. It will live long on the stream of time ; its hues will please and dazzle for many years ; and if it be finally broken, he himself is destined, we doubt not, to succeed it with other creations, whose superior brightness alone, will make the memory of the foregone bubble dim. To those who know how to relish true poetry, and delightful prose, we commend *Ontre Mer*, as a collection of mental gems.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL. By J. ORVILLE TAYLOR. In one volume. New-York : HARPER AND BROTHERS, original Publishers.

THIS is a duodecimo volume, of some three hundred pages. It comes before the public with strong recommendations from a Bishop, three learned Presidents of Colleges, nine reverend Doctors of Divinity, sixteen reverend Clergymen, an Ex-Mayor, and some scores of erudite editors and critics. The distinguished citizen who at the request of the author furnishes the preface, commends the book as being written in a style '*eminently clear and forcible*,'—says 'the reflections of the writer are evidently the *combined result* of experience and extensive and accurate observation,'—and avows the belief, that if received by the public as it deserves, the book 'will mark an era in the history of public instruction.' Such are the auspices under which the volume under notice is going forth to reform the world ; and the author informs us, by a printed Circular, that he 'has formed a plan of offering it, within the coming year, to every inhabitant of the State.' It may be inferred, that all to whom the book shall be offered, will be expected to believe the certificates which the writer has procured, and to pay the price of the work. Lord Bacon somewhere observes, that 'Nothing is thought so easy a request to a great person as his letter ; and yet, if it be not in a good cause, it is so much out of his reputation.' Now, after a careful perusal of 'The District School,' we feel compelled to differ in opinion from the eminent gentlemen who have recommended it to public acceptance. So obvious and numerous are its inaccuracies, that we cannot but think its commendators too careless of their own reputation for scholarship and sound judgment. The *matter* of the volume,—portions of which have received general and hearty approval,—has been found to consist, mainly, of gross plagiarisms from popular works on education. For this cause, the work has been returned, by the worthy publishers, back upon the hands of the 'author.' But our present business is with the *manner* of the volume, than which we have rarely seen any thing more loose and *stip-schodical*. The following random extracts will illustrate the justice of our remarks :

'Oh ! it has made my heart pity human weakness, to see a conceited, pompous, arrogant man, the teacher and associate of children. I would that *each* might learn that

true greatness does not consist in approving what *they* are not.' p. 64. Query : If true greatness does not consist in what 'conceited, pompous, arrogant men' are *not*, in what *does* it consist? 'The laxity and ignorance of some inspectors, is one great cause of the low and useless condition of many of our common schools.' p. 81. Laxity and ignorance, Mr. Taylor, are not *one* thing, but *two*. 'The strength and destiny of any community, *lies* in the virtue and intelligence of its younger members.' p. 77. 'Let the scholars see that they have *neither* number, gender, or case.' p. 201. 'The greatness and permanency of our free institutions *is* based on the universality of these means of instruction.' p. 76. 'A force and beauty *is* given to the ideas,' etc. p. 193. Here is a perspicuous sentence : 'Let a number of words from the *class* of adjectives be shown to the *class*, and *they* required to tell why *they* are in this *class* of words.' p. 201. And this is akin to it : 'The American people *have* founded the temple of their liberty on virtue and knowledge, and *this* foundation they expect their teachers and ministers to lay !' p. 117. Let the reader understand the following sentence, if he can : 'It is not by being told what is good, but *it is* by seeing it, that *will* make scholars improve in writing.' p. 45. Or this : 'Why is it that children dislike instruction ? *They were made to know and learn from others.*' p. 63. Thus much, as a specimen merely, of the style of 'The District School.' Let us glance, for a moment, at the logic of the author. We find the annexed remarks on page 97 : 'A teacher should govern his scholars as rational and moral beings. They are as capable of perceiving a distinction between truth and falsehood, and right and wrong, as he is,—perhaps more so. After we have lived in this world of error and prejudice twenty or thirty years, our moral and intellectual powers are apt to be disordered, and deceive us. But a *child* is fresh from the hand *which* has written the law of truth upon the heart ; *that* has made *him* capable of discerning between good and evil, and between merit and demerit.' According to Mr. Taylor, Saint Paul was all in the wrong, in ascribing indistinctness of apprehension to children, and better judgment 'to those that are of full age, even those who by reason of use have their senses exercised to discover both good and evil.' On pages 192-3, our author tells us, that 'Language, in the most extensive sense, is the instrument of communicating ideas and affections of the mind, *AND* BODY, from one animal to another !' and that 'The *grammarian* (heaven save the mark !) perceives in the English language and names, *nine* classes of words. Their *natural* distinctions are *always* seen, and make what is called the nine parts of speech.' On page 145, we are told, that 'The power of letters change with *their* connection and position. From *this* circumstance, many of the letters have several sounds, and some of them more than one hundred different, distinct sounds, or powers !' Now it is a very obvious fact, that all the powers of all the letters in the alphabet, are not more than forty ! Mr. Taylor says, on page 305, that 'He who would take what belongs to another, does all that he can do towards destroying the rich and populous *earth*, which we behold, and in banishing the intellectual sciences, and arts, and systems of civil and moral polity which distinguish the civilized man from the savage.' Without stopping to ferret out the meaning of the last half of this sentence, we would respectfully ask the author if he felt the sentiment expressed in the first, when he took from *Abbot's Teacher*, a rival work, *nineteen* pages, which are worth more than all the rest of his volume ?

But enough. We assure the reader, however, that we have not pointed out a tithe of the errors which are profusely sprinkled through the volume before us. With much that is useful,—borrowed and appropriated without a sign of acknowledgment,—there are mixed up matters puerile, incorrect, and unworthy. The 'District School' is, in short, in our poor judgment, a mosaic of adroit plagiarisms, constructed by a person of superficial attainments, who makes fritters of the King's English. Such, we are confident, will be the candid judgment of the public. The reader who may possess a

knowledge of the sources from whence much of the volume has been derived, and who properly appreciates the *original* portions, will be disposed, we think, to say to Mr. Taylor, in the language of another:

'Your volumes I have read, my friend,
And like the half you pilfered, best;
But sure the book you yet might mend:
Take courage, man, and steal the rest!'

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY. A TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES. By WASHINGTON IRVING.
One volume. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

In the last number of this Magazine, we gave our readers a foretaste of the pleasure which many of them have doubtless ere this received in the perusal of the volume under notice. As it has since then been published, and is very generally in the hands of the public, an extended notice of it would be, to use the pet phrase of one of our astute reviewers, 'superfluous and supererogatory, besides being likewise extremely adscititious and useless.' It is sufficient to observe, that it amply sustains the brilliant reputation heretofore acquired by the immortal author of *Knickerbocker's History*. It abounds with adventures, skilfully told; with pictures of forest scenery, Indians, customs, and manners, which are singularly wild and delightful. When we read of the free, roving life, among the aborigines of the West, we wonder not at the dejected 'havior of the red man who straggles sometimes through the Atlantic towns, drinking the fire-water of the Pale Faces, and sunk in listless despondency,—a remnant of his tribe. Well could such a wanderer be addressed in the language of the poet:

'Is not thy heart far off amidst the woods,
Where the red Indian lays his father's dust,
And by the rushing of the torrent-floods,
To the Great Spirit bows in silent trust?
There go they forth, the deserts' warrior race,
By stormy lakes, to track the elk and roe;
But where art thou! the swift one in the chase,
With thy free footstep, and unfailing bow?
Their singing shafts have reached the panther's lair,
But where art thou? Thine arrows are not there!'

Travelling in the Prairies is an exciting employment: but if fire, or other causes, have driven away the game, the tourist is in some such a position as an unprovisioned supercargo would be on the mid-ocean. Our author thus describes, in the only passage for which we can find a place, the circumstances attending the close of his journey:

"In the course of the morning, we came upon Indian tracks, crossing each other in various directions, a proof that we must be in the neighborhood of human habitations. At length on passing through a skirt of wood, we beheld two or three log houses, sheltered under lofty trees on the border of a prairie, the habitations of Creek Indians, who had small farms adjacent. Had they been sumptuous villas, abounding with the luxuries of civilization, they could not have been hailed with greater delight.

"Some of the rangers rode up to them in quest of food: the greater part, however, pushed forward in search of the habitation of a white settler, which we were told was at no great distance. The troop soon disappeared among the trees, and I followed slowly in their track; for, my once fleet and generous steed faltered under me, and was just able to drag one foot after the other, yet I was too weary and exhausted to spare him.

"In this way we crept on, until, on turning a thick clump of trees, a frontier farm house suddenly presented itself to view. It was a low tenement of logs, overshadowed by great forest trees, but it seemed as if a very region of *Cocaigne* prevailed around it.

Here was a stable and barn, and granaries teeming with abundance, while legions of grunting swine, gobbling turkeys, cackling hens and strutting roosters, swarmed about the farm yard.

"My poor jaded and half famished horse, raised his head and pricked up his ears, at the well-known sights and sounds. He gave a chuckling inward sound, something like a dry laugh; whisked his tail, and made great leeway toward a corn crib, filled with golden ears of maize, and it was with some difficulty that I could control his course, and steer him up to the door of the cabin. A single glance within was sufficient to raise every gastronomic faculty. There sat the Captain of the rangers and his officers, round a three legged table, crowned by a broad and smoking dish of boiled beef and turnips. I sprang off of my horse in an instant, cast him loose to make his way to the corn crib, and entered this palace of plenty. A fat good humored negress received me at the door. She was the mistress of the house, the spouse of the white man, who was absent. I hailed her as some swart fairy of the wild, that had suddenly conjured up a banquet in a desert; and a banquet was it in good sooth. In a twinkling, she lugged from the fire a huge iron pot, that might have rivalled one of the famous flesh pots of Egypt, or the witches' caldron in Macbeth. Placing a brown earthen dish on the floor, she inclined the corpulent caldron on one side, and out leaped sundry great morsels of beef, with a regiment of turnips tumbling after them, and a rich cascade of broth, overflowing the whole. This she handed me with an ivory smile, that extended from ear to ear; apologizing for our humble fare, and the humble style in which it was served up. Humble fare! humble style! Boiled beef and turnips, and an earthen dish to eat them from! To think of apologizing for such a treat to a half-starved man from the prairies; and then such magnificent slices of bread and butter! Head of Apicius, what a banquet!

"The rage of hunger' being appeased, I began to think of my horse. He, however, like an old campaigner, had taken good care of himself. I found him paying assiduous attention to the crib of Indian corn, and dexterously drawing forth and munching the ears that protruded between the bars. It was with great regret that I interrupted his repast, which he abandoned with a heavy sigh, or rather a rumbling groan. I was anxious, however, to rejoin my travelling companions, who had passed by the farmhouse without stopping, and proceeded to the banks of the Arkansas; being in the hopes of arriving before night at the Osage Agency. Leaving the Captain and his troop, therefore, amidst the abundance of the farm, where they had determined to quarter themselves for the night, I bade adieu to our sable hostess, and again pushed forward."

'MISSIONARY REMAINS; or Sketches of the Lives of EVARTS, CORNELIUS, and WISNER. With an Introduction, by SAMUEL H. COX, D. D.'

'ADVICE TO A YOUNG BROTHER, on Practical Subjects. By a Missionary.' New-York: TAYLOR and GOULD.

THE first of these little volumes is devoted to brief biographies of the three kindred missionaries named in the title. That of EVARTS, by the Rev. GARDINER SPRING, is written with eloquent and affectionate tenderness, and embraces all the leading points in the life of its subject. We cannot perceive, however, why it should have been thought necessary, in describing the departure of this Apostle of the Lord to a world where sectarian distinctions are unknown, to quote the disparaging reflections upon another Christian denomination, in which Mr. Evarts had incidentally indulged, some years before. It seems to evince a disposition to carry intolerance of religious opinion to the very borders of the grave. The tribute to the memory of the gifted and pious Cornelius, is taken from the Quarterly Register of the American Education Society, and is doubtless familiar to the public. Saving an excessive eulogy of the 'bodily presence' of this devoted missionary, the sketch is exceedingly well executed. The memoir of Wisner, whose career of usefulness is not unknown to the religious community, will be particularly acceptable at this time, when the intelligence of his untimely death has scarcely ceased to be the theme of deserved obituary eulogies in our public journals.

We cannot commend the sentiments or style of the 'Letters' which make up the contents of the second named volume. The *doctrinal* views seem to us wholly unadapted to the conception of young persons, as well as inconsistent with the natural sense of more mature age. The pernicious dogma is inculcated, in the first five pages, that a child is entirely destitute of any goodness,—and that however amiable he may be,—however kind to his associates, or obedient to his parents,—he is no better than those who possess none of these affectionate attributes, 'while he is without holiness of heart.' The promulgation of such principles as these has made more infidels than did ever the labors of Paine or Voltaire. The work is evidently a callow flight of authorship; and, even with those of ripe intellect, the 'twilight of dubiety' will be found to gather over whole pages, which the author flatters himself 'are plain to the most juvenile capacity.' Both these little volumes are very neatly executed.

THE NORTH AMERICAN READER. By LYMAN COBB, author of the First Book, Spelling Book, Expositor, Miniature Lexicon, Primary Monitorial Lessons, etc. In one volume. pp. 498. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

The 'North American Reader' is designed for the use of the highest classes in schools and academies, and contains a great variety of pieces in prose and verse, from well-known English and American writers; together with observations on good reading; the Declaration of Independence; the Constitution of the United States; political definitions; valuable orthography; concise principles of pronunciation; rules for the division of words; rules for spelling the plurals of nouns, participles, present tense, and preterit of verbs; and the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives. Such a work was much needed. The selections are mainly American; and we incline to the belief that the volume will come, in time, to supersede the use of the 'English Reader,' which does not contain a single piece or paragraph from the pen of an American citizen. The author well observes, that 'Pride for the literary reputation of our own country, if not patriotism and good policy, should dictate to us the propriety of inserting in our school-books specimens of our own literature.' The articles are of general excellence; but we observe an error or two in the attributed sources. The author of the four verses 'On an Albatross,' for example, is not an American, nor was 'Female Influence,' to our personal knowledge, penned for the journal to which it is accredited. These, however, are small blemishes. We recommend the 'North American Reader' to all who are interested in the instruction of American youth, as a work in all respects interesting, instructive, and useful.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET. A Novel. In two volumes; pp. 527. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THIS is an American production, of the Misserimus school,—full of passion, horror, and improbability,—with notes! The writer acknowledges that he never published any poetry: his claims to the title of bard, therefore, are not authentic. One might as well write a work entitled, 'Travels in my Parlor, by a Cosmopolite.' The author is evidently possessed of some *power*; that is, he can conjure up a variety of sackcloth scenes and images, calculated only to oppress and distract the mind; but beyond this he is weak and gentle 'as a sucking dove.' He speaks of the *long* blue eye of a mistress;

and the annotator, who runs his glossary beneath many pages through the volumes, grows sublime upon 'the immortality of cubic inches' Altogether, the work is a bad imitation of bad models; its diction and morality are dark and doubtful; while the commentator, who has attempted to defend and illustrate both, only makes darkness visible. The work unquestionably contains evidences of talent. Sometimes a deep vein of metaphysical thought will be opened in the text and notes; but it seems to have been struck by accident, and is speedily clogged up by incomprehensible verbiage, and the ravings of exaggerated passion. We should think, to read the work through, that it might be the joint production of an undevout astronomer, and a milliner's apprentice,—such is the *ensemble* of profanity, strength, and stupidity, which it displays. We seriously advise the author never to make another such an effort. He appears, from his own confessions, to have written it just before his brains were blown out, and with a pistol before him; but we should infer from the contents, that he had removed his brains first, and written the book afterwards. It is easy to conceive, without violence to fancy, that such a mass of thoughts could only proceed from the refuse in the cerebral, after a pistol shot,—despite the adage, that

'When the brains are out, the man will die, and there an end.'

COLONEL CROCKETT'S TOUR TO THE NORTH AND DOWN EAST. One volume. pp. 234. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

THIS is a book of the Major Jack Downing class. It pleases many,—embraces a variety of odd sayings and incidents,—and contains little, probably, to move the serious anger of any one. Its political denunciations are of small moment; for the influence of individual opinion depends materially upon its source. Thus to hear a comedian in a farce utter a passage from some solemn melodrama or tragedy, would be incongruous and absurd, even to those who love to clap their hands 'when an actor cries *ye gods*, or laments the misery of his country.' Crockett writes to create smiles,—not thoughts. If he thinks to provoke reflection in any reader, he misses his aim. His work is in some parts very amusing, in others very dull and vulgar: but heaven forbid that we should filch one green leaf of laurel from the Tennessee drover! He shoots equally well with the rifle or long bow; and it is not prudent to wage a war of criticism with a man of such venatorial accomplishments. The word dignity is not in his vocabulary; and though the absence of it may have diminished his influence in Congress or with the public, it has contributed to the mirth and laughter of both,—a circumstance upon which honest Davy may well plume himself; since the art of diffusing general pleasure is as rare as it is commendable.

LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. One volume. pp. 326. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

A CHARMING volume, with elegant letter press,—several beautiful engravings, richly colored, and a mass of botanical emblems and descriptions. The work is derived mainly from the French, though not a direct translation. With the lessons of this volume well conned, a young gentleman might walk in a summer garden with his mistress, and make love with his cane, by pointing out the flowers that bordered the walks,—a

pleasant manner of wooing, very acceptable to taciturn or modest people,—a class, by the way, of which the number now-a-days is few. We advise all who love the tenderest way of saying a tender thing, to purchase this book, and acquire its 'language,'—certainly the *sweetest* dialect in the world. 'In eastern lands they talk in flowers:' why should they not in the West?

LIVES AND EXPLOITS OF ENGLISH HIGHWAYMEN, PIRATES, AND ROBBERS. By C. WHITEHEAD, Esq. In two volumes. pp. 410. Philadelphia: CAREY AND HART.

THOSE who affect the adventurous and the horrible, may in these volumes 'sup full of horrors.' There is no deficiency in *matériel*. It is abundant, 'slab and good.' Black atrocities and golden treasures contrast with each other on every page. There is a large fund of stirring incidents and desperate hazards, not only on terra firma, but on the bloody deck, what time

———'the laboring bark clomb hills of seas,
Olympus high.'

Strange and exciting as are the contents of this work, we are constrained to say that it cannot be productive of moral benefits. We believe that by the perusal of such books, the hearts of the wavering are often fixed and indurated in vice. It is such kinds of matter, we must suppose, that have made Paris one vast moral lazaret-house; that suggest those acts of desperation, which weaken the social compact, and whose end and guerdon are ignominy and death. Yet such volumes will be sought for, and read with eagerness; and they demand a passing notice among the mass of similar works with which the age and press are so prolific.

THE EXILE OF ERIN, or the SORROWS of a Bashful Irishman. A Novel. In two vols. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THERE is a great deal of cleverness in this book which will be lost to many American readers, because it is a satire, hitting at individuals and practices of which they who are untravelled have no knowledge, save what they may have gleaned from newspapers and magazines. For example, the two elections, one in Ireland and the other in England, in the account of which, whimsical as it is, there is much that is quite new to us on this side of the Atlantic. But it is chiefly in relation to the personages introduced, that the enjoyment of the American reader will be incomplete, for we are strongly inclined to suspect that they are all, or nearly all, copied from actual people. There are several among these caricature pictures which we can recognize, without any difficulty, and others at which we give a shrewd guess. But the fun would be greater if we could form a correct estimate of the likeness in every instance. It is a very amusing book, however; rambling and sketchy,—without much pretension to plot or story, and utterly disregarding the unities, at least so far as place is concerned. It is written in the first person,—the gentleman afflicted with modesty heralding his own calamities. We have no suspicion as to the author, but he is a fellow of no small humor, and has a great deal of tact in hitting off characters with a sort of burlesque gravity.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE INFIDEL, OR THE FALL OF MEXICO. We have been favored with the perusal of a portion, in sheets, of this forthcoming work, by our countryman, Dr. BRAD, and are prepared to express our honest conviction, that it will enhance the reputation which its author has already acquired, as a writer of great historical research, elaborate taste, and acknowledged genius. The scene of 'The Infidel' resembles that of Calavar, in some respects; but the main characters and events are of another grade. There is more of passion and feeling,—there are more appeals to the heart, and perhaps fewer to the pride and chivalry of man, than in the last published work of this novelist. We offer an extract from one of the chapters, which introduces to Hernan Cortes a personage who has much to do with the narrative and course of the fiction; leaving a regular analysis of the plot, and comments on the excellencies of the story, until our next number. The quotation we make, affords a striking evidence of that correct and masterly power of description which is constantly evinced by the author, and improved upon in every successive production:

"The apartment into which Juan now found himself introduced, was very spacious; and, indeed, had the height of the ceiling corresponded in proportion with the length and breadth, would have been esteemed vast. Without being so low as to be decidedly mean, it was yet depressed enough to show how little the principles of taste had extended among the natives, to the art of architecture; or, what is equally probable, how wisely provision was made against the earthquakes and other convulsions, so naturally to be expected in a land of volcanoes.

"The huge rafters of cedar, carved into strange and emblematic arabesques, were supported, at intervals, by a double row of pillars of the most grotesque shapes. On the walls were hung arras, on which were painted rude scenes of battle and of sacrifice, with hieroglyphic records of history, as well as choice maxims of virtue and policy, selected from the compositions of that king, who had finished and given name to the habitation, long since founded by his ancestors. It was lighted in a manner equally rare and magnificent. A considerable space in the further or western wall, from which the tapestry was drawn aside, was occupied by stone mullions of strange forms, between which were fixed large translucent blocks of alabaster, such as we now behold in the church windows of Puebla de los Angeles. Upon these were painted many incomprehensible figures, which would have deformed the beauty of the stone, but for the brilliancy and delicacy of their hues. As it was, the strong glare of the evening sun, falling upon this transparent wall, came through it, with the mellow lustre and harmonious tints of a harvest-moon, shedding a soft but sufficient light over the whole apartment, making what was harsh tender, and what was lovely almost divine.

"On the left hand, were several narrow doors, opening upon a garden, which was seen, sometimes, when the breeze stirred aside the curtains that defended them; on the right were others, leading to certain chambers, and carefully protected by a similar drapery.

"The floor of this hall of audience was covered with mats stained with various colors.

"At the further extremity of the apartment stood a group of Spanish cavaliers, surrounding a platform of slight elevation, on which, sumptuously dressed, and leaning upon a *comocillo*, or chair of state, stood Hernan Cortes. At his right hand, sitting and supported by two gallant cavaliers, was his royal god-son, Ixtlixochitl, now Don Hernan Cortes, the king of Tezcuco;—a young man of mild aspect; at whose feet sat his younger and more manly brother, Suchel, from whom was afterwards derived one of the noble families of New Spain. On the left of the general, were two Indians of a far nobler presence, and known by the singular loftiness of their plumes, if not by the commanding sternness of their visages, to be Tascalans of high degree. They were, in

fact, two military chieftans Xicotencatl and Chichimecatl, men of renown not only among their tribes, but the Spaniards. Behind each stood his page, or esquire, bearing the great shield of ceremony, whereon was emblazoned, in the native heraldic devices, the various exploits of his master."

NORTH AMERICAN (BOSTON) REVIEW.—The last number of this excellent and truly national Quarterly contains more than its usual amount of intellectual treasure. When we open this work, we are always sure of being instructed; of seeing our literature, not maligned and depreciated, but encouraged and defended. We look, for these effects, to certain causes. We know that the North American Review is what it purports to be, a national work: that obscure foreigners, and flippant sucklings at the fountain of literature, have no admission to its pages: and we find paramount, that clear discrimination and kindliness of feeling, without which the critic is contemptible, however adroit—may be his sophistry, or obtrusive his learning. In the writings of the editors we invariably discern that grateful union of imagination and reason, of grace and power, the want of which in an author is the want of a capability to please or to instruct. In the productions of EDWARD EVERETT, the images of poetry are happily intermingled with the stateliness of prose. He is himself a poet of no common grade, as the splendid 'Dirge of Alaric the Visigoth' can bear witness. His successor, or associate, is an admirable scholar, familiar with the flower of Spanish belles lettres, and equally a favorite with society and the public. The North American Review, under such direction, stands eminently in the van of American periodical works. We can yield our assent to the opinions of the editors,—for when we ask, *What have they written?* as a guarantee for the soundness of their abilities, we can be shown a mass of writings, political, social, and literary, which would do honor to any country. It is in such a journal as the North American Review that 'a survey of our periodical literature of every kind, is needed on many accounts.' 'There be' periodicals in the country, of similar pretensions, which rest upon our literature like an incubus, and dispense a palpable dullness, a kind of drizzly darkness, over all within their influence. We should be pleased to see these fungous excrescences entirely lopped away. It is impossible that a dull man should make a just or spirited periodical. When we meet a self-elected but unrecognized dictator, one arrogant and oracular, without one true claim to the deference of literary men; one strikingly deficient in both fancy and judgment,—who, confined intellectually to a narrow round, treads that round with a pompous stride and stiffness that would become the Colossus of Rhodes,—one whose style, lumbering, bloated, and inexpressive, is the very model of what correct English should *not* be,—one, in short, whose only merit is a mass of undigested reading, displayed with more ostentation than judgment, and quoted with more labour than elegance,—when, we say, we meet with such a man at the head of a periodical, and see him imbuing it, not merely with a concentrated and irresistible drowsiness, but with a settled, deep, and malignant hostility against every thing produced by young Americans,—we cannot but hope, most ardently, that the Boston Review, acting as a counterpoise, will continue to give its regular and just surveys of our rising literature. To that quarter, at least, where all our writers have hitherto met with honest judgment, shall we continue to look, as the only higher source from whence justice or candor can be expected for our countrymen.

Our limits will not permit us to enlarge upon the merits of the number before us. 'The Politics of Europe' embraces a lucid survey of the present condition and prospects of nations across the sea. The article on *Coleridge* is admirable. The mind that conceived it, is capable of appreciating the worth of its subject. We are glad to find

our humble opinions as to the merits of Wordsworth so well confirmed by the Reviewer, who gives several fine quotations from that writer, and justly describes him as 'the most philosophical poet of modern times.' In the paper on 'Italy' we perceive the genius of a favorite and regular contributor for this Magazine, whose productions have been much applauded, and who appears in the present number. His descriptions in the Review, of Rome and Italy,—the harvest of personal observation,—are the most vivid and life-like that we have ever encountered. 'The Last Days of Pompeii' is a just and eloquent tribute to the genius of its author. The reviewer speaks in exalted terms of the poetical talent of Mr. Bulwer. Here our views are again coincided with: but does the author know what heresy he will be charged with, by pretenders to taste, for saying of the author of Pelham, that 'he has shown himself an accomplished and thorough scholar, and evinced great poetical genius?' To the judicious sentiments expressed in the article on 'Immigration,' we yield our cordial concurrence. The imported class of which the writer speaks as the most numerous, depraved, and useless, cannot be said to taint our social and political atmosphere alone. They deprave our taste, by infecting our literature with the presumptuous prejudice and intolerance which spring from an ignorance of the condition, and an inability to appreciate the talent, of our people. The 'Mineral Springs of Nassau' is somewhat late as a review, but it is extremely well written, and the closing portion is fraught with an eloquence which rises to sublimity. From certain unmistakable evidences of vigor and style, we trace this paper to the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT. Though brief, it is a noble production, and reflects great credit upon a mind whose creations, both in verse and prose, have won much eulogium.

In every respect, the *North American Review* is an honor to the country. In politics, it is liberal and impartial. We hail it as the sole exponent, in its peculiar sphere, of our national mind, character, and progress; and are proud to see it sent abroad, with the Christian Examiner, as an evidence of indigenous talent, high moral worth, and republican feeling.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE OLD PAINTINGS.—We make an effort to give room for a particular notice of the pictures exhibited and for sale at the rooms of the American Academy in Barclay-street. It is well known to our readers, and the public generally, that most of these works of art are presented as 'undoubted originals' by various celebrated old masters, and moreover as being, one and all, productions of extraordinary merit,—far surpassing all the efforts of modern genius and skill. We have been told the same thing five or six times within about the same number of years, touching various lots of pictures imported from Europe; and the assertion has been, and still is, believed by a large majority of the public, notwithstanding the extreme difficulty of establishing the paternity of a painting after the lapse of one or two hundred years, and the still greater improbability that works of such immense value as originals by great masters bear in Europe, should come to the United States begging for a purchaser; when we know, too, that the *millionaires* of England, and even princes and kings, are always on the alert to snap up the few real gems that may come into the market, and that galleries are very seldom broken up and their treasures dispersed. It is time, we think, that some little caution should be employed in receiving these lofty pretensions; and we intend, in the present instance, to speak of the pictures with perfect candor and the best judgment we have been able to exercise in their consideration.

No. 1, in the catalogue, is a landscape, entitled '*Twilight*,' and ascribed to Domenichino. It has some merit, but not much; the twilight effect is tolerably good, but the execution is very indifferent. So far as we can judge, the manner is Domenichino's, and the picture is probably a copy from one of his, by a not very skilful hand.

2. *St. Jerome*, ascribed to Leonardo Da Vinci. We have no hesitation in saying that it is a very bad painting, and in expressing our firm conviction that Da Vinci never touched it. The figure is out of drawing, and the coloring abominable.

3. *Family Group of Lord Clive*. Sir Joshua Reynolds. Unquestionably the work of his masterly pencil, and a superb painting. The management of light and shade is admirable, and the handling, to speak technically, in the highest style of art. We have heard it said that the colors have faded, but can see nothing of it, except perhaps a little in the sky, and a very little in the faces of the portraits.

4. *The Bishop of Rochester*. Also by Reynolds. If possible a nobler picture even than the last. There is the hand of the master in every touch.

5. *Louis XIV. and Hunting Party*. Vander Meulen. Probably genuine, but nothing more than a middling good picture. Defective in drawing, but the coloring far from bad.

6. *The Garden of Love*. Ascribed to Vandyck. Very doubtful. The manner is not unlike his, and the picture is good, but the coloring, although parts of it are commendable, wants the richness of Vandyck. It is probably a good copy.

7. *The Entombment of the Saviour*. Ascribed to Titian. Wretched, and if painted at all by him, it must have been within the first year of his apprenticeship. Look at the bad drawing,—the feeble fore-shortening,—the apple-dumpling clouds,—the muddy coloring. The richly carved frame is worth a hundred such pictures as it encloses.

8. *The Opening of the Sixth Seal*. Danby. We are almost ready to say that this modern production is worth all the others in the room,—certainly with the exception of five or six, we would rather have it than all the others. Grand in conception, and exhibiting all the greatest difficulties of the art in foreshortening and in effect of color, triumphantly surmounted. The various lights in which different portions of the subject are displayed, are wonderfully fine, and managed with consummate skill; and the figures, in their immense variety of attitude, are depicted with astonishing boldness and perfect accuracy of drawing.

9. *The Crucifixion*. Tintoretto. A picture of very considerable merit. There is some good coloring in it, and the figures, especially that of the thief on the right of the Saviour, admirable. There is every reason to suppose this the production of some master, and probably that of him to whom it is ascribed.

10. *The Agony in the Garden*. Ascribed to Murillo. A good painting, but not in the manner of the famous Spaniard. His style is bold and decided: there is more timidity in the drawing as well as coloring of this picture, than in any of his we have ever seen.

11. *Evening*. Poussin. A fine painting. Good mellow tints, judicious arrangement of light and shade, and excellent perspective. Probably genuine.

12. *Dogs and Game*. Fyt. This also, we have no doubt, is genuine, and a very good picture. The same remark applies to the companion, Number 16, by the same artist.

13. *Sampson and Delilah*. Ascribed to Rubens. If it be his, then he could disguise his hand most skilfully, for it is utterly unlike all the works of his pencil we have ever seen; and moreover, we think it not a good picture. The foreshortening of the leg is abominable. There is merit, however, in the expression of slumber in Sampson's face, and in the frightened look of the Philistine, who is cutting off his hair. Delilah is hideous.

14. *Family of De Witt*. Rembrandt. Certainly very much in his manner, and at all

events a glorious picture. The keeping is admirable, and the relief most admirable. To use a common expression, the figures are starting out from the canvass. Notice the beautifully painted hands and arms of the child standing upon a table,—and indeed all the hands. Observe particularly the extreme skill with which one hand of that child is brought forward, and the other thrown farther back.

15. *Landscape and Cattle.* Berghem. A fine painting, and probably genuine. It is good as a whole, and abounds with little bits that are perfect gems.

17. *A Holy Family.* Ascribed to Vandyck. More likely to be his than No. 6. The coloring is good, but the hands bad enough. The face of the old woman is fine, but that of the Virgin out of drawing.

18. *Judith with the head of Holofernes.* Ascribed to Guido Reni, but with little probability. It is an exceedingly faulty picture in every respect. The hand and arm of Holofernes, hanging down to the floor, are very badly drawn, and there is no proportion between the body and the head that has just been severed from it. The coloring of the face is too warm for death.

19. *Ascension of the Virgin.* Also ascribed to Guido Reni, but evidently not by the same hand as the last. This is a much better picture, and is perhaps genuine.

20. *Port at Venice.* Ascribed to Claude Lorrains. A good picture, but not at all like a Claude. There is none of that rich, warm coloring, which forms so peculiar a feature in all his pieces. Still it may be his.

21. *The Warning, or Flight into Egypt.* Ascribed to Annibal Caracci. Certainly a fine old picture, but unfortunately the glazing has become so black that there is little of it to be seen. The face of Joseph is admirable. It is very likely to be the work of Caracci.

22. *Flower Piece.* John Van Huysum. Exquisite: wonderfully finished, and not only admirable in coloring, but in very fine keeping. It is, we think, the most beautiful flower piece we have ever seen.

23. *Dance of the Seasons.* Ascribed to Poussin, and very probably with truth. It is a fine picture, and the subject is well known to amateurs by Morghen's superb engraving.

24. *A Holy Family.* Maturino. An especially bad picture; with the exception of the so-called Leonardo Da Vinci, probably the worst in the whole collection.

25. *Italian Landscape.* Van Lint. A tolerably good painting, and nothing more.

26. *A Calm.* Ascribed to Vandervelde. Bad. Cotton-bag clouds.

27. *A brisk Gale.* Backhuysen. Much better than the last. Indeed a very fine sea piece, and probably genuine.

28. *The Cottage Grandfather.* Russell. A very good picture, much in the manner of Gainsborough. The old man is excellent, and the contrast between his wrinkled face and the blooming cheeks of the little girl, happily conceived and finely executed.

29. *Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds.* By himself. Genuine and excellent. It bears the marks of having been struck off at a heat,—perhaps in a single sitting,—but it shows the master. The colors have not faded in the least.

30. *Gamesters Disputing the Die.* Ricco. It is apparently a study for a larger picture, and has a great deal of merit. The lights on the armor are particularly fine.

St. John Preaching in the Wilderness. Ascribed to LeBrun, and probably with truth. It is a very good design, and well painted.

32. *Royal Family of England.* Livesay and Benjamin West. A fine picture. The grouping is excellent, and the arrangement of the colors very skilful. The attitude of the Duchess of York is exceedingly graceful, and indeed all the figures are good. The background is beautiful. We were amused, in looking at this picture, with the courtly flattery that has represented George the Third and his Queen as almost in the bloom of youthful beauty, although surrounded by eight grown up sons and daughters, the eldest of whom, George the Fourth, must have been at least thirty at the time.

33. *The Denial of Peter.* Gherard de la Notte. A good painting. The effect of fine light is very skilfully managed.

34. *Martyrdom of St. Sebastian*. Ascribed to Murillo, but we think, without a shadow of reason. At any rate, it is a very bad picture; feeble, timid, and badly drawn.

35. *The Crowning of Venus*. Giordano. Genuine, and a good specimen of the works produced by this artist.

36. *The death of Hyppolitus*. Harlow. If this artist had lived, (he died at 32,) he would have been among the first of painters. His picture of the Kemble family is well known by engravings. The work in this collection is a hasty sketch, apparently, but full of skill and talent. The foreshortening is the boldest and withal the most correct that can be imagined. The grouping is admirable, and the coloring, rough as it is, exceedingly rich and mellow. With the exception of the Rembrandt, the flower piece, the opening of the Sixth Seal, and Sir Joshua Reynolds's portraits, it is the gem of the collection.

No. 40. is an exceedingly curious and elaborately carved vase, of gold and ivory, by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. Genuine and very beautiful.

AMERICAN SCENERY.—Mr. J. DISTURNELL, at No. 156 Broadway, has issued proposals for publishing a series of Views, from original drawings, engraved on steel, by distinguished artists. The scenes are to be selected from the most interesting points in the principal cities and villages on the Hudson River,—embracing, however, other picturesque views, characteristic of American Scenery. Part One has just been issued. It is a splendid view of the Narrows, from the Pavillion, drawn by E. W. CLAY, and engraved by R. HINSHELWOOD. The publisher assures the public that the succeeding numbers shall be fully equal to the first, and that no liberality of expenditure shall be wanting, to render the whole eminently deserving of patronage. The letter press illustrations, historical and descriptive, are to be from the pen of SAMUEL L. KNAPP, Esq. The series, when completed, will consist of twelve parts, imperial octavo,—each number containing three splendid engravings on steel. We cannot doubt that this laudable enterprise will meet with the encouragement which it merits.

STATUE OF HAMILTON.—We had sketched an extended notice of the statue of ALEXANDER HAMILTON, by BALL HUGHES, Esq., recently placed in the Merchant's Exchange; but we are obliged to limit the expression of our admiration of its execution to the single and brief remark, that the dignity and repose of the features, the freedom and ease of the drapery, and the appropriateness of position, attract general and deserved admiration.

THE DRAMA.

PARK THEATRE.—We are compelled to limit our notices of the Drama, for April, to a scant space. At the 'Old Drury,' early in the month, the engagement of Mr. A. ADAMS drew large audiences. This young American actor bide fair to attain a distinguished rank as a native tragedian. Physically, he is liberally endowed. His frame is well-knit, and his port commanding. His features, too, are full of expression, and susceptible, in an eminent degree, of sudden and powerful change,—an attribute which the possessor rarely abuses. His voice also is deep and full. His personation of *Othello* was the best we have witnessed, since we saw FORREST—whom Mr. Adams as an actor greatly resembles—in that character. With close study, and more enlarged experience, this young aspirant can scarcely fail to become all that his numerous friends have good reason to anticipate. POWER has played his last, for the present at least.

before a New York auditory, and soon takes his departure for England. An actor more natural or laughter-moving has never been among us. If cachinnation be a lengthener of life, then many a day has this son of Momus appended to the allotted span of thousands of attendants upon his inimitable personations. HACKETT and HILL,—unequalled in their line,—have been drawing large houses, by theatrical excellencies too well known to need particular mention. Mrs. DRAKE, from the Western Theatres, has likewise fulfilled a short engagement at the Park. She has many important physical capabilities and only needs the more perfect grace which study and experience lend, to become eminent in the thorny walk which she has chosen. Her *Evadne* was every way a finished personation.

The 'Last Days of Pompeii,' Madame CELESTE, and 'The Phantom Steed,' have alternated as attractions at the BOWERY THEATRE during the month. Each has been signally efficient in the main point,—filling the house.

FRANCES ANNE BUTLER'S JOURNAL.—By delaying the publication of the present number for a day or two beyond its date,—(to avoid the 'moving accidents' attendant upon a city delivery during the prevalence of the May-day fever,)—we are enabled to announce the publication of the long-looked-for 'Journal' of Miss KEMBLE. We have glanced through it, merely, and cannot therefore express an adequate opinion of its merits. We may say, however, that the style, judging from a very cursory survey, appears irregular and dashing enough, and to be characterized, in many instances, less by refinement or delicacy, than *originality* and vigor. Of the general tone of the work, in relation to our country, its institutions, 'men and manners,' we may perhaps speak hereafter, when we shall have given the volumes a more thorough perusal. Numerous asterisks are observable,—indicating either yawning chasms in the original, or careful suppressions since the records attained 'the dignity of types.' Wounds given in the text are also, as it seems to us, salved and poulticed in copious and flattering notes. In one of these latter are the following remarks. *Their justice and truth, at least, cannot be gainsayed:*

"When we arrived in America, we brought letters of introduction to several persons in New York; many were civil enough to call upon us; we were invited out to sundry parties, and were introduced into what is there called the first society. I do not wish to enter into any description of it, but will only say, that I was most disagreeably astonished; and had it been my fate to have passed through the country as rapidly as most travellers do, I should have carried away a very unfavorable impression of the *best* society of New York. Fortunately, however, for me, my visits were repeated and my stay prolonged; and in the course of time, I became acquainted with many individuals whose manners and acquirements were of a high order, and from whose intercourse I derived the greatest gratification. But they generally did me the favor to visit me, and I still could not imagine how it happened that I never met them at the parties to which I was invited, and in the circles where I visited. I soon discovered that they formed a society among themselves, where all those qualities which I had looked for amongst the self-styled *best* were to be found. When I name Miss Sedgwick, Halleck, Irving, Bryant, Paulding, and some of less fame, but whose companionship render their acquirements delightful indeed, amongst whom I felt proud and happy to find several of my own name; it will no longer appear singular that they should feel too well satisfied with the resources of their own society, either to mingle in that of the vulgar *fashionables*, or seek with avidity the acquaintance of every stranger that arrives in New York: It is not to be wondered at, that foreigners have spoken as they have, of what is termed fashionable society here, or have condemned, with unqualified censure, the manners and tone prevailing in it; their commendations are true and just, as regards what they see; nor perhaps would they be much inclined to moderate them, when they found that persons possessing every quality that can render intercourse between rational creatures desirable, were held in light esteem, and neglected, as either bores, blues, or dowdies, by

those so infinitely their inferiors in every worthy accomplishment. The same separation, or if any thing a still stronger one, subsists in Philadelphia, between the self-styled fashionables, and the really good society. The distinction there, is really of a nature perfectly ludicrous. A friend of mine was describing to me a family whose manners were unexceptionable, and whose mental accomplishments were of a high order; upon my expressing some surprise that I had never met with them, my informant replied, 'Oh, no, they are not received by the Chestnut street set.' To an Englishman, this *fashionable* society presents, indeed, a pitiful sample of lofty pretensions, without adequate foundation."

SCIENCE.—We think that the causes which conspire to make most of the scientific institutions of Europe superior to many of a similar nature in our own country, is, that those who superintend them have a constant and direct knowledge of all subjects properly concerning such establishments, and can thus add to their usefulness, and that of the scholars there enlightened. One case in point will suffice to show our meaning, and we quote it without further comment. In a note beneath the preface to 'Hamlet, a Dramatic Prelude,' Dr. ROSS remarks:

"The leading medical institution of Philadelphia, which by its lucrative professorships, must hold out rich temptations to the scrambling of interest and the intrigues of ambition, and which by the politics incident to such a state of things, is enabled to give the tone of intellect and morals to the mass of the profession, has, for a quarter of a century, been directed by a self-electing Board, composed principally of Members of the Bar, with an utter exclusion of physicians. And certainly, the grave sittings and counsels of a body of eighteen Lawyers, four Divines, and two Manufacturers, upon the affairs of medicine, without even one physician, merely to help them in technical pronunciation, must now and then turn a broad laugh into the sleeve of some among them, who have not, by the gradual thievery of custom, lost all perception of this monstrous incongruity between their ability and the duties of their office."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'THE YEMASSEE.'—In closing a notice of this romance, in our last number, we predicted that it would commend itself to the reader, without the aid of the critics, and that a second edition would soon be called for. Such, we perceive, has been the fact. The first edition, though twice as large as usual, was exhausted in three days, and a second has been demanded by the public. So sudden has been this gratifying call, that the author has been unable, he informs us in a brief advertisement, to effect more than a very few of the many corrections which he had meditated in the work. We may observe here, that the previous fiction of the writer has also just passed to a third and large edition. These facts are 'close denotements' that the generous, impartial-judging public are little influenced by the unjust maledictions of quarterly reviewers, and 'miscellaneous notice' makers. MR. SIMMS may naturally covet the high praise of unqualified condemnation from such sources.

Genius is a word, indicating, if we may believe the best lexicographers, the faculty or power of *mental creation*. We accept the definition, because we wish to employ it, before laying down our pen, in speaking of this quality in the author of the above named work. 'The Yemassee' contains ample evidences of the creative faculty. The writer, with but little aid from history, has peopled the early forests of the South with creatures of his

mind; he has poured the rays of poetic description over woodland recesses, and sunless glens, and gloomy rivers. His fancy is exuberant—affluent; and the only care that he need exercise, in his rapid course to eminence, is in the ordering of his thoughts, and a preservation of the *proprieties* of fiction. Anachronisms should be scrupulously avoided even in a romance.

PHILADELPHIA ALBUM.—This publication has changed proprietor and title. It is now called the 'Philadelphia Literary Journal.' The former Editor, ROBERT MORRIS, Esq., has been unable for a long period, from the pressure of other professional duties, to give the requisite attention to the work. Under its present management, it will be conducted by a gentleman who is pronounced adequate, in all respects, to the task he has assumed. The well-known talents of Mr. MORRIS, the former Editor, have been employed in the direction of a highly popular and influential daily journal, whose original columns continually evince a presiding mind of no common order, and industry doubtless unequalled by any journalist in the country.

THE POLITICAL WRITINGS OF THOMAS PAINE.—We have barely space to mention the publication of these two handsome volumes. The edition is altogether superior to any ever published in this country,—embracing, as we are informed, nearly two hundred pages more than the most complete edition of Mr. Paine's writings heretofore issued. The objections naturally urged against the religious works of the author of the 'Age of Reason,' cannot apply to his labors of a political nature. They are characterized by depth of thought, purity and force of style, and by the advocacy, in general, of sound principles.

POLITICAL ECONOMY.—We know not when we have met so useful a work, as a small volume by Professor McVICKAR, published recently in Boston, containing, in the most simple and intelligible language, the essential elements or principles of Political Economy. It is designed more particularly for youth, and should be in the hands of every young man in the Union. It embraces no facts, however, which are not worthy to be impressed upon maturer minds. We commend it, heartily, to general acceptance.

HAWKIN'S PICTURE OF QUEBEC.—We have looked over a volume of 487 pages, bearing this title, and cheerfully award our recommendation of its many excellencies. The style is pleasing and concise, and the whole is enlivened by interesting historical recollections, and anecdotes, connected nearly or remotely with the entertaining and instructive subject matter. The book is illustrated by numerous lithographical sketches. Mr. J. DISTURNELL, 156 Broadway, is the sole agent of the work for this city.

HARPER'S BOY'S AND GIRL'S LIBRARY.—The last two volumes of this excellent series contain a succinct History of New-York, and form number two of the 'History of the United States.' They are just what they should be, to be useful to the young,—a happy combination of historical truths with simple but judicious adjuncts, by the narrator, the good agreeable 'Uncle Phillip,' whose admiring *nephews* are springing up in all quarters.

THE MESSRS. CARVILL'S have recently published a third edition, with important additions, of a very useful work on 'Credit, Currency, and Banking,' by ELIAH LOMB, Esq.,—and in a neat volume, the *Maxims and Moral Reflections of ROCHEROUCAULT*, with a biographical Preface and Appendix by the Editor.

PERIODICAL RE-PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHRISTIAN LIBRARY, published by Mr. THOMAS GEORGE, JR. 162, Nassau-street, merits the popularity to which it has attained. Its selections, (made by a committee of clergymen, of different denominations,) are characterized by good taste and judgment, and the large amount of various reading which the work contains, is presented to the public in an unexceptionable style of typographical execution. It may be commended as a re-publication of great value.

FRANKLIN LIBRARY.—Two handsome volumes, bearing this title, embracing a fair selection of the lighter reading of the day, have been laid upon our table. They are the collected numbers of a re-publication of modern literature, selected with creditable discernment, and published weekly by Messrs. WALLIS AND NEWEL, Number 9, John-street. The work, we learn, has a very general circulation.

THE REPUBLIC OF LETTERS, also a weekly re-publication,—the first of the class, and probably the most widely extended,—appears in a handsome quarto volume, embracing an incredibly large and cheap variety of useful and entertaining matter.

THE ALEXANDRIAN, a similar work to the last above-named, has reached its fourteenth number. Thus far its pages have been occupied with the re-publication of 'The Curiosities of Literature.' Its permanency is established.

ERRATA.—For 'is employed,' page 438, twenty-fifth line from the bottom, read 'is frequently employed';—the word 'frequently' having been omitted in the transcription, by Mr. Carey's amanuensis. Page 438, fourth line from the top, for volumes read volume.

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NUMBER THREE.

CRITICISM.

As THE congregating of flocks of carnivorous birds around certain spots is ominous of the corruption and decay of animals, so is the appearance and multiplication of critics, commentators, and rhetoricians, indicative of the decay and declension of a wholesome, natural, vigorous, and original literature. While they contribute nothing to the common stock, they prey on the products of the labor and genius of others, and lay down irrefragable rules for doing what they cannot do themselves. Instead of examples, they favor us with precepts; and too often, like the worm in the bud, blight the flower which but for them might have bloomed in all its native exuberance and beauty.

Hence arises the apparently singular phenomenon, that, as these classes of freebooters, who live on the labors of others, multiply in the commonwealth of literature, genius is always found to become tame, languid, and uncreative. Almost all the noblest productions of human genius have preceded the ages of the despotism of critics; and had not Homer and Virgil wrote, Longinus and Quintilian had never criticised. The creative power, which constitutes the essence of genius, and is the more valuable for its scarcity, exists not in the critic, and for this reason, where there is one great original writer, there are a hundred critics and commentators, who, like insects on the green leaf, glitter and banquet on its rich juices and tender fibres.

Each separate school of criticism has its own peculiar dogmas, from which, like the Catholics, they are not permitted to depart. Intolerant of any licenses but those sanctioned by their own laws, they give no quarter to the imaginary transgressor, and condemn without defence and without a hearing. What one calls sublimity, another stigmatizes as bombast. With one, a strict regard to the unities of the drama is dullness; with the other, a departure from these is barbarism and licentiousness. With one, the adoption of classical models is servile imitation; with the other, all attempts at originality are licentious innovations. Thus, whether a writer is a copyist or an original, it is all the same. The praises of one class of critics are balanced by the denunciations

of the other; and the unlucky writer, like the political demagogue, is one half deity, the other half demon. Under these rival and hostile leaders, there arise parties in literature as well as in politics, which, like the savages of our borders, neither give nor take quarter. The believers in the London Quarterly denounce one set of writers, while those of the Edinburgh applaud them to the skies, and the heretic of one party is the martyr of the other. Writers are judged, not by their merits, but their politics or their religion, and the claims of a man of genius are subjected to the same test as those of an applicant for the patronage of a government or a party. If his opinions on politics or religion do not agree with those of the critic, he may possess all the requisites of a great writer, and yet his condemnation is as certain as fate itself. Even the affectation of impartiality is cast aside, and the world is insulted with the spectacle of a tribunal which openly defies the principles on which it professes to be founded.

The multiplication of critical tribunals, like those of law, only serves to embarrass mankind, and introduce a confusion of opinions. The decision of one is reversed by the other; appeals are multiplied, laws confounded by different and contradictory interpretations, and as in one case mankind come to lose all perception of what is law, so in the other they become so confounded in the inextricable labyrinth of contradictory canons of taste, that they may be said to have no taste at all. Instead of being enlightened by the sun, they are condemned to the guidance of a multiplicity of flickering jack-o'-lanterns, and find themselves at last buried up to the neck in the mire of obscurity.

Such are some few of the many mischievous effects of a multiplication of critics and critical tribunals, even should they really be impartial in their decisions, and only led into contradictions by honest conviction. But when they degenerate into the mere organs of party, and are governed by no principles of taste, or when they become panders of booksellers, and vehicles of private interests, private spleen, or private motives, operating on, and directing their decisions, they are if possible still more injurious to the interests of literature. They are then quacks, assuming a character to which they have no claim, and cheating the public by an imposture. They sport with our credulity, and betray our confidence. They mislead us into a false admiration, and at the same time defraud us of our money, in the purchase of worthless books, just as the swindler does the merchant, by palming upon him goods of an inferior quality for superfine.

That such is the present state of English criticism, all accounts agree, and all appearances demonstrate. We hear on all hands, that a large portion of the reviews, and critical journals of that country, are either owned in whole, or in part, or otherwise under the control of booksellers; and if this fact did not account for the extravagant eulogiums pronounced on certain works of inferior merit, we should be inclined to suppose the art of criticism was on its last legs in England. But if what is said of these journals be true, as there is little cause to doubt, it is the corruption, not the incapacity of the judges, that accounts for these extraordinary decisions. It is publicly asserted in England, that

ninety-nine in a hundred of the criticisms published in that country may be traced to party spirit, the interests of booksellers, and the private attachments or antipathies of the writers, or the proprietors of the journals in which they appear.

Such motives as these, however common in the ordinary intercourse of private life, are destructive of the value of criticism. As it is the sacred duty of the judge of a criminal court, to decide on the guilt or the innocence of a prisoner, without reference to any connection of interests, or domestic ties, or social affections, or coincidence of abstract opinions, so is it obligatory on the literary tribunal, to cast aside all these considerations, when it assumes the responsibility of directing the public taste, and acquitting or condemning an author. Whenever it departs from the observance of this strict impartiality, it violates its own assumed obligations, and is unworthy to influence the public taste or the public opinion.

It would be a matter of perfect indifference to us, whether the English tribunals, either judicial or literary, were able and incorrupt, were it not that in one case they dictate to us what is law, in the other what is gospel, in literature and taste. Their influence in this country is far more despotic than in England, for though a prophet may not be honored in his own country, we have always found, that the best sphere for the operations of rogues, and impostors, is that which is farthest from home. The character and motives of men are always best known to their neighbors, and they must go among strangers if they wish to deceive. Hence we find that this distant region is not only the favorite refuge of all those who 'leave their country for their country's good,' but the strong hold of all sorts of literary impostors, and third rate English authors and critics.

We are unalterably convinced that the influence of English criticism, thus vitiated in its motives, and its origin, is in the highest degree pernicious to the literature of this country. The absolute sway it exercises over our tastes and opinions, not only misleads us from the path of truth, but seduces us into a miserable imitation of the very worst models. It is destructive to all vigorous and successful efforts at originality; it dictates to us what we are to admire and what condemn; it destroys all independence of thought, and harnesses us in the bonds of abject slavery to decisions which have neither the support of authority, nor the sanctity of honest conviction to excuse error, or palliate weakness.

The greater proportion of these prostituted tribunals, which from a distance of three thousand miles give law to this great country, yet in a state of vassalage in literature, instead of directing the public taste to a proper perception of true value and beauty, employ themselves in pampering errors, and adding new horrors to extravagance and deformity. They are arrant cowards, as well as deceivers. They dare not oppose the reigning fashionable taste. They are the mere echoes of widely disseminated errors. The faults of distinguished writers are passed over without notice, or converted into beauties, while they pounce upon some

miserable offender, who has neither a bookseller to patronize, nor interest to conciliate, and cut him into mince-meat, only to delude the public with the idea that they are quite impartial. Thus the transgressions of a great man, whose example may infect the world, are entirely kept out of sight, while those of an obscure writer, who can do no harm, are held up to the most terrible reprehension. He is made an example of, like the poor ass, who was condemned for eating a thistle, while the lion, who had depopulated half a forest, escaped with impunity.

The influence of the present school of English criticism is equally injurious in misleading our taste, and influencing our literature. Perceiving, as he cannot but do, unless incurably blind, that the only avenue to fame is through the prostituted columns of the English critical journals, the first question an American writer asks himself is, 'What will best please these great autocrats of the republic of letters?' He will not inquire, what is becoming in him to say as an American, attached to his country and its institutions; he will not follow the bent of his own genius, or the impulses of his own taste, but will bow to the copper-washed calf beyond seas, and like the doughty potentate of Congo, inquire, what they say of him in England. No American author asks what his own countrymen will say of him, knowing full well that their voices will be but the echo of the English journals. They will say 'ditto' to the *Edinburgh*, the *Quarterly*, or even the *London Literary Gazette*, for no English authority is too corrupt or insignificant to give a precedent; and thus instead of American, they become substantially English writers, modelling themselves upon Bulwer, D'Israeli, or (heaven save the mark!) my Lady Blessington, that paragon of Parnassus, and appealing, for an immortality of nine days to critics, who though destitute of the vital principle themselves, can confer everlasting life on others.

This allegiance to English criticism is without doubt one great cause of that absence of nationality, of those characteristics, which identify the literature of every other country, with the country itself, and constitute the great basis of a national school of manners, morals, and tastes. It must be obvious, that if left free to consult our own feelings, exercise our own judgment, select our own topics, and follow our own inclinations, we should at once resort to copying nature, the common source of all imitative arts. We should go to the fountain head, instead of slaking the thirst of genius at the tail of the current, and rather than sink into imitators, aspire to become originals. Whatever might be our deficiencies, they would be our own; they would not be copied and exaggerated from bad models, or caricatured from good ones, but would have something in them that could not be traced directly to the source whence it was derived. The cooks might be indifferent, but the materials would be good; and time and practice, the sources of all true excellence, and above all, excellence in literature, would render the former at length expert in their calling. Those who copy no original may err at first, but may in time come to equal any original; while those who set out with imitation, carry with them through life the badge of inferiority. They may be called the American Shakspeare,

the American Milton, or the American Walter Scott, but they will never arrive at the honor of having namesakes themselves, except they happen to be rich old bachelors.

These truths are exemplified in the history of the literature of all nations. They never produced any really great work, until they ceased to be imitators; nor did any writer ever attain the highest summit of fame, with perhaps the solitary exception of Virgil, by copying another. Neither Homer, nor *Æschylus*, nor Dante, nor Cervantes, nor Milton, nor Shakspeare, copied those that went before them, any more than those who come after have been able to equal them. They soared aloft on their own pinions, and disdained to mimic even the flight of the eagle. Italy never rose above mediocrity, until she threw off the habit of imitating the literature of Greece; France, in like manner, enchained her genius by copying the Italian school, which was in itself a copy; England borrowed of France; and so did Germany, until she dared to write in her own language, and set up for herself. It was then, and not till then, that she produced a Schiller and Goethe. It was then, and not before, that her literature became national, and that from imitating, she became the model of others.

This is the history of every country that can boast a national literature, and this will be ours in time. We shall one day discover, that the surest way of securing the contempt of any man, is to become his abject imitator; to have no opinion of our own, and to follow his lead in every thing. It is the same with nations as with individuals. The more we become like them, the more they dislike us. The more we attempt to imitate even their superiority, the less they feel inclined to give us credit for equality. Even were it possible to transform ourselves into their very likeness, they would do as does the man, who turns away in disgust from the picture of his own ugly face, which he has been accustomed to admire in the original.

But suppose we could equal these models, and admit that they would be so condescending as to admire our successful imitation. Would this bring us to an equality? Assuredly not. We should only be copyists after all, and could never aspire to any other glory than that of the tame baboon, who by long study of the habits and peculiarities of his master, almost passed for an old man. With all the energies of youth, all the blessings of freedom, all the advantages that can fall to the lot of a nation, it becomes the United States to set the example, not to follow the lead, and by so doing, demonstrate to the world that free institutions make free minds; that liberty, which every where else has been the parent of great talents, great virtues, and great actions, has not in this solitary instance reversed her operations, and given birth to a race of pigmy imitators, whose sole efforts tend to bring them down to the level of those they affect to despise, while they vainly attempt to copy.

After the fashion of England, our own country abounds in criticism. Almost all our newspapers and literary journals deal more or less in this species of raw material: and if the saying that in the multiplicity of counsellors there is safety, applies to critics, our writers ought by this

time to have nearly arrived at perfection. But the misfortune is, they do not agree in opinion, and the decision of one is very apt to be reversed by the other, so that both the writer and the reader are after all forced to decide for themselves, unless the Edinburgh or Quarterly should come to their relief, and like our *Court of Errors*, give the quietus.

It is, however, scarcely possible to realize a perfect coincidence of taste and opinions in literature, any more than in any thing else, unless we could elect a Pope of Parnassus, whose decisions should not only be infallible, but obligatory on all true believers. The bulls of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, though pretty generally received as orthodox, on this side of the Atlantic, do not carry with them an absolute authority, nor has any one, as yet, been brought to the stake and the faggot for demurring to their infallibility, so far as we know. Still they are all but absolute, and did they not unfortunately differ in politics and religion, as widely as did Luther and the successor of St. Peter, we should not be so put to it as we are in deciding on the merits of books and authors. As it is, however, we have no refuge from doubt and despair, but to pin our faith fast to the sleeve of one or the other, and believe either in the oracle of Delphos or that of Dodona. The American world was too much for one critic to conquer, and has therefore been divided between the two Alexanders of the Edinburgh and the Quarterly. They are the critical popes of the new world, and their bulls are received as all but infallible by their respective disciples.

An individual without an opinion of his own, is rather a melancholy spectacle to a philosopher, but a whole nation thus circumstanced, is almost heart breaking. They are both intellectual paupers, and have no other resource but the parish, whence they may glean a scanty supply of aliment, sufficient to keep soul and body together. But still there would be some comfort to a nation thus unfortunately situated, in regard to a famine of that domestic product called public opinion, had we a competent tribunal or tribunals of our own, possessing independence of mind sufficient to venture occasionally an opinion of their own, in opposition to that of the Edinburgh and Quarterly, or even the London Literary Gazette. It is a sad pity to see so many of our most responsible critics, many of whom are actually old enough to have heads of their own, waiting to hear the tinkling of these bell-wethers before they venture to leap the fence, or commit themselves, by praising an American writer, when for aught they know the next London or Liverpool packet brings over a decision that will perhaps demolish both his taste and his tribunal into the bargain.

For our humble selves, we would like very much to see one of our critics pluck up sufficient courage to question the orthodoxy of a bull of the Pope of London or Edinburgh; and if we could hear of one of our literary tribunals actually reversing a decision of either, we would make a barefooted pilgrimage to its shrine, however obscure or distant. As Americans, anxious for the reputation of our country, and especially desirous to see its literature placed on a footing of nationality, we should be pleased to see our critics and our readers sensible to the beauties of one of their own writers, before the extraordinary discovery

is announced from beyond seas. We should delight to anticipate the trans-atlantic Dracos, who give laws to the literary republic of the West, in one at least of their discoveries in this remote and barbarous region, and instead of waiting to be told by Mr. Campbell and Mr. Lockhart, that Brown's Novels and Bryant's poetry are really worthy of admiration, try to find it out first ourselves. Otherwise these finders of the treasure may claim it by right of discovery, as the old navigators did the whole of this new world.

Still, however, it is a good general rule, that every man should serve his apprenticeship before he sets up in business for himself, and for this reason, we shall, with the most respectful deference, endeavour to lay down certain rules for the transaction of this species of business, which may be of use, at least to young beginners. Though it is extremely desirable that we should have tribunals of our own to decide on all literary offences,—so that our citizens may not be transported to a foreign country for trial, which is one of the grievances so eloquently set forth in the Declaration of Independence,—it is also equally important that they should be competent and judicious. They should not only have opinions and tastes of their own, but these should be founded on a proper knowledge of the principles of taste and the canons of criticism. We will, with all due submission, lay down a few brief and simple rules, which cannot, it is thought, but be useful to those young beginners who are not too obstinate to learn. As to an old critic, we look upon him in the light of an old sinner, whose case is desperate.

We would in the first place, by all means, advise them to read a book through, before they attempt to decide on the quality or the contents. A handsome cover, and hot-pressed paper, it is true, go a great way in enabling a judicious critic to make a tolerable guess at its contents. The name of the author would be an infallible criterion; but so many write anonymously now a days, that the critic is continually at a loss in making up his estimate of these nameless productions. We would therefore recommend to the judicious critic, the sensible example of the grocer, who never decides on the quality of cheese or butter, without ascertaining it through the medium of a deep investigation of the cheese and the furkin.

In the second place, we would strenuously caution all aspiring youth of the present day to avoid criticism, until they become of the age specified by law for holding offices of trust and profit. They should be out of their teens, certainly, and if the stimulus to reviewing is unconquerable, adopt the advice of the sage in the Scriptures, who cautioned the aspiring youth to 'tarry at Jericho till his beard was grown.'

Thirdly, in order to be a responsible critic, we are decidedly of opinion, it is necessary to have read something more than the works of Byron, Scott, Moore, Bulwer, and Lady Blessington. There are other excellent writers in the English language, such as Milton, Dryden, Pope, Addison, Goldsmith, Fielding, and a few others, a perusal of which would go a great way in convincing them that the present is not the only age of English literature. It might not be amiss, also, to dip a little into the early history and antiquities of their own country, if it

were only for the purpose of knowing something about them. We would moreover advise them to cultivate a speaking acquaintance with the old classics, but for fear of alarming them too much, and driving them into the adoption of some useful handicraft business, to the great disadvantage of posterity.

Fourthly: as we agree in opinion with Fielding, that the generality of men will write the better on a subject for understanding it—though the position may appear somewhat paradoxical—we would seriously advise all young critics to make themselves acquainted a little with the subject they intend to criticise. They will thus free themselves from the disagreeable necessity of borrowing all they know from the book they are reviewing, and thus, as it were, knocking an honest gentleman on the head with his own shillelah.

Fifthly: a young critic, who knows no more of the early writings of his own country than the man in the moon, should not indulge his self-sufficiency in lamentations on the paucity of American literature. He should never found his decisions on his ignorance of what he ought to know, but on what he knows; and above all he should never deaden the spirit of emulation in the hearts of his countrymen, by holding up certain English writers as utterly above all human competition. He might recollect that what has been done, can be done again: that the same Being who created a Shakspeare and a Milton still exists, and that what it took England a thousand years to produce, may be brought forth in America in the same period of time.

Sixthly and lastly: he should consider himself in the light of a judge of the highest tribunal of the land, not only bound by certain regulations of taste, that may be called the common law of literature, but by the far more solemn obligation of deciding to the best of his judgment, whatever that may be. Men cannot help a bad taste, but all may avoid corruption and partiality; and whatever errors they may commit, they are pardonable in the sight of heaven and man, so far as they intend to do right. Still, however, as no one entirely unacquainted with the laws of his country, ought ever to aspire to the dignity of administering them, so none should usurp the chair of criticism who is utterly ignorant of the canons of taste. He who cannot divest himself sufficiently of party or personal feelings to deliver an unbiassed judgment at least, had better never aspire to the office of a reviewer, which, whatever may be thought of it in these times, requires both capacity and integrity.

As the prince of Abyssinia, after hearing Imlac enumerate all the requisites of a poet, exclaimed, 'Enough! thou hast convinced me no man can be a poet,' so our young aspirants may now imagine it quite impossible to be a critic. One thing however is possible, and this we recommend to their adoption. If they cannot make themselves enlightened, learned, tasteful, honest, and independent critics, they can at least do one thing—they can tarry at Jericho till their beard is grown.

SECRET LOVE.

" 'When the Gods love the young,' was said of yore."—*Dryden*.

As some young graceful flower, with clasping leaves,
Hideth a dew drop in its chalice breast,
Till to its fragrant heart the mildew cleaves,
And fades the radiance of its tinted vest,—
So doth the maiden curtain with her heart
The little gem of love that lurketh there,
Till one by one, peace, freshness, health, depart,
And earth—the tomb and cradle of despair—
Shrouds her insensate form, and buries all her care.

And such a form—so beautiful, so cold—
Late in the shadowed room of Death I saw,
Slain by strong love, that smouldering untold,
Consumed the table of its secret law :
Gently and noiselessly the links of life
Untwined. It had been sin to weep,
When Mercy sealed her tortured bosom's strife,
And, mid the curtained silence dim and deep,
Death fell on her calm brow like a most holy sleep.

The glorious eyes—the blessed gates of light !
Ingress and egress of heaven's cheering beams,—
That gather, concentrate, diffuse delight,
Like the bright sun, who feeds them with his streams,
Lay quenched beneath the leaf-like lids, whose fringe
Clung damp and drooping to the cheek below :
Her silken curls had lost their sunny fringe,
And her pale face, mid the white drapery's flow,
Seemed like a faded lily couched on wreaths of snow.

It seemed but yesterday, with bounding tread
She sprang before me like a woodland fay,
While her rich voice exulting echo fed
With the blithe music of her mountain lay.
But passion came to her green solitude,
And soon her carol faded to a sigh :
She could not tell her love when all unwooded,
She could not stem its current, nor defy,
So drank it with her soul, and then—lay down to die.

Peace to thy grave, young purity ! Heaven's tears,
Shed when the stars gaze through them as they fall,
Shall beautify its verdure. Young in years
Hast thou been gathered to the shroud and pall :
But what God wills he also sanctifies,—
And oh ! perchance his mercy *most* he shows,
When it seems dark and doubtful in our eyes :
Tis better far life's book should early close,
Than when its every page is blotted o'er with woes.

New-York, May, 1835.

J. B.

A NIGHT IN '98.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE BROTHERS, A TALE OF IRELAND.'

THE evening was now advanced. Wit, mirth, gallantry, and display wove their fascinations around the guests. Music inspired,—beauty captivated. The dance grew lively, and colder spirits warm. St. Elmour cast an inquiring look upon his company,—noted anxiously its military portion,—and suffering a gleam of satisfaction to gild for a moment the cloud that hung upon his brow, he dropped wearied into a seat, and audibly groaned his relief. But fresh cause of pain soon presented itself. In the recess of an oriel window, aloof from all, stood his son, surveying gloomily and indignantly, the scene in which he scorned to take part.

For his sake was this unseasonable revel going on in his father's house. A month had scarce yet elapsed since he commanded as captain in the ——— dragoons; but, disdaining to serve a government which had sent forth the edict of ruin against his country, he followed the example of the humane Abercrombie, and flung his commission at its feet. From that time, suspicion invested him with cloudy rumors. His secession was regarded as the preface to his rebellion. His aged father, whom long disease had deprived of every moral energy, except an intense love for his children, was not unaware of this; and, to counteract the evil, used every means in his power to reconcile the red-coated authorities. He suffered his house to be converted into a barrack for the reception of Captain Swaine (of whom more presently,) and his myrmidons, celebrated in history as the 'North Cork Militia.' His rooms were the rendezvous of gaiety and fashion every night. Ladies, escorted by guards of soldiers, came there from many miles round, to be admired by gallant officers; and gallant officers came there, from presiding over the torture, or proving their valor against a handful of peasants, to make love to the ladies. On this night, the assembly was larger and gayer than usual,—and all except the anxious father, were too busy in pleasure, to notice George St. Elmour's abstraction.

The nervous old man was balancing in his mind whether it would be safer to leave him to his reverie, or interrupt it, at the peril of being observed, when his attention was arrested by the entrance of a new comer, who, from the buzz that announced him, appeared to excite a strong sensation. A single glance at the figure of the intruder, made his white cheek whiter, and he trembled like a reed shaken by the wind.

'What—what!' he exclaimed,—'is it,—dare he! Is he mad,—is he mad! . What—what, do you say?' he continued, gazing wildly on either side of him,—'ruined, undone,—ruined, undone!' and chattering these words between his set teeth, he laid his lean hands on his

* The main incidents in this Tale are authentic, as were those of the former production of the author,—a story which has been extensively copied in Ireland, and applauded for its vivid coloring, and faithfulness of description.

knees, which they nervously patted, and followed the object of his terror with staring eyes.

'Harry Fitzwilliam!' exclaimed several of the ladies.

'Do they know him?'

A look of trepidation and inquiry directed to their military partners, was the only answer. No recognition followed. The young man, after making his obeisance, walked directly to the spot where George St. Elmour was musing. Amazement and affection were mingled in the countenance of the latter, as he seized and fervently pressed the proffered hand of the other.

'There now,—there now!' muttered the agonized father,—'he'll hang himself in spite of me! Will they be shaking hands forever! Every eye is on them!—Swaine, too. Heaven help me! See, see,—his eyes are on them. Lost—lost—lost!'

Captain Swaine had just shown himself at the threshold of the apartment, with his sword under his arm, and his cocked hat in his hand, its gaudy feathers nodding pompously to the company. The native expression of this man's countenance was low cunning; but since, like others equally despicable, the groans of his country had given him importance, he thought fit to exaggerate his original ugliness, by assuming an aspect at once fierce and ludicrous. He was of middle height,—stoutly but awkwardly proportioned,—and distinguished by a remarkably red head. He had numbered some forty years, and was a widower. Such was the redoubtable captain, who now strutted into the room, paused near, and cast an inquiring glance among the dancers. He presently observed the object of his search, seated between two officers, with whom she was holding an animated conversation. He advanced towards her, and to the great divertisement of her companions, enacted a most graceless *congé*.

Mary St. Elmour, the object of the militia captain's homage, was by popular report entitled the 'flower of Kildare.' She was but nineteen,—a woman of queenly presence,—tall, and largely but beautifully formed, and her countenance was of Juno beauty. She was, in short, one whom you would never think of calling an angel, but whom you would unhesitatingly pronounce the loveliest woman breathing. Mary had a heart for her country, and if she now communed patiently with its enemies, it was because she also had a heart for her father. Her influence over her brother was unlimited. Indeed, it prevailed not a little in determining his retirement,—for he himself inclined to the belief that he could better serve his countrymen by retaining his commission and his influence; but she, who had other views, convinced him that as matters had come to an extremity, neutrality on his part was the only service he could render them.

To George she was the dearest person in the world, but she was Harry Fitzwilliam's idol. And what was he to her? Her first love,—her betrothed! No more? Her hero,—her insurgent,—her rebel of '98!

Captain Swaine was by no means indifferent to the charms of the

'flower of Kildare,'—and he even indulged the ambitious project of making her his wife! The fellow was a Machiavel in his way. He had already mastered the weak point of the father, and had tortured from him a sanction of his pretensions. He found occasion, in one of the old man's most nervous moments, to tell him that information had just been communicated to him, involving the life of his son, and spoke of his duty as a British officer, until he worked his hearer into an agony of terror. But all at once,—by the merest chance in the world,—such a lucky thought struck him! 'Wasn't his darlint daughther free to marry the man she plased?' The father, afraid to acknowledge that she was affianced to a rebel, stammered and lied. 'Then upon his conscience as a royal captain of militia, he'd marry the daughther, and be 'sponsible for the brother!' The diplomatist was encountered with his own weapons. The father sanctioned his addresses, but, explaining all to the daughter, gave her a very unnecessary command, to put off the suitor, and a very wise one, not to refuse him flatly. Mary treated him accordingly. Now she was insufferably proud,—now unintelligibly witty. Anon, she was cold and moody,—the next hour she fatigued him with courtesy. In all her acts she was a puzzle. Thus matters stood. Swaine felt that he had at least one point gained, and was probably hatching some new scheme. The father was awaiting the event in an agony of suspense,—while Mary laughed at the one, and pitied the other. All parties agreed in leaving George out of the secret.

'Tis what I'd be askin' you ma'am,—Miss St. Elmour,' said the captain, affecting a tone in which his Cork brogue was strangely at variance with a mimicry of the English drawl,—'who might that stranger be, that I saw shakin' hands with your brother jist now, why?'

'Stranger?' repeated Miss St. Elmour, casting her eyes around the room.

'See him,—there he is!' said the captain, pointing with his finger to Fitzwilliam.

Mary looked in the direction indicated, and encountered the eagle eye of her lover bent upon her, while he conversed in whispers with her brother. The blood fled from her cheeks, and as suddenly returned. Fitzwilliam saw her embarrassment, and advanced with a smile, which seemed to say, 'Fear not I'm in no danger here.' She received him as an old acquaintance, but his jealous eye detected a certain constraint in her manner, which indicated anything but satisfaction at his appearance. Five minutes after, every eye in the room was fixed upon them. He was another Apollo, and she was all I have described her. Round they went, to the delightful measure of the waltz,—'confused together,' as Irish Power expresses it,—and round with them, also, went the envy of many and the admiration of all. The military gentlemen were inquisitive to know who *he* was. They could only learn that

* 'Why,'—a Cork interjection.

he was the son of Fitzwilliam of Williamsland,—the heir of large possessions in Kildare, and the betrothed of Miss St. Elmour. Were his family loyal? No one ever questioned it.

'In the garden, an hour hence,' whispered Fitzwilliam. The beautiful girl nodded assent.

'I'm d——d if it will be alone, then!' muttered the captain.

THEY were in the garden. The moon was there too,—embroidering the figures and faces of the lovers, as they sat beneath an embowered recess, with woven shadows of leaves and branches.

'Now, Sir,' said Mary, 'will you favor me with a rational motive for your rashness,—or would you have me believe you unworthy of a cause that, to my sense, honors the man whom it makes its vindicator?'

'And with you, Mary, will not my affection be a sufficient apology?' There was a melting tenderness in the tones of the half-upbraiding sentence.

'Affection, Sir!'—said she, nothing softened,—'and is this your best excuse,—is love an excuse for hazarding the hopes of your country,—for periling your own life, and the lives of thousands,—for harrowing the feelings of one who centered them, not in the brave, Harry Fitzwilliam, but in the soldier of Irish regeneration?'

'No, my noble Mary, I had a worthier object to achieve than the satisfaction of a passion, which, engrossing as it is, has been superseded in my anxiety for unhappy Ireland. There are traitors amongst us, Mary. Our most secret schemes have been revealed. We have, in consequence, suffered three defeats. The people are becoming disheartened. Without some decisive step, all is lost. But I have a plan now in operation, which, should it succeed, will change the current of affairs. This I have solemnly sworn to conceal from mortal ear. Even to *yours*, dear Mary, I cannot breathe it!' He had now undisputed possession of her hand, which he often pressed, by way of parenthesis, to his lips. 'Suffice it,' he continued, 'that I thought it necessary to impose myself as a royalist on your father's military guests: not one of whom, as my scouts informed me, had I encountered before in a different character. Being seen in your father's house will do me that service. In my new character,' and he clenched his set teeth in an omnious smile, 'I shall be among them to-morrow!'

'Harry!' Oh the weakness, the contradiction of woman! So cold, so severe, so unapproachable but a moment before, and now ready to weep at the thought of impending danger.

'Harry, can you forgive me the suspicion?—and will you not be wary, for—for—the sake of your country, and for—*my* sake?'

The youthful patriot pressed her to his bosom.

Their conversation next turned upon her brother. Fitzwilliam and he had been friends from childhood, nor while the former was fighting on the continent, had their love suffered the slightest diminution. They had met to night for the first time in several years.

'And have you yet any hopes of persuading him to join us, Mary?' asked Fitzwilliam.

'None,' she replied, 'nor do I now desire it. It would break my father's heart; besides, I believe he could not in conscience do so, disqualified as he is by the oath of an English officer.'

Harry sighed: 'Since he cannot be our friend, 't is well at least he is not an enemy.'

THE guests were gone. To beguile the nervous anxiety of her father, and the gloomy abstraction of her brother, Miss Elmour seated herself by her harp,—embraced it with one snowy arm,—bent over it in an attitude of unstudied grace,—and pilfered from the chords, so gentle, so fairy-like was her fingering, a melody most touching,—now soothing, and now inspiring. Her eyes flash the prelude,—her hair, which before shrouded her face, she now flings back on her shoulders,—her fingers are already throbbing with the music they are about to make. Spirit of patriotism, what an indignant stroke was that! She burns with generous inspiration. Notes that were once responded to by the hearts of her country's kings, leap from the wires, and madden where they fall. George starts to his feet,—visions of war are before him,—he is now in the breach,—anon the foe falls before his sword. A glow of excitement is on the face of the venerable father. He pats the ground with his foot, and nods time with his shaking head. What paints the ardent fancy of his daughter? Her hero fighting in the van of a hundred thousand! Now for the *Evenach*, or the Saxon. Her heart expands,—her bosom heaves,—she strikes the chords as if they were iron.

A shout! a *real* shout! To her it is her lover's cry of victory. The enemies of her country have fled!

Miserère! what discord follows? The harp has fallen,—its strings are broken,—and beside it, pale and breathless, prostrate and motionless, the enchantress of its music.

The messenger stands horified at the effect of his rash announcement. 'Fitzwilliam is a prisoner, and on his way to the gallows!'

'Do you, sargeant, take on the prisoner to Prosperous,' said Swaine, while I settle accounts with the rebelly rascal in this cabin here. And hark ye, sargeant, you may thrate him to a specimen of Beresford's invition in the meantime,—a coronation, d'ye see me, with the pitch-cap, or any other amusement of the kind, why, that may hit your fancy. A thumb-screw, you understand me, is an excellent cure for the lock-jaw: it'll make you hand and glove with a man's secrets in less than no time. And let me hint to you that the *boot* is a very *pressing* per-swadher, whin the thraitor would be for keepin' matthers to himself. I've known it make a man as gabby as an ould gossip, that swore not three minutes before, that he was a dumby all his life. So now away with you, sargeant, and the saints prosper you.'

The sergeant obeyed. He overtook the party that had Fitzwilliam in custody, and led the way to Prosperous.

Owen McDermott, the tenant of the cabin to which Swaine alluded, stood listening to the preceding discourse at the threshold of his door. He was a smith,—the foster father of George and Mary St. Elmour,—a Goliath in size, and in strength a Hercules.

'So you are there, my man?' said the captain, turning toward him, after he had dismissed his officer.

'At your sarvice,' replied Owen, with a look of cool contempt.

'Free and asy I find,—but you'll sing to another tune presently, d'ye see me.'

Swaine's vanity was little flattered by the demeanour of the knight of the sledge and anvil. He loved to inspire terror.

'Tell me, my man of iron, is there nothing in the forge within, that it would'nt trouble you to have the eye of a royal captain gaze upon,—one of the captains in his Royal Majesty's sarvice, d'ye see me?'

'If you'll be at the throuble of sarchin', Mr. militiaman, you may satisfy yourself,' answered McDermott.

'Mr. militiaman!' echoed Swaine,—'do you insinuate, you thraitor, that it's a degradation to be a captain of King George's Royal Militia! Lay hold of the rebel! Saize the scoundrell!'

'Whatever I think of you, or the likes of you,' said the smith, who saw his danger at once, and knew how to avoid it, 'King George I respect, and to King George I am a thrue subject.'

'The word has saved you, for this time, you black hypocrite; but we'll thry another coorse with you prisintly. Into the forge with you, corporal: search,—ransack,—dig to the foundations, till you discover the pikes the scoundhrel has been makin' for the rebelly papist rascals that he's joined with. In, I say, and if you fail to find them, set fire to the premises, and let the flames be my first notice that the thraitor has outwitted us.'

'My wife, the crathur, is wasted with sickness,' said the smith, stepping up to the captain,—'a fright would kill her. Won't ye hould off from the sarch, till I go in and prepare the poor sowl?'

'Surround the rascal!' was the reply. At the word, the smith's person became the centre of fifteen bayonets. 'Don't let him move till the search is over. D'ye hear me, corporal? The 'poor sowl' may know as much about the matter as the scoundhrel himself—so if she has'nt a tongue for the thruth at once, you need'nt scruple the torthure, d'ye see me.'

The smith raised his head with a start, and gazed vacantly in the face of the captain. His countenance beamed with bewildering horror. Swaine was delighted with his emotion: it was a tribute to his own ambition. The corporal, with several men, entered the forge. A dead silence prevailed without. All, even to the brutal captain, were oppressed with a sense of an approaching catastrophe. After a lapse of a few moments, a startling cry was heard. It acted like an electric shock on the smith. A momentary silence ensued. Another shriek, and a confusion of sounds followed. Owen's countenance grew ghastly.

as cry succeeded cry, for several minutes. At last a yell that proclaimed the crisis of mortal agony vibrated on their ears. It was prolonged,—it approached. The smith, in stupid phrenzy, caught up and returned the distressful sound. Out rushed his shrieking wife, pursued by the corporal and his hell-hounds. At that moment, the forked flames swept upward from the roof. The whole scene became horribly distinct. The glare of his blazing home directed McDermott's eyes to his wife. In that frightful cry her life had been spent, but her white corpse still stood erect,—the hands upraised, and the dark hair streaming to the wind. After a brief space, the corpse fell, stiff and heavy, on the road.

'*She is dead!*' said one of the soldiers.

Owen groaned, as if the sad intelligence had been a relief. Swaine rode up and accosted him. The wretch trembled as he did so.

'D'ye see me, my man, if you'd tould the thruth at once, this wouldn't be: but a captain of King George's Royal Militia, you undherstand me, mustn't be idle in the sarvice. He has honor and duty to do, and honor and duty must be done, d'ye see me. And let me hint to you, moreover, that civility affronts no man,—especially a captain of his Royal Majesty's North Cork Militia.'

Owen looked him in the face, during this address, with apparent attention, and a countenance that neither assented nor denied. The bayonets no longer opposed his way. He advanced to the dead body of his companion of thirty years, and folding his dark, brawny arms on his chest, stood brooding in solemn sadness over it.

A horseman came thundering down the hill. It was George St. Elmour. He reined in his steed as he neared the party.

'Mr Fitzwilliam a prisoner, Sir!' said he, addressing Swaine, 'and the house of my foster-father in flames!'

'D'ye see me now, young man,—d'ye undherstand me now? 'Tis a wise tongue that has an eye to its mather's neck. A certain captain of his Royal Majesty's Militia can't always keep his ears shut, and there is such a thing as honor and duty to be done, d'ye see me.'

St. Elmour answered this speech with a glance of withering contempt.

'What's the meaning of this, Owen? McDermott, I say,—Owen! Horror of horrors,—what's that at his feet?' The young man sprang from his horse. 'My mother, as I live! My foster mother, and a corpse,—a bloody corpse! Tell me, Owen,—father!—*dyaher machree!*—melting from the cold English to the eloquent pathos of his native tongue,—speak to me. Who did it?' But Owen neither heard, nor spoke, until roused by the convulsive sobs of his foster son, who, kneeling by the side of the corpse, raised it in his arms, and pressed the unconscious lips fervently to his own.

'George, *avich*, you can cry,' said the smith, 'an' it is a comfort, they say, an' reliev'in' to the heart. But the crathur that's lyin on your bosom there, used often to tell me that I had no more wather in me than one of my own coals,—but fire, George, fire!'—and his eyes gleamed for a second like the element he spake of, but were again soon quenched in their previous dullness.

Young St. Elmour laid the corpse gently on the ground, and rising from his knees, strode up to the captain.

'Monster!—dog!—devil!'—he cried: 'Is this *your* work? Vengeance of Heaven! May the worm mock you!'

'D'ye see me now, young man,—no hecthoring, you undherstand me,—no play-acting, or, by the light above me, I'll make you feel that you're talking to a Captain of His Royal Majesty's North Cork Militia!'

The young man, no longer able to control his fury, sprang from the ground, seized the wretch by the throat, and dragged him headlong from his horse.

'Murther,—thraison!' gasped Swaine, struggling desperately in his gripe. Several soldiers interfered, tore away St. Elmour, and, at the direction of their captain, secured his arms with cords behind his back. Swaine's rage was excessive. He shouted unintelligibly to the corporal, and struck him for not understanding him.

'Take that, you rascal, and mind me ag'in. Away with the thraitor to Prosperous. If you value your life, have a care he doesn't escape you: for, d'ye see me, young man, you saw the sun rise this morning. Eternal fire to my sowl, if ever you see it rise again!'

Before George was torn from the spot, he saw the smith deliberately shoulder the body of his wife, and casting around him a look of apparent complacency, trudge away unobstructed towards the camp of the rebels.

Swaine, after his victims had departed, remained musing by the burning pile. 'Hark ye, Casey,' said he to one of the men who remained with him,—'after the sargeant, quick, with you, and tell him not to use the tortchure.'

Casey obeyed, and the captain returned to Elmour House.

THE wind moaned feebly through the streets of Prosperous. The sky had already masked itself in clouds, and the moon peeped out at intervals, through her sable curtain, but withdrew ere the eye could note her, seeming like an affrighted maiden, fascinated by the horrors which she shrinks from when seen. All was dark and desolate,—the scene without, and the hearts which it influenced. The men spoke in whispers, as, by torch-light, they raised the gallows-tree: and if any one uttered a word above his breath, he was startled by its unnatural distinctness. The street was filled with soldiers, who, resting on their grounded arms, watched gloomily the dreadful preparation. Around them were blackened ruins, the monuments of their own atrocity, and from many of them dangled the skeletons of their murdered tenants, rocking slowly in the wind, and rattling dolefully as they struck the walls.

Swaine walked hurriedly to and fro, for a little while, in front of the guard, now glaring upon his victims, and now fixing his eye significantly on the gallows-tree. Then his gait would become slower, and his eye would rest oftener on St. Elmour.

George and Fitzwilliam were on their knees. Hope of escape they

had not. The agony of approaching death they heeded not. But the awful mystery that death was to unfold,—the unconceived destiny they were about to realize,—the bursting of ties so familiar, that it had not before entered into their minds to analyze them,—the novel consciousness of the utter vanity of life,—the hope that trembled as it smiled at Heaven,—the fear that weighed like lead upon their hearts,—these were the thoughts that absorbed the faculties of their souls,—sublimely palpable, and infused into the prayers which they were sending before them for mercy to the judgment seat of God, the devout, the humble eloquence of the Christian.

Swaine approached them. He paused, and attempted to speak, and again hesitated. After several times clearing his throat, he succeeded.

'Hark ye, young man,' said he, addressing St. Elmour, in a low, husky voice: 'There 's no time to be lost, d'ye see me. Casey, there, is 'iling the ropes; an' it must be known to you that the ind of *that* job is the signal for the *last* !'

The eyes of the kneeling victims turned involuntarily to the gallows-tree, where they beheld those who were before employed, now standing idly apart, or grimly examining their work,—excepting only the executioner, Casey, who, with his coat off, and shirt-sleeves turned up, was giving a final rub to the ropes. Were the fingers of that monster to run freely around their necks, as he adjusted the deadly coil? The thought sent a chill through their hearts.

'Tis as I tould you, you see,' continued Swaine. 'But now let me convey to you that your life is in your own hands. No man could ever say that Captain Swaine hadn't a heart in him, an' mercy, an' charity, moreover, along with the virtue of gentleness,—because, d'ye undherstand me, by —, if any man dare dispute it, I'd have his body bleaching in the air three minutes afther for a d——d rebelly thraitor! And to prove my words to you, young gentleman, what did I do for you afther your blackguard thraitement of a certain royal captain in his Majesty's militia? Honor and duty tould me to hang you: but how can I do it,' sis I, 'an' I havin' sich a regard for him, an' his honest father, an' his darlint sisther, moreover? Thin it came into my head all at once't, how I could save you! If I marry the sisther,' sis I, 'I can be 'sponsible for the brother. Asy now,—asy,—Casey is waitin', d'ye see me. Betther hear me out. If I marry the sisther,' sis I —

'Despicable villain!' cried George, who had already started to his feet,—'finish your murder, but send me not before my God with the sin of vengeance on my soul.'

'Patience, George,' said Fitzwilliam. 'The art of the man cannot affect your generous sister.'

'If I marry the sisther,' sis I, 'I can be 'sponsible for the brother,' continued Swaine, who was determined not to be foiled, and trusted to the fear of death for its effect upon her brother. 'And honor an' duty needn't be offinded in the laste. So I returns to Elmour,—laid the

case before your father an' his daughther,—I begged,—he begged,—but all we could contrahct from her was bitter words, and bitterer looks,—for she's as proud as Lucifer himself!

'Noble girl!' exclaimed the brother and the lover, simultaneously turning exultingly to each other.

'Life is sweet, young man,' proceeded Swaine, 'an' to be swung gintly off the ground, d'ye see me, an' have the rope crushin' the life out of you by inches,—d'ye undherstand me?'—pointing significantly to his neck. 'There's one way to avoid it. The sisther believes I can't hang you without a coort-martial: jist sind her a slip of a note, sayin' you'll be a corpse before daylight if she doesn't consint to be Mrs. Swaine.'

'Heaven and earth! must I bear this patiently?' muttered George: the next moment he raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed,—'God forgive me!'

'Thin I'm to undherstand, am I, that you reject my condescension?'

St. Elmour walked deliberately to the gallows, and the work of death commenced!

The Prosperous gallows-tree was a simple contrivance. Two posts, about fourteen feet in height, were inserted in the ground at the distance of five yards from each other, over which was laid a third, containing two pullies. From these were suspended the murderous ropes,—each rope being attended by two men, who were to hoist the victim from the ground, and if torture was the purpose, let him down again,—if death, they fastened the ropes to either post, and amused themselves with the various writhings and grimaces,—the contracting and elongating of the sufferer.

'Casey, 'tis the torture we'll use first wid them,' said Swaine.

George and St. Elmour stood face to face.

'Our agonies are not to be soon over, it seems.'

'No,'—the hangman chucked the rope,—'nor has this fellow,' gasped Harry, 'even a hangman's humanity in his vocation. Farewell! Heaven be merciful to us!'

'Farewell!'

'All right,' said Casey. Swaine's signal was wanting. He had his ear slightly upturned, as if catching some distant sound. What can he be listening to? A dismal pause! Now was heard the sudden tramp of a horse. Nearer,—yet nearer,—more distinct. Now the corner is turned. Who rides so fiercely to be in at the murder? Life and death in her speed! 'T is Mary St. Elmour!

'GEORGE,—Harry,—can ye forgive me? I had no thought that it would be!' She was kneeling at their feet, but they had no power to raise her.

'My Mary!—*acushla*!'

'Mary!—what can avail the agony of a farewell at such a moment as this? *Why* are you here?'

Her eyes glared wildly, as she started to her feet,—tore the rope from her brother's neck,—and falling on his bosom, sobbed aloud.

'How!' was the joint exclamation of the two sufferers.

She made no reply, but proceeded to release her betrothed. Her face was white as marble,—her touch like ice.

'Save—save Ireland, Harry,' she whispered,—'your triumph must be your reward!'

'And you?' —

She pointed shudderingly at Swaine, and in a low, trembling, but distinct tone, said: 'I am *his*!'

'Asy now, gintlemen jewels,—the *colleen* has done her part dacently. 'Tis n't every day that the likes of her gets a Captain of Militia.' This was the corporal's counsel. 'Casey, see are they out of sight yet. We'll make short work of it, gintlemen. The captain was so marci-ful as to tell me to hang ye at once't. 'No torthurin,' sis he, 'in compliment to Mrs. Swaine; an' I'm sure that's a wondherful sthretch of tendherness in his honor the captain!'

'There they go,' said Casey,—'he's ladin' her down the lane, now, to Father O'Shaugnessy's. They 're turnin' the corner now.'

'Advance, gintlemen,' said the corporal.

'All, *all* but this, great God! I could have borne,' cried Fitzwilliam. His companion in suffering was working powerfully to free his manacled arms.

'So now,—quiet,'—said the corporal: 'gintly,—gintly,—we'll do all the hard work for you, *asthore*. Sure 't is the picture of a beauty you look, an' you shakin' hands wid yoursel so purtily behind your back there.'

The young men were again beneath the gallows-tree. This seemed to Swaine his happiest *ruse*. Mary St. Elmour his wife, and her brother a corpse, the acres of Elmour House would become his. When therefore he pretended to give the corporal orders respecting the liberation of the prisoners, he merely told him to defer the execution till he and his bride were out of sight.

The corporal this time assisted Casey. 'Softly, I tell you,—softly,' said he, as he threw the coil over the head of the still struggling brother: 'you'll be in heaven in three minutes, an' why are you sthrivin' ag'in your good forthin? If St. Pether makes any objections in regard of your bein' a rebel, only tell him you 're a brother to your sister, that's wife to Captain Swaine, an' I'm not corporal Conyegaw if he does'nt give you a *keadh milia faulthagh*. An' moreover —'

The ruffian's ribaldry was suddenly suspended. A shot was heard without the village.

'The Frinch, or the rebels!' exclaimed a dozen voices.

'Tis the sinthry that fired!' said others.

Consternation palsied all,—all but the dauntless St. Elmour and his companion, the former of whom had now, by an effort of his collected

strength, liberated his hands from their bonds, and slipped the rope from his neck. He snatched the corporal's bayonet from its sheath, and in the same instant, plunged it into the wretch's heart.

This was but the beginning of the real terrors of that night. The sentry was seen rushing up the street. His shout was heard: 'Run, run,—run! Owen the smith, and ten thousand rebels!' And then rose the stunning yells of the Insurgents, as they charged, five thousand strong, upon the doomed militia.

It was the work of a moment with St. Elmour to free his friend. Fitzwilliam's 'hurrah' mingled with the shout of vengeance. He seized a gun from Casey, of which the monster had just possessed himself, and with the bayonet at the top transfixed him to the post of the gallops-tree.

Now commenced the work of slaughter. The rear ranks of the militia fled at once,—but their hopes of escape were vain, for they were intercepted by another body of the Insurgents, who entered at the head of the village. The van fired one ineffectual volley, and then, with a show of resistance, presented themselves to the massacre.

Owen McDermott was there,—strangely but terribly armed. He rushed like a fury upon the foe, with a pike in his left hand and his sledge in the right. The former he little used, but with the hammer, which no single arm but his own could wield, he dealt quick and horrible death. His cry, too, was characteristic of his emotions. Kate, or Kauth, was the name of his murdered wife. 'There Kauth!' he shouted savagely at every blow, as the victim fell like an ox from the butcher's axe, leaving his brains or blood on the hand of his slayer. On he pushed, over the carcasses of the dead, followed by the infuriated crowd, killing at every step, and still unsatiated.

'Swaine!' he roared, 'where is the murderer?'

'To the priest's house, Owen, he is there,' cried Fitzwilliam. Thither they rushed, and found St. Elmour at the door before them.

'Tis barred and bolted,' he exclaimed despondingly.

'Clear the way, *avich!*' and Owen sprang against it with his shoulder. The door flew off its hinges, and the smith fell with it at the foot of the opposite stairs. Swaine stood on the first landing,—his eyes gleaming with fear and desperation, and a pistol in either hand. He fired, rushed down the stairs, and leaped over McDermott's body into the street. Fitzwilliam struggled to detain him,—but he himself now staggered and fell. He had received one of the captain's balls in his side.

Owen was instantly on his feet, and in pursuit of that tyrannical worthy. He overtook him, as one of the Insurgents was aiming a pike at his heart.

'*Diaoul*, no!' roared McDermott. The rebel let fall his pike, and they both secured the captain. Of the North Cork Militia, he was now the last on earth.

THE cavalcade first halted at the still smoking ruins of the smith's cabin. In front was Harry Fitzwilliam, borne on a door by four Insur-

gents,—the rescued Mary riding on one side of him, and her brother on the other. Behind them came the smith and his apprentice, bearing between them the terrified, conscience-stricken Swaine. McDermott held him by the hair with one hand,—in the other was the fatal hammer. The apprentice, a fellow only inferior to his master in strength, sustained him by the cord with which his feet were bound. Several Insurgents followed.

Owen intimated to the apprentice, by a motion of the head, that they should fling their burthen for a moment on the still burning embers of the forge, while he advanced to take leave of his foster-children. The wretch renewed his shrieks for mercy, but there was only one heart among the party that responded to his appeal. He gnashed his teeth in agony, as he endeavored to writhe his way out of the fire which he himself had kindled but a few hours before.

'Childhre, I'm lavin' ye,' said McDermott, looking alternately from Mary to her brother: 'Mary, *acushla*, you were the pride and darlin' of her that's gone from me to night. May be you 'll forget, *asthore*, that I refused you the last request you 'll ever have the power to ask of me,—the only request that I could refuse you, Mary?'

'Oh, father,—let me again supplicate you,—for my sake,—for *hers*, Owen!'

'Mary!' said her brother, reprovingly.

'Whist, Mary!' commanded the smith, knitting his dusky brow, and assuming a rigidity of countenance that blasted every hope of mercy. 'The angels of Heaven could n't soften me to the murderer of my Kate. George, *avick*, I have sworn an oath to night, an' I mane to kape it, not to stop my hand from slaughther till it spills as much *Sassenach* blood as would quench the flames that I saw this night rise over my roof. So it is n't likely, *agra*, that we 'll meet in this life ag'in. Her corpse they 'll carry for me to the grave to-morrow. You 'll see a stone, George, put over it, with a slip of writin' or the likes, jist tellin' how she loved her husband better nor all the world, an' how her husband took such vingeance on her murtherer as never was taken of man!'

Mary was again about to intercede, but her brother interposed, and hurried her away. As Swaine saw her depart, he sent after her fearful yells of supplication. They shot clodly through her heart,—but they tortured without availing.

'Neighbors,' said McDermott, 'to-morrow I 'll be with you: to-night ——' and he looked significantly at his victim. They began slowly to depart.

'Kind rebels!—good rebels!' cried Swaine: 'murder me, torture me,—do any thing to me,—but don't lave me alone with *him*!' The apprentice still lingered:

'Won't I help you Owen?'

'No! No heart could bear it, but my own!'

'How will you do it?'

Owen pointed to the anvil in the midst of the ruin, and laid his finger with a ghastly smile on the sledge hammer.

The apprentice cast one pitying glance at Swaine, and smothering a groan, departed.

Gossips, to this day, tremble while they tell the story of Owen M'Dermott's revenge.

'But will you include,' said Mary, 'in this sweeping doctrine of optimism, even the wound you received in Prosperous, which was so near costing you your life, and made you a pensioner upon my good nature for months?'

'Even that, *acushla*. I might have been shot dead, or hanged elsewhere, like thousands of my poor countrymen. Of whose babies would Mary St. Elmour have then been the mother? Not mine!'—and the speaker surveyed a tender group that were gambolling on the carpet.

'Nay, if you argue to the heart, Harry!' said Mrs. Fitzwilliam, 'I — But I see George and his wife riding up the avenue. Let us refer the matter to their decision.'

THE DYING FLOWER.

It is wasting away—a beautiful flower,
In the path that is trodden and trampled by men,
And never to field nor to blossoming bower
Shall its presence give life and gladness again.

The wayfarer's foot on its petals is laid,
And the gravel marreth its velvet bloom;
Nor the morning sun, nor the evening shade
Its perishing beauty can ever relume.

The infant stoops down to lift up its stem,
And he blows in its cup with his balmy breath,
But the leaves fall apart, like some broken gem:
Ye may kill, but who can restore from death!

And now they are eddying high in air,
With a wave-like motion, round and round,—
Not long will the wind its burden bear:
Lo! they are dropping again to the ground.

Oh thus like the delicate summer blossom,
Do the lovely and good breathe life away,
And the turf that is rounded over their bosom
Is heedlessly trod by the idle and gay;

Yet boots it not much, when the bloom is fled,
And the light is gone from the lustrous eye,
And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,
Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie.

It matters not much, if the soaring mind,
Like the flower's perfume, was exhaled to heaven,
That its earthy shroud should be cast behind,
To decay wherever a place is given.

THE SMITTEN CITY.

In a rich plain, circled by swelling hills,
 Endiadem'd with verdure, once there stood
 A noble city: rivers trained to rills,
 Like azure veins with life and health imbued,
 Flowed through its mighty heart: the multitude
 That in her train successful commerce brings
 Crowded its spacious streets: it had subdued
 Beleaguering nations,—and from all her springs
 Wealth poured a golden flood before its merchant kings.

Elastic life gushed in unebbing tide
 Through all its gates: illumined palaces,
 Guided its swarms by night; soft music sighed
 In breezes drunk with fragrant essences,
 Around its trelliced bowers—rich fruited trees
 Shaded its pathways—at its festivals
 Earth's choicest vintage crowned the luxuries
 Of all her climes—and in its princely halls
 Sate Beauty like a Queen amid her willing thralls.

But in the zenith of its untamed power
 A Conqueror came, before whose fiery sword
 Its myriads fell like grass—palace nor tower
 Yielded a refuge—the gay festal board
 Became a bier where lay the banquet's lord
 Dead!—with the bowl in his arrested hand.
 And still Death gathered to his mighty hoard
 Till one huge grave that city's surface spanned,
 On which the victor stood, and waved his poisoned brand.

His scanty garments, loathsome, rent, and old,
 Were of the raiment of his victims made:
 Of that too was the banner's leprous fold
 That like a cloud above him heaved and swayed,
 Bearing 'CONTRAERON!' on its field displayed;
 The wind that stirred it went infected thence,
 Winged with its fatal motto: thus arrayed,
 Defying art, and mocking all defence,
 Stood on his throne of tombs the demon PASTILANCE!

At length God stayed the scourge: at length no more
 Pealed through the fogs of night those sounds of dread,
 More awful far than war's embattled roar,
 The Death-car's roll—the cry 'Bring forth your dead!'—
 And to their homes and hearths, thousands who fled
 At the first whispered accent of alarm
 Came bounding back, to wake with hurried tread
 The moss grown avenues,—and break the calm
 With ready laugh, loud-ringing shout, and echoing palm.

Oh what a meeting! Life, exulting life
 Came with full heart, flush'd cheek and panting breath,
 With outstretch'd arms, and lip with kisses rife:
 What checked its wild career? Unanswering Death!
 Hope, the deceitful parent of strong faith,
 Had counsel'd 'gainst men's fears: where was their trust?
 Dead was each flower in the domestic wreath;
 And when they asked for friends, it seemed that dust
 Back on their stifled hearts in mockery was thrust.

Time fled : awakened from its awful trance,
 That glorious city sparkled as before
 With beauty, commerce, song, and wine, and dance.
 The balmy air was genial as of yore ;
 The fruits and flowers the same bright tinting bore
 As if they grew not o'er the good and brave,—
 Glanced from the flashing stream the dripping oar
 Timed to the carol of the rower's stave,
 And all was gay and fair, as Earth had known no grave.

THE LEISURE HUNTER.

'Some variety of fortune is necessary to a nearer inspection of the manners, principles, and affections, of mankind.'

FIELDING.

I AM of the school of Walking Philosophers. I believe that more knowledge of human nature is attainable by an hour's conversation with an oyster-catcher, than in the same space devoted to the pages of Locke or Bacon. Not that I undervalue science: on the contrary, I advocate its general importance. But I feel the test of actual life to be indispensable to a proper conception of its precepts. Let me use a book as a seaman his chart—a guide,—safe only so long as he plies the deep sea-lead, and makes the necessary calculations. The learned theorist, divested of his pride, may collect much practical wisdom from occasional communings with men, however illiterate, accustomed to daily contests with the world,—and he may witness the application of many forcible maxims which he once imagined, like a highly polished instrument, to be more the offspring of wit than of utility.

In conversations of this sort, we may oftentimes unloose the mask of virtue, and disclose the hollow eye of crime: we may survey the rewards of pleasure in the furrowed brow and sallow cheek, or in the wretch stooping beneath the burden of complicated misfortunes,—the indolent visionary, too studious of quiet to fortify himself against the inroads of disease or mendicity.

Filled with such reflections as these, I strolled the other evening into a secluded coffee-house,—determined in my mind to elicit a history from the first vagrant whom chance or dissipation might direct thither. My wishes were soon gratified,—for a few moments only had elapsed, before the door opened, and in stalked just the specimen of character I should have chosen. He was a fellow of about five and thirty years, with a lately fashionable though somewhat damaged castor, and a high pointed dicky, streaked with dirt and stained with dye from a well-worn stock. His vest, formerly velvet, had been gradually shorn of the nap, leaving a well darned ground work,—an insignificant emblem of our good ship Constitution, of whose original scarcely any thing remains but the name and model. This coat, for aught I know, may have shone with glorious lustre in former days,—but a scrutinizing glance detected dangerous symptoms of rupture between the breast and shoulder joint. It is but justice to say, however, that it was partially concealed

by a formidable walking stick, carried under the wearer's arm with genteel indifference. His nether integuments, worn as they were, and strained about the knees, would have pleaded strongly enough for their proprietor's devotion, had they encased the members of a divine. The face of the occupier betokened good humor, and that portion which was unshadowed by whiskers, blushed less with diffidence than the reflected rainbow of cogniac. The affectionate manner in which his gray eyes dwelt on a chafing dish of oysters before me, and a certain tumbler of toddy,—which seemed almost rising to his lips, like water to the sun,—induced an invitation in his behoof, which was accepted without any display of ostentatious ceremony. No man is sure of his supper until he has eaten it. This secured, and washed down with a heavy sling, I ventured to demand of the grateful recipient, a succinct memoir of his life and adventures. He looked me steadily in the face, placed his thumb on his nose, and pointing with his little finger, broke into a peal of laughter. Another glass of toddy, however, together with my promise of good faith, effectually lulled to sleep his suspicions,—as erst the Sibylline cats the dog Cerberus,—and he ventured on his story, barring his name,—for he 'once knew a man sent to the penitentiary for telling his name.'

"Well, Sir, you must know that the object of my whole life has been to purchase leisure, nor has any one paid higher, or been more wofully disappointed. I was born in a nasty little borough, nick-named 'Leisure Town,' from the tranquil disposition of its inhabitants. The houses seemed dropping to pieces,—yet nobody surmised that there was a possibility of repairing them. It was as much as poor folks could do, to stuff a hat or a red petticoat in a broken pane,—and when one side of a dwelling became untenable, we wisely retreated to the other. In summer you might see the dogs sleeping at the doors, and folks nodding at the windows. Indeed, they were never thoroughly awake until Sunday, when a cracked bell summoned them to church, and the parson administered an opiate for the coming week.

"My parents were the poorest of the poor, and considered the most successful *leisure hunters* in the place. My mother was accustomed to spin, and the monotonous sound of her wheel was enough to make one snore outright. She spun half the time with her eyes shut, and broke her thread often, as I shall be compelled to that of my discourse, unless the landlord will hand us yonder flagon. My father never planted until midsummer, so that winter frequently stole a march upon him, and blasted his corn,—while he was dreaming of hoeing. In such cases the unfortunate man was wont to get tipsy, and swear that the country was a perfect Siberia. According to a custom, truly singular in our town, (unless to dispose of noisy brats,) I was sent to the free school,—where a few years under the judicious learning of a tutor, (as uncompromisingly the advocate of *siestas* as the parson himself,) completed my education. None of his scholars, praised be his memory, ever received a flogging, but for disturbing his daily snooze. I was then bound out to some neighboring farmers,—and a terrible change ensued. They were bustling, toiling, money-making people,—in fact,

just the reverse of all that I had considered dignified and happy. Aware of this, my tender parents cautioned me, with tears, at parting, that if labor became disagreeable, to abscond the earliest opportunity. The pious couple, however, knew this to be utterly impracticable, as I never walked a mile in my life but on compulsion, and my master lived three times that distance. The first day I was aroused to a sense of my miseries, by being mounted on horseback to drive cows to pasture. I had always a pitiful disposition, and remembering that fresh innovations on my leisure waited my return, I suffered Rosinante to take his own time, and comfort his bondage, by cropping tall weeds, or bunches of grass that nodded by the way-side. In short, discovering that my attributes as cow driver were equivocal, it was unanimously resolved, (myself excepted,) that another should bring home the lactary quadrupeds, and that I should have the solitary consolation of milking. To this I perceived insurmountable objections; and having armed my hat with cruel pins, no sooner did I lean my head against a cow, than she flourished her tail in undisguised wrath, and kicked the tin pail into a triangle,—at the same time making demonstrations with her horns, which it would have been the height of imprudence to parley with or oppose.

“Our young men complain of the scarcity of employment. My sorrows have arisen from another source. When found unfit for farmer’s work, I was despatched to an adjacent city, as shop-boy for my master’s son, just then entering commercial life. There seemed more of prospective leisure in this movement. My new employer was just the man I had desired,—a real philanthropic merchant,—who, placing unlimited confidence in his clerk, cared not to embarrass him by suspiciously overlooking his labors. I found in the counting room,—Peregrine Pickle,—Tom Jones,—the newspapers,—and a Book-keeper. Between these I had a merry time, save when a long-winded customer trenchd upon my *leisure*. This I found means to prevent, by never having what was called for. The stratagem succeeded admirably,—and purchaser’s visits began to be like those of angels. Oh rare, rare times indeed!”

“How long did affairs stand thus?”

“Alas! Sir,—happiness is as transient as the smoke of this cigar, and jostled never so little, falls away like its ashes, and leaves a fiery ulcer on the soul. But a truce to morality. Some person, with eyes like Argus, and attending equally to others’ business as his own, poured poison into my master’s ear,—the result of which was, both book-keeper and clerk were turned out of the store.

“For a week or so, I did nothing but patrol the streets, pawning my spare clothes for lodgings, and begging my dinner. I soon found this last task too laborious for my constitution. Let ’em say what they please, Sir, its the hardest work a man can perform. Late one night, as I was plodding along, and endeavoring to find some kennel wherein I might bestow my bones until morning, I discovered, by a glimmering lamp, a ‘most ancient and trusty watchman,’ soundly sleeping in a portico. To be paid for sleeping, corresponded precisely with ‘my

notion,'—and having taken the poor fellow's number, I lodged a complaint against him, and secured his place for myself."

"For once, then, you obtained what you wanted?"

"Getting and keeping are different things, Sir. Scarcely had I obtained the full fruition of my office, when I was wakened from an elysian dream, by my sullen rival. This reinstated him, and left me once more a wanderer. Driven from land, I made friends with the sea, and listed as cabin boy in the good ship *Scamper*, for the Mediterranean."

"That was queer. Did you expect an easy birth on ship board?"

"Oh yes,—heaven bless the mark! I had read of being rocked to sleep with billows, and a delightfully swinging hammock beset my strong imagination. Well, we took the cruise, and an Algerine took us. As usual, captain, mate, and gentlemen lost their heads, which were piled up like cannon balls in front of the Dey's palace, and the sailors put to various employments. But my captor, an old fellow with cloth enough in his turban for a lady's sleeve, permitted me to name my occupation,—and on my intimating a desire for one of a sedentary character, he gave me a pair of *feather breeches*, and set me to hatching eggs."

"Nogg and omelets! How did you like the profession?"

"Not much. The duties were arduous, and I was beaten for every addled egg, as well as for all that were broken. After passing years in this servitude, and hatching above ten thousand eggs, I was finally ransomed by government, together with my fellow captives. Let me remark, by the way, that the most illustrious examples of leisure movements are to be met with in the diplomacy of nations. I returned to my country,—and from having been a slave among *heathen*, deserved and received much attention. I was a prodigious favorite, and exhibited myself daily to crowds of both sexes, arrayed in my downy inexpressibles, and followed by a whole brood of chickens. It pains me to think how this tide of popularity was suffered to subside without my procuring some easy sinecure. However, the novelty of a '*man capon*' wore away. I sold my plummy garments to the museum, and hired myself to a tavern-keeper,—thinking to have leisure, as my province lay entirely within the precincts of the *Bar*. In this I was mistaken. It was previous to Temperance Societies,—and I never saw so many or such thirsty votaries in all my life. It was pouring and mixing, and mixing and pouring, all the while,—and my health and spirits gradually sank under the exertion. I was therefore compelled occasionally to smell at a decanter, by way of bracing my system,—and I verily believe, that I should have been a martyr to industry and the bottle, but for an accident which, depriving me of employ, threw me again into the lap of leisure. Becoming an exquisite connoisseur of liquors, and of the first importance at the bar, I pretty broadly intimated to mine host, that my advance in acumen deserved a rational enlargement of salary. This insinuation he either did not or would not comprehend,—and resolving to mortify him into a more healthy state of intelligence, I abstracted the better portion of coin from the

money-drawer, believing that he would take the hint, and by a show of liberality, prevent the necessity of farther reproof. Albeit, he reasoned wrong end first about the matter,—and after picking my pockets of more than belonged to him, trundled me out of his doors in the same blundering manner. After this, I partially abandoned my former plans of leisure, and determined on taking a loftier stand in society. I assumed the reins, not of power, but four stage horses. This employment I followed but a little time. One dark, stormy night I was so unlucky as to capsize, and lose the mail. The public thought more of the matter than I did,—for happening to be in funds shortly afterwards, rumors of an unpleasant nature were circulated, which compelled me, as a man of honor, to resign my seat, after being threatened with a prosecution."

"So you doubly risked your neck to serve your country?"

"Aye, Sir,—I was always patriotic. I next became a juggler,—and my slight-of-hand achievements procured me lasting renown, and not a few shillings. But as fate would have it, a pack of mischievous urchins, in the midst of an exhibition, clipped the cord which supported the chandelier, leaving the audience in the dark, and creating a bustle, during which a fat gentleman fell down, and lost his pocket book! From this, concluding that shows and performances were detrimental to public morals, I gave up my room, and removed to another part of the city. This I heartily regret, as the Mayor and a retinue of distinguished citizens visited my house the next morning. I like good company, and am inclined to hospitality. After this, I became an 'officer of general intelligence,'—that is, I had a knack of recovering stolen property. This gave me plenty of *leisure*, and I had that 'inward satisfaction resulting from good deeds.' Many valuable trinkets have I restored to the owners at half price, and saved many a tall and gallant fellow from the grip of avaricious jewellers. Your authors and great men are eternally in search of fame. In my case, things are reversed, and fame follows me! At present, people verily seem to believe me omniscient, and scarce a robbery is perpetrated, but a committee is forthwith appointed by the magistrates of our city, to consult with me on the occasion. So familiar have they grown, that latterly, when I was out, they ventured to peruse my whole premises,—a want of courtesy quite unpardonable in well educated men. The other night, Sir, a young flirt lost her string of pearls at the theatre, and I am informed that the police have resolved themselves into a committee of escort,—for the purpose of waiting upon me to their office,—so anxious are they for my testimony,—as though, forsooth, I had a spirit of divination, and knew all about the transaction. Ah, Sir! much injury results to justice from the haste with which her myrmidons proceed. Rogues are made shy. Honest men, by too frequently confiding to official vigilance, shut their eyes, and become baits of temptation. Were I a dignitary, matters should go on with more tranquility,—nor would I unmercifully apprehend the culprit, until sufficient leisure had been allowed him for repentance, and then there would be no necessity for

punishment. Sir, my story is ended. The night wears late. At another period, when I shall have collected more of my daily experience, I may recapitulate."

So saying, my companion *leisurely* withdrew, and wore away my nine dollar beaver! 'The next time,' thought I, as I slammed the door behind me, 'I will remain at home, and read Locke and Bacon.'

J. W. B.

JACOB'S VISION.

Far from his home in Syria's utmost wild
The youthful pilgrim sought a safe retreat
From Esau's wrath. And now the evening mild
Fell in soft dews, and cooled the burning heat,
And shut the western gates of golden day,
And closed its curtains o'er the plain around,
Where Jacob in his mantle thoughtful lay,
A stone his pillow, and his couch the ground.

The gathering shades descended o'er a breast
Which beat in union with the serious night:
Suspense and grief the wearied youth oppressed,
And gloomy visions dimmed his mental sight:
Thoughts of his home were rushing o'er his mind,
An exile far, unfriended and unknown,
His sire and mother left in age behind,
Himself a wanderer, houseless and alone.

He groaned,—he wept,—but no responsive sigh
Fell in soft mercy on his listening ear;
No look of love or kindness cheered his eye,—
No friendly smile, or sympathetic tear.
The stolen blessing and the birth right bought
Availed him not, save to increase his pain;
And Memory only to his spirit brought
Lost hopes, in contrast with his present pain.

He slept,—he dreamed. Lo! upward from the plain
A shining ladder rose to heaven on high,
Whereon celestial bands, a shining train,
Passed to the earth, or mounted through the sky;
While robed in glory, from his throne above,
Stooped the high lord of all, with kindly care;
Smiled on the dreamer, and with words of love,
Shed holy comfort in his bosom there.

He woke: the dew-drops sparkled in the day,
The gorgeous East had donned her robes of light;
The soaring birds awoke their roundelay,
And grateful nature rang with wild delight.
He rose: his step was calm, but on his face
Were fear and awe, by inspiration given:
'The Lord' he said 'is surely in this place,—
This is God's house, and this the gate of heaven!

And while the morning burst to jocund day,
 Breathing aroma round him through the air,
 A stone he reared, where late in grief he lay,
 And poured out oil and made oblations there.
 And then he bowed on lowly, bended knee,
 And with a trusting heart and downcast eye,
 Vowed that the Lord henceforth his God should be,—
 His light on earth, his morning star on high!

White Plains, May, 1835.

O.

LETTERS FROM LAURIE TODD.

Spent in or near

NUMBER FOUR.

MUCH has been said of late about TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES, and much good have they done. I approve of their proceedings, and also occasionally throw in my mite, and circulate their tracts. Notwithstanding all this, however, I have never put my name to the 'Pledge,' nor have I renounced wine, 'spirits,' or cordials, forever. The truth is, I have never been drunk in my life: and I am not yet convinced in my mind that it is my duty to deprive myself of any of the good things of God, because infatuated men make themselves beasts in the abuse of them.* Many a one sleeps the sleep of death from taking laudanum. Now, suppose I had the lock-jaw, or a cramp in the stomach, and my physician were to prescribe half an ounce of this drug, and I should reply, 'Oh no, Doctor! You must remember that H—, and T—, and D—, killed themselves with that article!' Doubtless the doctor would say I was clean *daft*,—and well he might. There are other kinds of intemperance beside that of drink. Between the Bull's Head and the Battery, I could pick out five thousand persons who every day poison their health, and ruin their constitutions, by cramming themselves with stuffed turkeys, geese, wild fowl and tame, mill-pond and canvass-back ducks, hog's flesh and deer's rump, mutton-chops and veal cutlets,—beef, corned, roasted, and boiled,—oysters, raw, stewed, and fried,—turtle, hare, and gravy soups,—pumpkin, minced, and pigeon pies, *and so forth*,—and by these means, the sportsman, the butcher, the doctor, and the grave-digger, are never out of employment. Now, reader, don't you call *this* INTemperance? For my own part, I verily believe that one half of the population is cut off by reason of too much eating.

But what is worse than all, I perceive that some *lang-legged* Yankee philanthropists at the east propose to take from us our pipes and tobacco. Now, friend Knickerbocker, I am confident many of your readers would rather see all the rum, brandy, and gin in a blaze, than to have their pipes put out. We learn from your grand-

* Mr. Todd should remember that *example* is something, and that if all were of his way of thinking, there would be no Temperance Societies.

father's renowned History of New-York, that the worthy burgomasters who first devised the plan of this mighty metropolis were wonderfully aided in their deliberations by the fumes ascending from the bowls of their pipes. By consulting Ancient History, it will be found, that all the deep thinkers and eminent writers of early times were also profound smokers. There is something that provokes thought, and helps new ideas to shoot, as one draws the smoke from the tube, and watches its curling ascent, until it wastes its sweetness on the air: but those sensitive mortals who make smoking a *church felony*, I am thinking, have very few ideas, either to ascend or descend. Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Walter Raleigh, and most of the wise men of the east, were inveterate devotees of the pipe. I have no doubt that some of Newton's greatest discoveries were drawn from his brain, while volumes of tobacco smoke were wreathing and blending around his head.

As I was arranging my books the other day, I placed my hand upon a little forgotten volume, containing the poems of an eminent Scotch divine, who flourished in the early part of the last century. Among them were the following lines,—and had it not been for smoking, these beautiful ideas would never have entered the author's head. They are too grave, it may perhaps be thought by some, for the pages of your Magazine: but such objectors should remember, that among your numerous readers there are various tastes,—and that as improvement is part of your plan, these stanzas may instruct many of your subscribers, while they are wasting their breath in smoke. But I am forgetting the verses:

SMOKING SPIRITUALIZED.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay:

All flesh is hay;*

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like, and weak,
Doth thus thy mortal state bespeak:

Thou art even such,—

Gone with a touch!

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
See thou in that the vanity

Of worldly stuff:

Gone with a puff!

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul, defiled with sin:

For then the fire

It doth require:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

Thou seest the ashes cast away,—
And to thyself thou mayest say,

That to the dust

Return thou must:

Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

* 'All flesh is grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field.'

There is a remarkable circumstance connected with the history of Ralph Erskine, the author of this poem,—a fact as well authenticated in the part of Scotland where his family lived, as is the truth, that the unfortunate Mary once reigned as Queen there. His mother 'died and was buried,' some years before he was born. She wore on her finger, at the time of her death, a rich gold ring, which, from some domestic cause or other, was much valued by the family. After the body was laid in the coffin, an attempt was made to remove the ring, but the hand and finger were so much swollen that it was found to be impossible. It was proposed to cut off the finger, but the husband's feelings revolted at the idea. She was therefore buried with the ring upon her finger. The sexton, who was aware of the fact, formed a resolution to possess himself of the ring. Accordingly on the same night he opened the grave and coffin. Having no scruples about cutting off the finger of a dead woman, he provided himself with a sharp knife for the purpose. He lifted the stiff arm, and made an incision by the joint of the finger. The blood flowed,—and the woman arose and sat up in her coffin! The grave-digger fled with affright, while the lady made her way from her narrow tenement, and walked back to the door of her dwelling, where she stood without, and knocked for admittance. It was about eleven o'clock at night. Her husband, who was a minister, sat conversing with a friend. When the knock was repeated, he observed, 'Were it not that my wife is in her grave, I should say that that was *her* knock.' He arose hastily and opened the door. There stood his dear companion, wrapped in her grave-clothes, and her uplifted finger dropping blood. 'My Margaret!' he exclaimed. 'The same,' said she,—'your dear wife, in her own proper person. Do not be alarmed.' Many, very many, I firmly believe, have been *buried alive*, but few, like her, returned to tell the tale. The lady in question, however, lived seven or eight years after this occurrence, and became the mother of several children, among whom was the author of the poem given above.

But to return to smoking. I know of no earthly sensation more soothing to the mind,—one that more thoroughly enrapt and enchains the soul,—than that which I experience, as I sit on my 'stoop,' by the side of the river, at ten o'clock of a calm evening, while the family are asleep, with a new pipe, the draught clear and easy, and just air enough to waft the smoke away from my head. No sound breaks upon the ear, save the distant splash of an oar, or, ever and anon, the loud laugh of the boatmen, who sit *smoking* on the decks of the numerous craft lying at anchor, or awaiting the tide.* On such a night, when the stars are sparkling above, in number like the sands upon the wide sea shore, with no moon to obscure their lustre,—(I don't like a 'full-orbed moon,' when I wish to roam among the stars,)—to look, to wonder, and admire, until the spirit of thought is lost, and then to lay one's head

* HALLET'S COVE may be termed the Anchorage Ground of the East River trade. The *Hell-gate Rocks*,—so admirably described by the venerable DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER,—can only be passed with safety at a certain period of the tide,—and vessels are compelled to anchor, scores at once, oftentimes, within speaking distance of my window.

upon the pillow, filled with such impressions,—I say, all this gives a 'peace which passeth understanding.' Those votaries of fancy, whose existence is in balls and parties,—at the theatre and the opera,—know little of the better enjoyments, the sober realities of life. They live in fiction all night,—go to sleep when the streaks of golden light begin to shoot up the eastern sky,—arise when the sun is past meridian, and live on the dreams of the past, until darkness brings a renewal of departed, feverish, unsubstantial pleasures.

Yours,

Hallet's Cove, May, 1835.

TODD.

APOSTROPHE TO TIME.

'I speak to Time'—Byron.

Thou of the Glass and Scythe! The fallen fane
And crumbling dome bear witness to thy might;
The will of lordly man cannot detain
Or vex thee in thy swift triumphant flight.
The chain of slumber, when approacheth night,
And roving winds and waters are at rest,
Cannot bind thee. Until the dawn of light
The mountain eagle sleepeth in his nest,
But thy strong wings by toil are ever unoppressed.

Unwearied Time! since God gave birth to thee,
The hill hath left its broad primeval base,
While isles have sank beneath the moaning sea,
And left of their frail habitants no trace.
Majestic cities, in thine awful race,
By floods of lava have been overspread;
And one bright star hath left its radiant place
In the blue sky. My soul recoils with dread,
As thy destructive course I hastily retread!

Where is the haughty Daughter of the East,
Her gates of solid brass and massive walls,—
Her line of potent kings, and crafty priests?
The desert serpent unmolested crawls,
And darts his 'arrowy tongue' within her halls:
The winds her lost magnificence bemoan,—
With brow begirt with ivied coronals,
And idly seated on a dusky throne,
Oblivion reigneth there, triumphant and alone!

Builder of Tombs! no feudal ruins crest
The rocks that rise beneath my native sky,
But the vast, fertile prairies of the West,
Are strewn with fragments of a world gone by.
Within the caverns of my country lie*
The strangely fashioned implements of old,
And awful wrecks of frail humanity:
Perchance the relics of the wise and bold,
Nor habited in shroud, nor mingled with the mould.

* Cave of Kentucky, in which mummies were found.

Wide meads, through which the dark Muskingum flows,
 With trophies of thy prowess are bespread ;
 The bones of long forgotten tribes repose
 In mounds whereon the red oak lifts its head,
 Like some unmoving guardian of the dead !
 Hath Science pierced the deep Lethean gloom
 That wraps those remnants of old days, or shed
 Dim light upon each antiquated tomb ?
 No beams of her keen eye the mystery illumine !

The human victor, in his mad career
 Of conquest, often pauses to survey,
 While sternly leaning on his gory spear,
 The wrecks of his own making, with dismay.
 Relentless Time proceedeth on his way,
 While change is written on the face of earth,
 Throwing no backward glance upon his prey :
 He darkly frowns, and weeds conceal the hearth,
 Once circled by the sons of luxury and mirth.

Stern Lord of Desolation ! nations rise
 And melt away, in thy career, like dew ;
 The lofty pyramid, that still defies
 Thy wasting tooth, will crumble in a few
 Revolving years, and banish from the view.
 Who can recount thy deeds ? The level plain,
 Whereon the herb and graceful palm once grew,
 Is now a barren waste. The yellow grain
 Once rustled in the breeze, where rolleth now the main.

Avon, May, 1835.

L.

EDUCATION.

AMID the various subjects which present themselves to the attention of the philosophic inquirer, we know not of any one more *national* in its interests, or worthy of minute attention, than that which investigates the theory and practice of public instruction. The assertion that 'knowledge is power,' is verified on every page of history, present or past. To the neglect of this great auxiliary in the political condition of mankind, may be ascribed the downfall of the ancient republics. In tracing the history of Greece, as a commonwealth, we lose sight of her *general* condition in the contemplation of her few great names, and thus draw an unfair inference in reference to her intellectual character. We admit that her annals are enriched by some extraordinary exhibitions of original genius, between the period of Solon and that of her final subjugation by the Romans. She had a Phidias for her sculptor,—Thales for her mathematician,—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides for her dramatists,—and Plato taught his divine philosophy within the walls of her Academy : but the mass of her population was immersed in the grossest ignorance, and this circumstance materially hastened her decline. The intellectual character of *Athens* claimed and received, beneath the power of Rome, a degree of respect to which her proud, though less cultivated rival, Sparta, was a stranger. Her literature

which ages had consecrated, arrested the remorseless tyranny of Sylla, who, while he leveled her lofty Acropolis, desecrated her altars, demolished her groves, and plundered her sacred temple, permitted her libraries and schools of learning to remain, either as monuments of his clemency—or, as contrasts to the desolation which surrounded them. A corresponding cause produced a like effect in the destruction of the Roman Republic, and prepared its population for the blood-stained cruelties of a Tiberius, Domitian, Caligula, and Nero. The dearth of information, following the Gothic conquest of imperial Rome, by Alaric, in the fourth century, and the destruction of the Alexandrian library by Omar in the sixth, banished literature to the churches and monasteries, and produced a debasement of human intellect which has no parallel in the records of history. Tyranny, bloodshed, and cruelty disgraced the nations of the earth. Kingdoms became battle fields, and the world a charnel house. As literature emerged in Europe from the cloisters of the monks, education gradually advanced, clouded by the superstitions she had imbibed during her thousand years' obscurity. The condition of mankind improved; commerce opened an intercourse between countries hitherto strangers to each other; knowledge extended, but its elements were rather the legendary traditions of the monks, than the actual developement of science. The introduction of printing into England, in the fifteenth century, which burst like a new dispensation on the benighted condition of humanity, proved a powerful aid in the diffusion of general learning,—tinctured as it was by the mystic subtleties of the schools,—obscured by technicalities, and confined to the circles of aristocracy. But it was reserved for the seventeenth century to unfold the true principles of education,—to open to the student a new path to the temple of science,—to break down the barriers which empiricism and ignorance had erected before the altar of truth,—to dispel the metaphysical delusions and vague theories which had been imposed on men as the elements of a true philosophy,—to unfold a system fixed and immutable in its laws, the ramifications of which were to embrace every department of science, and to extend wherever human curiosity or infirmity might lead their possessor to explore. Such was the instructive philosophy of Bacon. Under this new and analytic system, learning assumed at once a high rank,—mankind began seriously to inquire into the operation of *causes* in producing effects,—the political condition of nations became a subject for the test of Bacon's Philosophy, and the results were manifested in the 18th century, by the liberation of our own country from the dominion of Britain, and by the French revolution, which ultimately placed Napoleon Bonaparte on a throne.

Having thus cursorily connected education with the destinies of past generations, and shown its effects in regenerating the human mind from the errors and darkness of superstition, we shall inquire how far the system of instruction pursued in our institutions of learning, male and female, is calculated to mature that mental vigor, which may, properly directed, raise us to the highest pinnacle of intellectual and moral glory. Our advantages are great, our resources abundant. The question to be decided is, whether with the literature of the past within our

reach,—possessing the energy of a national youth,—we shall follow in the beaten track of a forefather's knowledge, or, quitting the path which obscurity too often dims, dare to advance with the improving spirit of the age, and lay the foundation of an instructive system, equally philosophic and independent, as the political structure which forms the charter of our free born rights.

The great end of education is to develop our moral, physical, and intellectual faculties, and to unite them in a perfect and harmonious whole. There are two modes of accomplishing this object, totally distinct in their operations and results. The one consists in impressing facts on the memory by their continued repetition, until the pupil is able to repeat them *verbatim et literatim*: the other, in collecting and comparing a multitude of facts, in order to arrive at a general conclusion. The one views things as they are, without inquiring into their elementary construction: the other analyses and arranges the materials, and thus sees a *whole* through the separation of its component parts. The former makes the memory a mere machine, moved by an external impression, unaided by reason, discrimination, or judgment: the latter calls the thinking faculties into action, and leads the mind to precede every act, by an inquiry into the motive which induced it. The former enriches the memory by a vast accumulation, but rejects general observations, and confines itself within the limits of laws purely conditional. It is the source of those traditional errors in education, which causes the philosopher, at times, to wish we had seminaries to teach the art of forgetting. In our country there are many reasons which might be adduced in favor of the analytic system, independently of its intrinsic worth. Our commerce is floating to every quarter of the globe. We are daily interchanging civilities with nations possessing that leisure, wealth, and retirement, necessary to advance the pursuits of science. They are watching the progress of our institutions: waiting with eager impatience for the solution of the great question, hitherto answered in the negative, whether *Republics* can endure. We are destined to solve that inquiry,—to establish in the sight of the Universe, and over the ruins of former democracies, a great moral truth, or to swell the train of those abortive attempts at national liberty which have terminated in anarchy and despotism. The accomplishment or the failure will depend on the spread of useful knowledge, on the utilitarian method pursued in the education of our youth.

When we turn our attention to the recent work of M. Cousin on education in Germany, and observe, that even in the *common schools* of Prussia, the elements of physical science are taught so far as they tend to explain the phenomena of nature, and are connected with history and geography,—that one of the great objects of attention is to render the history, constitution, and laws of the country familiar to *every* German scholar,—that *Latin* is taught as a means of exercising the intellect, and improving the taste for inquiring into original causes,—we must admit that this monarchy may be held up as a model to the world, in the perfection of her literary institutions.

The enactment of a law to compel parents to educate their offspring,

would, we are aware, be unpopular in our free government; but there is a moral lever by which the reason of mankind may be moved, when penal enactments would be ineffectual. It is to this we would appeal in behalf of our public instruction. There is a common observation among those conversant with the relation between teacher and scholar, that the feeling of the latter is generally hostile to the former,—that tasks are accomplished with great labor, and no small share of disgust. May not the cause of this effect be traced to an unphilosophic mode of imparting information,—to that system of *memorizing*, which burdens when it should enlighten? Let us test the fact, by a direct investigation of the general mode of teaching arithmetic, one of the primary branches of education. A slate and arithmetic are placed before the pupil: he is desired to commit to *memory* the *rules*. If after much application they are at last impressed on the recollection, they are associated in the mind only with a *particular set* of arithmetical questions. That exertion of mind, which, properly called into action, would have enabled him to apply his knowledge to the practical purposes of life, has been utterly neglected in the *mechanism* of committing rules, the principles or elements of which it is manifest he does not comprehend. The above remark applies still more particularly to English grammar. We have known pupils who have waded *twice* through Lindley Murray's Grammar, and can yet neither write nor speak grammatically. We are not aware of any *book* which can impart the philosophy of grammar to the juvenile mind. *It requires a living instructor, who is able, without a grammar, to unfold the philosophy of English Syntax,—to show the manners and times in which actions are accomplished, and the peculiarities of situation in which the actors may be placed.* We would have grammar impressed on the mind by actual demonstration; nor can we see any use for burdening the *memory*, until the pupil has advanced to the rules of syntax. He who cannot teach English grammar without such an auxiliary, should, in conscience, abandon the task of imparting this branch of education. The pupil is told that a verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer. Can such a definition impart an *idea*? When the maturity of intellect foreruns its needed cultivation, we shall look for the exhibition of such a prodigy; but while the avenues to the youthful understanding can only be approached by the most simple and gradual developement of its powers, by an analysis in which a *whole* may be seen through its respective parts,—which shall present a *cause* for every effect,—we shall deny that this combining system, this view of *masses* instead of simple materials, can ever accomplish the important end of scholastic instruction,—that of leading the youthful mind to a liberal, useful, and rational maturity. This chief dependence on *one* of the mental functions, which we have shown to govern the teachings of arithmetic and English grammar, may be seen pervading every department of public instruction. The facts of *history* are impressed on the memory, while the mind is left utterly vacant as to its *philosophy*. The pupil is a living telegraph as to dates and occurrences, but totally unacquainted with the causes which led the historian to record them,—the important effects by which they were

followed, or the great moral lesson they are calculated to teach. A child may be taught, by committing the occurrence to memory, that Poland belongs to Russia; but there are appendages attached to it, of much greater consequence to his general knowledge, than the fact itself. He should be acquainted with the *causes* which led to the subjugation of this once free land,—should know that they may be held up as a beacon to tyrants,—as a mirror in which despotism may see her deformed image reflected,—in which faithlessness may blush, as she beholds this never to be forgotten refinement on the original constitution of her laws. Such an explanation of Poland's fall would call the thinking faculty into action,—would open the pupil's mind to a reflection on the rights of nations and of men,—would teach him to hate tyranny, to venerate liberty, and appreciate the blessings of the land which gave him birth. Nor would the effects of such an analytic system of instruction be confined to the academic walls. It would be seen regulating the conduct of the future *man*,—teaching him to respect individual and collective privileges, and to look upon his country as a sacred and holy deposit, committed to the moral influence of her sons. By the same rule he may be acquainted with the fact, that the United States were once colonies of Great Britain; that they achieved their independence towards the close of the eighteenth century. But how little does the acquisition of such knowledge advance the interests of his historical information! Does it impress what is really worthy of attention in the history of his country,—the personal sacrifices of her citizens,—the unparalleled hardships of Washington and his troops,—the ruined fortunes which swelled this great offering to liberty,—the hecatombs which oppression piled upon her altar? Can he draw from a knowledge of the *facts*, the instructive lesson which her determination of purpose, her noble struggle, and final triumph, should impart? By such teaching he may know that his country is free,—but the circumstances which led to her emancipation, (the sterling ore of her history,) the philosophical theme which she offers for reflection, must be hid to his mental gaze, until some one better qualified than his instructor, shall lead him, by a beautiful analysis, to inquire into her early and most important trials. Connected with history, and one of its most important features, is the jurisprudence of a country. In our land, where youth in their future manhood are eligible to the highest judicial stations,—liable at all times to be called on to act as jurors,—how necessary, how absolutely important is it, that they should in early life, while the mind is free and unfettered, be versed in the laws they are destined, ultimately, to administer. The cause of the widow,—the hopes of the fatherless,—the last asylum of injured and oppressed innocence, may rest upon their knowledge, and exist but in their decision. They may be called to decide on all that is dear, honored, venerable or sacred. Human life may be saved in their wisdom, or *sacrificed* in their ignorance. If we ascend from the effects of legal knowledge in the common courts of law, to its important consequence in our State Legislatures, and its still higher rank in the General Government, we must blush at the neglect of its cultivation in our public and private

institutions. There are, we are aware, even in this city, some honorable exceptions to our remarks: but they are few, and confined to a grade of society in which, under any circumstances, we are led to think it would not be utterly neglected. We trust the work of President Duer on this important branch of education, will have a circulation commensurate with its importance and merits, and that its gifted author may receive the reward of his labor in the enlightened condition of the rising generation on all questions of judicial or national interest.

Among the various subjects presented to the youthful mind, there are none which open a wider field for inquiry and thought, than the natural sciences: yet how small a portion of time is, generally, devoted to them,—how unphilosophically are they taught. Instead of an *ocular* demonstration of principles and processes, the pupil is taught by the repetition of *book* lessons the analysis of Chemistry, the mysterious operations of Astronomy, the apparently hidden secrets of Geology, the wonder-working activity of Mechanics. We are not opposed to books as *auxiliaries* in the work of instruction, but we cannot admit that the secrets of the great chemical laboratory on which we tread, the various decompositions and combinations which are constantly taking place in its internal structure, and the laws by which its motions are governed and regulated, can ever be made apparent to the young mind by a mere display of the printed page. To develop the principles of natural philosophy, to render them simple and plain, is a task of labor, and the offspring of considerable research. The instructor who is not able to explain and demonstrate them experimentally, independently of any aid, save the concentrated power of his own mind, and his aptitude for imparting information, should retire from the duties of a station he is not fitted to fulfil. Let the pupil *commit and repeat* the fact that the planets are retained in their orbits around the sun, and satellites around their primaries by an attractive force, decreasing as the squares of the distance increase, and you store his memory with matter perfectly useless. *Show* him by a common magnet and a needle, that the attraction diminishes as they recede from each other, and he comprehends at once what is meant by *the square of the distance*.

The exact sciences possess every claim which can recommend them to the observation of youth. They show them that the laws of nature are as simple as immutable,—that it is principles not *phenomena*, which should be the object of their pursuit: that the iris colors which glitter on a soap bubble are dependent on the laws of refraction and reflection, the direct consequence of one of the most important principles in the science of Optics,—that there is no process in nature which does not offer an instructive lesson to her children, and explain some important feature of that law which holds the material universe together: that there are

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The fall of a pebble to the earth, if properly explained by the teacher, if *shown* to be dependent on the force of attraction,—to be a practical

exhibition of that law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies,—may lead the ardent mind of youth to the well directed inquiry into the constitution of the planetary and stellar systems. His reasoning powers are thus called into exercise on one of the loftiest subjects of private conception. He becomes accustomed, almost independently of his will, to mark the operation of general causes and the effects of general laws. Where one less informed would discover no indications of intelligence, no mark of beauty, he revels in the midst of increasing wonders and renewed powers of explanation. Every object which nature presents affords him instruction, and impresses him with a sense of the harmony of those laws, which work together for ultimate good. What are all the fashionable acquirements of life,—the gaudy toys that glitter on the surface of human existence,—when compared with the depths of rational intelligence that a mind thus stored possesses?

An inquiry into one branch of natural philosophy, Optics, will open physiology and anatomy to his view, in the structure and functions of the eye. He will find that this organ is a *living* 'camera obscura;' that, as far as it is a passive agent, it is under the control of a corresponding law to that which regulates the inverted image of the darkened chamber,—that the object is concentrated and reflected by the chryselline lens on the retina, as is that of the camera by the magnifying lens. Thus by a simple and well regulated opening, the pupil may be led through the whole circle of science. Much must necessarily depend on the *elementary* process. If the *memory* is merely impressed where the *reasoning faculty* should be appealed to and developed, we may expect to see, in the pupil, if not a *blank* in the midst of creation, a senseless gazer amidst the stupendous operations of God! The *memorizing system* is equally detrimental to every department of instruction. It may sometimes save labor, and more frequently hide ignorance, but can never advance the interest of the pupil, or strengthen his mental powers in that ratio of which they are susceptible. If admissible in any branch it is that of the ancient languages, where the pupil is intended to be *thoroughly versed* in the minute structure of the Greek and Latin tongues. A perfect knowledge of the grammars in those languages is a *sine qua non* to their attainment. But the fact is yet to be tested, whether an inductive method of teaching them might not supersede the great labor with which they are now acquired. It is a drudgery to teach and learn them. In the modern languages, the inductive system has been tried by Mr. Manesca, and with rapid and uncommon success. If his pupils are not deeply versed in the French language, they are at least capable of quickly applying their knowledge to the practical purposes of life. The great utility of modern languages consists in the ability to converse in them.

We are persuaded that the time must arrive, when the analytic system will be universally pursued in our schools and colleges,—when the necessary qualifications for an instructor of youth will be tested, not only by the actual amount of knowledge which he possesses, but by his capabilities for presenting that knowledge in its most simple and

engaging form,—by his power of unfolding the dawning energies of youth, and leading them, by *ocular* and *oral* demonstration, to a gradual and full comprehension of the sublime truths in nature,—when the path of instruction, instead of presenting thorns and briers, shall be strewn with flowers,—when the mind shall become an active and inquiring agent, rather than a passive machine,—and when the visible acquisitions of instruction shall be proportioned to the labor and care bestowed. That such an effect never can become universal while *assertions* supply the place of *principles*, and *combinations* that of *elements*, we may venture to predict,—nor while the puffing empiricism of unblushing ignorance imposes itself on the great mass of mankind as the solid ore of wisdom. The day and generation of the would-be dispensers of instruction must pass,—the pretended discoveries of short cuts and royal roads to learning be silenced, and modest merit emerge from the shades of obscurity, ere the genius of science shall display the arcana of her temple to the delighted and inquiring gaze of our youthful community.

That the advantages derived from school books are *great*,—that they could not be dispensed with,—we willingly admit. It is the *sole dependence* on them to which we object,—the *abuse*, not the *use* of them,—the influence which they exert on *one* mental function, to the prejudice of the rest. In the hand of a conscientious teacher, *who is able to do without them*,—who is willing to enter, on all occasions, into a full development of their *principles*, they are of incalculable benefits to the pupil. Like other blessings, they are, at times, grossly perverted, and present a screen behind which ignorance may mask itself, and laugh at the credulity of its dupes. We are convinced that he who will take the trouble to attend a few cut and dried *question* and *answer* exhibitions, will bear witness to the truth of our assertion. *They* indeed present a striking contrast between the *art* of impressing the memory, and the *science* of expanding the intellect.

We cannot take leave of the male departments of instruction, without adverting to the waste of time in giving what is called a classical education to those intended for commercial pursuits. In a country where youth are called so early into the active walks of life as in our own,—where the period allotted to education is, comparatively, short,—it becomes an object of importance that it should be well and profitably filled up, and with an attentive eye to its future usefulness in the world. We are perfectly aware that an inquiry into the structure of the ancient languages is a valuable school of discipline to the mind, but there are other branches of instruction much more indispensable to the respectable merchant, and which should be the special object of his youthful days. In reference to the Greek and Latin languages, we would apply the couplet of Pope:

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink *deep*, or taste not the Pierian spring.’

There are few of the ancient authors which have not been ably trans-

lated. These will supply all that is necessary to the man of business, without occasioning a neglect of studies much more important. Not so with the languages of France and Spain. They are a part of our commerce,—a portion of our wealth. The former is spoken in every nation that civilization has blessed, or commerce has endowed with plenty,—the latter is the language of various republics, which have opened their ports to our shipping, increased our trade, and are bound to us by the still stronger tie of a communion in suffering and in triumph. They are both an additional means of intercourse between nations, and as such, worthy the attention of every American citizen.

If our observations on the neglect of elementary instruction in our male schools, are correct, it must be admitted that they are equally so in relation to female education, in the present day. What an abandonment of useful knowledge,—what a trifling away of time,—what a skimming over the surface of literature,—what a strong desire to impress the fashionable follies of the day, does it unfold! The whole circle of attainments bears upon one object, the desire of display. To display what? A knowledge of the beauties of nature,—the resources of science,—the treasures of art,—the intellectual pleasures which adorn while they enrich? No. These are objects beneath the attention of a young lady who is to *shine* in society, and to receive the attentions of some newly fledged graduate of a college, whose time has been as *well* occupied as her own, and whose attainments are as respectable. They would take up too much of that time devoted to the reading of novels, or of that occupied by the more important business of discussing the merits of some recently imported foreign fashion. The alpha and omega of fashionable education, is to unfit the lovely pupil for the rational enjoyments of life,—to prepare her to dance a sunny hour in the halls of flattery and deceit,—to drink the intoxicating draught of vanity to the dregs,—then to retire, sated with unreal pleasures, to the gloomy recesses of an uncultivated and perverted intellect.

We have no desire to reject the fashionable accomplishments of female education, or to detract from their merits. They add a charm and variety to its social relations, and enhance the value of higher and nobler acquirements. But when they are made to usurp the place of those acquisitions which render their object a moral, intelligent, and accountable being, they become an evil to society, and should either be circumscribed or abandoned. It is time that the female mind should be exalted to its proper grade,—that the tinsel and trappings of exterior decoration should give place to that *interior* cultivation which, while it guides its possessor safely through the vale of time, enables her to look back, at its close, with the confidence of one who has not, like the servant of old, hid her talent in the earth, but is ready to return it to the giver, increased in profit and interest. There is no incapacity in the female mind for exertion in the highest departments of literature and science. If it has not shone forth as frequently as in the other sex, its corruscations have, at least, been as brilliant and as pure: but

while our young ladies are taught, that to be admired they need only to be seen,—that their *personal*, not their *mental* accomplishments, are to be their future passports in society, and this feeling is cherished by the guardians of their early days,—we can expect to see the displays of talent proceeding only from those whose independent energies have outstripped the uninstrusive lessons of youth, and marked out for themselves a pathway in the regions of intelligence and worth,—the kindred spirits of those whose names are the glory of nations and the property of a world, and who, like Bacon, might have exclaimed at the end of their earthly labors, '*Inveniam viam aut faciam.*' We are too much, in every thing, the copyists of the old world,—its follies and its foibles. They have entered within the walls of our female seminaries, and there assert their dominion with a tyrannical sway. If the daughters of a great and rising republic are to be made the servile imitators of antiquated Europe, let their attention be turned to what is truly great in her history,—to the females who have adorned her annals, enriched her literature, improved her morals. Then shall we behold a renovation in the female intellect,—its useful energies, which now lie dormant, will be seen, like the germ which has sprung forth into existence under the influence of the genial sun-beam and refreshing shower, expanding into eloquence and beauty.

B.

STANZAS.

'Where've I prais'd the dead, which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive. Yes, better is he than both they, which hath not yet been, who hath not seen the evil work that is done under the sun.'

Ecclesiastes

Blest is the dead whose hour is past,
Whose scene of sorrow here is o'er,—
On whom the earth hath looked her last,
On whom the sky will frown no more.

Blest is the dead—ay! far more blest
Than he who lives the ills to share
Which human life, like fogs invest,
And hide the sun, and taint the air.

But, far more blest than both is he
Who never yet has learned to know
A life whose draught is misery,
Whose bliss is toil, whose pleasure woe.

Begun in pain—pursued in care—
Sad is the lot of mortal man;
Existence what he needs must bear,
Its end,—a thing he may not scan.

Philadelphia, May, 1835.

C. W. T.

MONOMANIACS.

'TOUCHING imagination, I will now point at the wonderful effects and power of it; which, as it is eminent in all, so most especially it rageth in melancholy persons, in keeping the species of objects so long; mistaking, amplifying them by continual and strong meditation, until at length it produceth in some parties real effects. This we see verified by humours, and concourse of vapours, troubling the phantasie with imaginings of absurd and prodigious things.'

Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.

MYSTERIOUS is the human mind! Its functions and capabilities,—the external agencies that act upon it,—and the delicate nature of its connection with the grossness of mortality, have attracted yet defied the reflections and researches of master spirits, from the Thomists of old, to Broussais and Rush, of modern times:

'All that we know is, nothing can be known.'

The instances of men being mad on one subject, and sane on all others, are too numerous to admit of questioning the propriety which designates the malady by a distinct and separate name, the import of which contradistinguishes monomania from all other sorts of insanity. Sometimes the disorder has a cheerful tendency, and acts something like a glass of Falstaff's sack upon the brain, 'ascends' the patient there, and enthrones him among a host of happy and regal conceits; but it oftener produces rash actions, and an energy of morbid feeling, which too frequently end in complete madness or sudden death. The last tendency of the disease,—for such I think, although no physician, it can properly be called,—is usually traceable, beyond a doubt, to those 'perturbations and passions, which trouble the phantasie; and albeit they dwell between the confines of sense and reason, yet they rather follow sense than reason, because they are drowned in corporeal organs of sense.'

It has been said by a satirist of note, that there is one subject upon which every man is more or less demented. This, however, must pass for a sarcasm merely; since ruling passions, and habits of devotion to one pursuit or aim, cannot certainly be called madness. They form the secret and the impulse of all honorable ambition; they kindle the hero, as he inspects, in his marquee, his plans of stratagie, by the midnight taper; the author over his page; the chemist in his laboratory; the lawyer in the court-room; the mechanist in his difficult and complex inventions. *Such* madness has made our country the free and glorious republic that we behold it. Acting upon masses in battle array, it has filled red fields of human strife with slaughtered legions of the enemy; animated the mustered hosts, and in the mind of their leaders,

'Has made the flinty and steel couch of war
A thrice-driven bed of down.'

It has flashed from patriot eyes,—it has cried from the ensanguined clod, and spoken in thunder from the gun. In our day, it is the source and inspiration of enterprize,—stretching the long railway through the

wilderness, and rearing a town to-day, which echoes to the hum of commerce, and the clang of operative machinery, where yesterday the 'clearing' had scarcely been accomplished. This, at least, is not madness; or if it be, it is of a kind which has the semblance of soberness, is crowned with magnificent results, and gives to the anticipations of coming time a coloring brighter and more magical than romance.

But we digress. As a disorder, monomania has not, in our humble opinion, received the consideration to which it is fairly entitled. There is something so singular about its developements, and the strong tenacity with which it clings to the mind, that emotions of wonder are excited by the mere contemplation of them; but to witness them, is to be impressed with sensations of unmixed astonishment.

It is surprising that cases of this sort, occurring so frequently as they do, are not set down to a greater extent in our medical journals. Perhaps they would throw new light upon the subject, and evoke the aid of science in restoring many a 'mind diseased' to its original integrity. There can be no doubt of its interest, for the records of medicine abound with matter which enchains the attention even of those who do not belong to the ranks of the healing art.

The first case we notice, was of a peculiar nature. The subject was a citizen of West New York,—one of a family distinguished for intelligence; some members of which have been identified among the first projectors of those stupendous works of improvement that have made the state a marvel to the nations. The gentleman in question was something of a disputant in polemics, though a layman. Like Paul at Athens, though without a title of that great apostle's unction or power, he 'disputed daily in the market with them that met him.' By degrees, he ceased to obtrude his verbal disquisitions upon his neighbors, and fell into a habit of walking along the street, and wearing a look of wisdom, as if unutterable things were brewing in his mind. At last his malady began to be apparent. He rose every morning *precisely* with the sun, slept in a room which faced the orient, and had his bed so disposed that he could receive on his pillow the first smile of the great luminary. The wonderful design which he had conceived at last came to light. He had become a monomaniac on the subject of Mount Sion and Jerusalem. Upon all to whom he spoke, he tried earnestly to impress the fact, that our Saviour was still living incarnate at Jerusalem,—that he had received direct intelligence from him, and was about to visit the Holy City to obtain a personal interview. Animated with this sublime hallucination, he disposed of a fine estate, and converted nearly all his chattels into cash. He had a family, an amiable circle, consisting of several sons and daughters, intelligent and accomplished. The remonstrances and even ridicule of the former, and the bitter tears of the latter, were unavailing. Oddly enough, he would never converse or dispute on the subject of his mission, after 'the eleventh hour,' in the morning. Some computation of Jewish time, which he considered vastly important, led to this resolve. If we remember rightly, he was a magistrate; but no consideration could induce him to attend to any professional duties until after eleven; previous to which, his whimsical skill as a quodlibetarian,

was exerted potently, to the chagrin of all his friends, and the weariness of every one who fell in his way. After the probation ended, his lips were sealed on that theme, and he was as sane, agreeable a person as the village could show. No symptom of a disordered mind exhibited itself. He performed his duties as a citizen, husband, and father, with strict propriety. In conversation he was mild and pleasing, somewhat ready in wit, and altogether, to appearance, as sound in mind as any of his compeers.

The sacred journey, however, was not lost sight of. In the morning, he was always 'i' the Jerusalem vein,' and having positively determined on going to the Holy City, he turned all his money into notes, leaving a sufficiency for his family, and on one fair morn in May, departed for the land of his heart, accoutred with knapsack and cane, 'staff and scrip.' He reached Philadelphia in ill-health, and held many interviews with clergymen,—but always before eleven o'clock, A. M.,—on the subject of his mission. Singular to relate, he never seemed to know or think of his intention after that hour. He could not imagine what object brought him to Philadelphia: 'he had forgotten,' he would say, when asked, 'and must sleep before he could remember.' In the meanwhile, his family were deploring his absence, and the village was without a judge of the law,—the shoemaker of the place being the only citizen on the *bench*.

The monomaniac engaged passage in a ship bound for Smyrna, and was within a day or two of his embarkation, when he received a letter from his wife, imploring his return, and stating, (by the advice of a physician,) that she was desirous of accompanying him to Jerusalem. He was overjoyed at the proposal, for he would cheerfully have taken his whole household. But a plan was forming under his own roof to break up his delusion, and restore him to reason.

He reached home in better health than when he left it. His wife warmly favored his enterprise, and wondered, seemingly, at her former opposition to his will. In the meanwhile, a systematic attack was made upon his malady, through his corporeal senses. Laudanum was regularly infused into his coffee at breakfast, and he was soon in the unavoidable habit of sleeping through the entire forenoon. This practice was cautiously but perseveringly continued, until the wild train of oriental imaginations was broken up in his brain, and he became again sound in intellect, mingling with his fellows as aforetime, 'clothed, and in his right mind.' He is yet living, and laughs as heartily as any one can at the delusion of which he once, to use a legal phrase, 'stood seized and possessed.'

The next instance we quote from the manuscript of a friend, an eminent and presiding jurist, who it will be seen, was personally conversant, many years ago, with the case of which he speaks. We employ his own interesting and perspicuous statement.

"Some years ago,—I think about 1822, or '23,—I was requested to visit, at the prison of the city and county of Philadelphia, an individual who desired my professional services. I found him to be an old German, of respectable appearance. He had been committed for want of

bail, to appear at the next court to answer the very serious charge of assaulting a policeman with intent to kill, by discharging a loaded pistol at him, while in the execution of his office. The precise matter alleged was, that while the police officer, under an order of the Mayor, was tearing down from the walls of the State House in Philadelphia a certain handbill which his Honor deemed unusual and improper, the prisoner, (who may be designated as Mr. G——,) had drawn the pistol and discharged it at the officer, the bullet missing him, but striking the ground near his feet. From the old man himself, and from other sources to which I was referred, I ascertained that he had for many years been engaged as a travelling merchant, or pedlar, going through the country with a horse and dearborn wagon, and offering for sale such a stock of goods as could be thus conveyed. I became satisfied that in all his business transactions he had exhibited intelligence, prudence, integrity, and general good conduct, and that in his ordinary intercourse with the community, his manners were kind and conciliating, and his deportment mild and inoffensive. He had no friends in Philadelphia, and I made the best preparation for his defence which my means of information enabled me to do. It appeared that while upon all subjects but one he conversed like a man of perfectly sound mind, and of much shrewdness and sagacity, yet that upon that *one* he was, and for a long time had been, suffering under a most extraordinary mental hallucination, which had led him to write and cause to be printed and posted the handbill above mentioned.

"His belief was, that he had a perfect right to the office of President of the United States,—that a conspiracy, with extensive ramifications, had been entered into while the elder Mr. Adams was President, to prevent him (Mr. G——,) from being the successor, though his claim was complete, and would have been universally recognized and acquiesced in, but for nefarious practices,—and that Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison were the most atrocious and conspicuous of the confederates. He had even wrought himself up to the idea that the leading and prominent motive of each of the two last named citizens, in taking upon himself the station of Chief of the Republic, was to prevent him (Mr. G——,) from reaching that high station. He was unable, if I recollect rightly, to give even a plausible reason for these strange delusions; but I remember well the keen feeling with which he spoke upon the subject, and the full evidence which his conduct afforded of the earnestness and sincerity of his own faith in his impressions. He handed me a copy of the handbill, and I regret it has not been preserved. It contained, in a very incoherent style, among other things, an assertion of his claim to the Presidency,—an attempt at an exposition of the conspiracy,—a most abusive attack upon Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Madison, for their share in it,—an allegation that Mr. Monroe, who was President at the time, was but the creature of the other two, and had been placed in the office by them for no other purpose than to keep him, (Mr. G——,) out of it, and concluded with an extravagant appeal to the people of the United States to take up arms to punish the guilty,—do justice to the injured, etc. As the paper collected crowds of idle people about it, the police thought

proper to take it from the walls on which it was posted. Mr. G——, still acting under the same singular excitement and aberration of intellect, discharged the pistol in avowed vindication and support of his alleged right to appeal to the people. The policeman made oath that he believed his life had been in jeopardy,—and the magistrate thought the case a proper one for further investigation before a court and jury.

“I had no doubt that Mr. G—— could be successfully defended upon the ground that he was insane at the time of committing the act,—or if necessary, upon the ground that the pistol was fired purposely into the ground, with no intent to injure, but with intent merely to frighten, etc.

“The old man, however, regarded his arrest as one further step in the action of the great and unrighteous league which had been so long operating against him; considered himself as degraded by his imprisonment; manifested profound mortification; fretted himself sick; and, before the session of the court, died, as I thought at the time, of a broken heart.”

THE third instance we adopt for publication, was of recent occurrence in an interior town of Pennsylvania. A respectable citizen, by trade a cooper, residing in one of those picturesque and beautiful villages with which the commonwealth is studded, after a course of deep reflection on metaphysical subjects, was found at last to be affected during his slumbers with a kind of tremour, indicating an unhealthy action of the mind. By day, however, he was apparently well: conversed rationally, and attended to his employments with the usual promptitude. By degrees, he began to evince, on one subject, a trivial alienation of intellect. He contended seriously and with the greatest earnestness, that a man could bring himself by solemn meditation, and communion with his Maker, to a condition in which, even on earth, his physical wants might be foregone, and the ordinary nourishment of mortal life be dispensed with altogether. This delusion increased in his fancy, until he announced, one morning at breakfast, that he was then taking his last meal for the space of the following fifty-two days,—a number corresponding with the amount of weeks in a year. At first, his family were utterly incredulous as to his intention: but they soon found to their sorrow, that his purpose was too deeply fixed to be shaken or frustrated. He declared with great soberness, that God had appeared to him in a dream, commanding him to abstain from all earthly food, for the space above mentioned; promising to sustain him under his self-denial, with heavenly manna; and declaring that when his probation expired, he should be translated to glory, like the prophet of old, without the taste of death. This revelation he most potently believed, and acted accordingly.

For a few days, he was enabled to attend to his mechanical avocations, but he grew feeble by fasting, and having taken nothing save water, since entering upon the fulfilment of his resolution, he was soon compelled to take his bed. There, he would give directions to his workmen touching their employments, and conversed cheerfully and *rationaly* with all who approached him. The unusual circumstance of a man gradually wasting away his life by voluntary starvation, soon became extensively bruited through the borough, and the monomaniac

had, consequently, no lack of visitors. Growing daily weaker and weaker, he yet kept 'open house' for his friends, and no one who called went away without the refreshment afforded by 'creature comforts,'—nor, strange to say, without a full belief of his sanity.

On the twentieth day, the deluded martyr became so feeble as to be scarcely capable of speaking. He was implored to abandon his foolish resolve, and reference was made to his increasing weakness, as an argument showing the mental deception under which he suffered. But he persisted against all entreaty, and would have perished in a few days, had not a physician advised that the water which he drank should be filtered through a vessel containing a little rice, and some grains of gum arabic. This partially sustained him, and the regimen, unknown to himself, was continued.

Between forty and fifty days had now elapsed since he began his famishing practice. He shrank not a jot from his purpose, although his flesh had fallen away, his hands become long and bony, flecked with shrivelled blue veins, and his cheeks hollow and haggard. His eye still retained its cheerfulness, and he would say in a faltering voice, as he surveyed his attenuated limbs,—'God hath done this.' No *Superstitious* in his cell, with beads and cross, wearing his knees in genuflexions, and lacerating his back with stripes, was ever more demented than this simple mechanic in his lofty determination. Every word he uttered, when he could be prevailed upon reluctantly to speak of himself or his condition, was full of hope, determination, and confidence. He cared very little about conversing on the subject of his extraordinary abstinence,—did not seem to consider the presence of so many friends,—'so great a cloud of witnesses,'—as an unusual occurrence, and was evidently more fond of speaking on any other theme than on that of his singular delusion.

Seven days at last only remained of his painful trial. He became more buoyant in spirit, as the time of his appointment drew near to a close: yet he seemed far less anxious about his exit from the world, than with respect to the state in which he should leave his temporal affairs. When four days were left him, he was reduced to a mere skeleton: but his mind remained firm, and his hallucination waxed strong within him. Ignorant of the occult means by which he had been kept alive, he attributed every thing to supernatural agencies. At this time, contrary to all expectation, he began to be melancholy. There was an ebb to the high tide of hope with which his mighty effort had hitherto been sustained. No one could rightly account for the singular depression of his spirits, when so near the goal of his desires, with the bright prospect of its speedy attainment: and in truth the circumstance was unexplainable; for neotericks have never yet agreed what was the cause or substance of melancholy or morbid sensibility in the human soul. Some, nay, many there are, 'whose livers are as black as ink,'—whose life is a perpetual wail,—whose bodies seem to have been framed without one *membrum generosum*, and over whose spirits there seems ever to brood a dismal and unbroken cloud. The why or wherefore, defies comprehension. The philosophy of Shylock on this subject, is as good

as that of all the doctors ever extant, from Galen and the Asclepiadæ, down to the best of modern times. It is God's ordinance,—as wise, doubtless, as it is inscrutable.

Three days now remained for the completion of our subject's fasting ordeal, when he became so infirm as to lose his power of utterance. Dreadfully alarmed, his friends determined to avert his seemingly impending death, by stratagem. Gentle narcotics were mingled with the water he drank, and forty-eight hours of almost uninterrupted slumber fell upon him. On the morning of the last day he awoke. Preparations had been made by his family to inform him, when his slumber was broken, that he had survived his time, and also to place food by his bed-side. When told that he had outslept his period, he was surprised and techy. He then asked for the food: it was given him sparingly; but so weakened were his digestive organs, that the gastric juices refused their office, and before sunset, on the fifty-second day of his suicidal fast, he was a corpse!—the victim of a wild and fatal monomania.

The vagaries of persons partially insane, are utterly incomprehensible. Their malady, without doubt, is akin to that which afflicts the hypochondriac, if indeed it be not identical with it. To understand the latter disorder, a slight analysis of its properties, or characteristics, is necessary. The hypochondries is considered one of the most noble of the inward or organical departments of the human system. It contains on the right, the *liver*, and on the left, the *spleen*, from which hypochondrical malady is derived. The upper and lower parts of this region are called, from the custom of the Arabians, *epigastrium* and *hypogastrium*. Near this department of the body, the *lungs*,—the organs of the voice,—the source of breath,—the town clerk of the body, as Melancthon calls them,—‘*ut orator regi, sic pulmo, vocis instrumentum, annectitur cordi*,’ etc., perform their office. Thus, the animal spirits, when depressed, find vent in heavy sighs, and perturbation of the heart.

But it is not our intention to dilate upon the *causes*, but rather upon the *effects* of a temporary disorganization of the corporate human powers. We submit *instances* merely. One of a most extraordinary character has been communicated to us, by an eminent physician of Philadelphia, as having occurred at the Pennsylvania Hospital, under his own immediate observation.

The patient had been for some months in the Hospital, without any peculiar disease either of mind or body discernible in his habits or situation. He was a man of wealth, and went voluntarily to the institution, paying, if we mistake not, the usual fee of admission required of the competent, and established himself as a regular inmate. By degrees, his hallucination began to appear. He fancied himself of the other sex, and in that condition in ‘which ladies love to be, who love their lords.’ No persuasion could induce a contrary belief. He sent for a physician, and commenced a consultation with several elderly ladies, whose professional services he imagined he should soon require. Taking to his bed, he awaited with fear and trembling the ‘perils’ he anticipated. Being a thin, attenuated gentleman, his delusion was the more ridicu-

lous. He offered ten thousand dollars to the physician for his safe recovery. By favoring his fancy, he was at last convinced that he had passed the ordeal, and was getting well. The man recovered,—and lives yet, we believe, to joke over his insanity.

The instance is known, though not generally, of the monomaniac in the hospital just mentioned, who, under the care of the elder Rush, fancied himself a painter, and resolutely refused, for a long space of time, though possessing fine organs of speech, to utter a word. The doctor one day entered his apartment, and found him sketching, on a slip of paper, a beautiful rose,—for he had, by long practice, acquired much skill in the pictorial art, and was proud of the accomplishment. A thought struck the lamented physician that he could surprise him into voice by dispraising his labors, and he resolved to try.

'You are painting a very handsome cabbage, there, my friend,' he observed to the maniac.

'Cabbage!—good God! my old gentleman,—does *that* look like a cabbage? Fool!—that's a rose,—and a good one, too!'

Ere long the patient was well. His train of silent thought was broken,—he abandoned his colors, and was restored to his home.

Another gentleman went to the same institution, in the full belief that he had been ordained by Divine Providence to end his days in that asylum by suicide. He chose his apartment, and sent for Dr. Rush to come to him with all speed. When he arrived, he desired to know whether one kind of death would not be preferable to another, and which was the easiest, alleging his intention to depart this life as soon as possible. He was in no trouble,—had been somewhat too studious,—but was easy in his circumstances, and his position, in a social point of view, was sufficiently happy. His physician remonstrated with him against self-destruction; and desirous of humoring his delusion, offered himself to cause his death. He suggested bleeding as the easiest and least painful mode of effecting the object.

Placing the patient in a warm bath, therefore, he opened a vein. It is well known, that the mere puncture of such an artery will not cause death; since blood enough will not flow. The maniac surveyed the rush of the vital current from his arm with evident satisfaction; but as the stream decreased, his delusion seemed to diminish with it. He attempted to speak but could not, and sunk gradually into syncope. The next week he was consigned to his family, sane and well.

The latest example of inveterate monomania is furnished in the person of Mr. Edward Postlethwayt Page, who has been passing the winter and spring in Philadelphia and New-York. He seems to have gone mad on the subject of figures; for, on every topic not encumbered with numerals, he speaks with an ease and gentlemanly propriety, which would astonish any one. Employ his mind on a theme not associated with figures, and he exhibits fully, the *mens sana in corpore sano*.—but drop a word respecting time, or space, or numbers, and his intellect is off in a tangent, among squares, and cycles, plannets, billions, trillions, sextants, and terms, negative, positive, and mean. He has wasted a fortune in printing wild, incomprehensible handbills in support of his

system, and is still journeying over the country, boring the people with his harmless theories.

But we must draw this paper to a close. The materials for its continuation are ample and at hand. Some cases of a more interesting character than any here transcribed, are in reserve. W.

THE EXILE

TO THE FLOWER OF HIS NATIVE LAND.

BEAUTIFUL flower ! without my tending care,
In thy own clime thou wouldst have lived and flourished ;
But now, like me, thou breath'st a colder air
Than sweeps the vales that thy young fibres nourished :
And yet I love thee more, thou fragile one,
Than buds which nature nurseth to perfection ;
They are bright children of the dew and sun,
But *thou*, the drooping offspring of affection.

As oft I gaze upon thee, o'er my soul
Come with warm gush the visions of my childhood,—
I see once more the murmuring streamlet roll,
Where grew thy lovely sisters of the wild-wood ;
I see the cottage, half embower'd in leaves,
And quivering sunbeams on its white floor dancing,
I hear the sparrow twittering from the eaves,—
Behold loved faces through the casement glancing.

I hear a sound within, deep, solemn, low,—
'T is the old clock its measured warning pealing.
Now in the west fades sunset's crimson glow,
And evening o'er my cottage home is stealing.
The door flies open,—and I mark within,
A reverend patriarch kneel in holy meekness ;
Hark ! how he pleadeth with his God for sin,
And begs for strength to prop his nature's weakness.

Behold him now,—a tear is in his eye,
'T is for his son, yea, 't is for me he kneeleth !
' Look on the exile from thy mansion high,
Thou, whose right hand upholds, whose pity healeth ;
Oh, when despair is gathering round his heart,
Send down the light of hope upon his sadness,—
Something of *home* to solitude impart,
And from thy Word his spirit fill with gladness.'

It ceases,—and I hear a gentler tone,—
My mother's voice breaks in with earnest pleading :
' Oh ! bless my child, Jehovah, from thy throne !
Brighten the path his exiled feet are treading.'
'Tis all illusion,—yet 'tis sweet to *dream*
Of those we love. Absorb'd are time and distance,
While memory sheds her talismanic beam
On all that once lent rapture to existence.

EXCERPTA

FROM THE COMMON-PLACE BOOK OF A SEPTUAGENARIAN.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

LXXX.

REMARKS ON THE ORTHOEPY AND ORTHOGRAPHY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

IN the pronunciation of the English language, foreigners find great difficulty, resulting from the extreme difference between its orthoepy and its orthography, and also from the various sounds attached to the same combinations of letters. They cannot conceive why *a* should have four different sounds, as in *hat*, *hate*, *call*, *ward*,—or why *ough* should have the same number, as in *cough*, *plough*, *through*, *enough*,—or *u* three sounds, as in *tub*, *tube*, *bull*.

Thus, while the grammar of our language, in consequence of the paucity of its inflections, and the almost total want of genders, except those formed by nature, is among the most simple in the world, the difficulty of the pronunciation to foreigners, is probably hardly exceeded by that of any other language. Hence it frequently happens, that foreigners who have resided among us for five, ten, or fifteen years, are unable to pronounce our language with tolerable correctness: whereas Americans, English, and Irish, acquire the pronunciation of the French or Spanish in a year or two, without much difficulty.

In these observations, I have no reference to some few sounds not to be found in other languages, as the *th*, which very few foreigners can pronounce, although the rule by which it is to be enunciated, is very simple; which is, to press the tongue against the upper teeth, and then pronounce the *d* of the German or French.

For the last hundred and fifty years, though the orthoepy of our language has greatly varied, as is the case with most languages, our orthography has remained almost stationary, as may be seen by comparing early editions of the Bible with those in use at present. The French orthography during that period has undergone very considerable changes, and the Spanish and Italian still more. In both of these languages the orthography conforms to the orthoepy as much as possible. The following sentence in the Italian, embraces all the sounds in that language; inasmuch that a foreigner who acquires the pronunciation of it, is qualified to pronounce the entire literature of that language, as the same combinations of letters always produce the same sounds:

'Ciascheduno sà, che come non v'è cosa che più dispaccia à Dio, che l'ingratitude, e inosservanza de' suoi precetti; così non v'è niente che cagioni maggiormente la desolazione di questo universo, che la cecità e superbia degli buòmini, la pazzia d'gentili, l'ignoranza, e ostinatione de' Giudei, Scismatici.'

The Royal Academy of Madrid lately regulated the Spanish orthography, and conformed it to the existing orthœpy. The following are the principal alterations:

'The letter *q*, before *ua* and *uo*, also before *üe* and *üi*, is changed into *c*. Ex: *cuanto* *cuota*, *cuestion*, *cuidar*, which were formerly written *quanto*, *quata*, *question*, *quidar*.

'The guttural *x* has been changed into *j* before *a*, *o*, and *u*, and into *q*, before *e* and *i*. Ex: *jalapa*, *gefe*, *gimio*, *bajo*, *jugo*, which were formerly written with *x*.

'The *x* has likewise been changed into an *s*, whenever it precedes a consonant. Ex: *exclusivo*, *expensas*, which were formerly written *exclusivo*, *expensas*.

'The letter *z* before *e* and *i*, is now substituted by a *c*. Ex: *cenzala*, *cirigana*, formerly written *zenzala*, *zirigana*.—Del Mar's Spanish Grammar, pp. 10-11.

The reason assigned for the pertinacious rejection of any attempt to change the orthography of the English language, is, that by adhering to the old orthography, we can more readily ascertain the etymology of our words. This object is at best but plausible. It has not the weight of a feather, when put in the scale against the disadvantage we experience in our intercourse with foreigners, from the difficulty they find in acquiring our pronunciation.

Dr. Johnson, the great leviathan of lexicography, retained the *u* in governour, and various other words of similar termination, wherein it is not sounded, because those words are derived from the French, *gouverneur*, etc. etc.,—but spelled *author* without the *u*, because it was derived from the Latin *auctor*.

We have no academy, nor any individuals of sufficient authority to introduce, however necessary, any change that would be acquiesced in by our writers generally; and therefore all the attempts that have been made to change our orthography for the last two hundred years, have proved abortive. Many of them have been sound and rational,—but others have been so wild and extravagant as to be unworthy of the slightest attention.

Among the projects presented to the public, on this subject, some have been carried so far as absolutely to amount to the framing of a new language. Others have been calculated to soften and harmonize the language,—and others merely to reject all superfluous letters.

In the first class stands a Mr. Neef, the Pestalozzian teacher, sent to Philadelphia at the expense of the munificent William McClure, a Scotchman, naturalized in this country, and of the respectable firm of McClure and Robertson, of this city.

Somewhat akin to the plan of Neef was that of Dr. Thornton.

Richard Heron belonged to the second class.

William Pelham, Noah Webster, the celebrated lexicographer, and the late estimable and lamented Thomas S. Grimke, belonged to the third.

There have been various others, probably as many as from a dozen to twenty, whom I do not deem it necessary to enumerate.

Mr. Neef proposed that Congress should appoint a committee of learned men who should analyze the language, ascertain how many sounds it contains, and determine that each sound should have a letter to express it,—that no sound should have two letters, and no letter two sounds!

Afterwards, that a committee of mathematicians should devise the

most suitable forms of the letters! and that the forms should be the same in writing and printing!

But Mr. Neef must be allowed to state his plan in his own words:

'Bid your legislators take up the all important subject. Bid them chuse a few select but capable men: not those who are by privilege denominated learned, but men of sense, who understand your language. Let those men after mature deliberation and examination of the business, determine the number of simple, double, and nasal sounds, and of simple articulations, which are to be found in your idiom. Next, let some of your geometricians display their genius, and exert their skill, in contriving an adequate number of the most plain, simple, commodious, and at the same time easily distinguishable signs or letters, to represent all your oral sounds and articulations; and for this purpose let them consult the ingenious art of modern stenography.'—Sketch of a plan and method of Education, etc., by Joseph Neef: p. 56.

'To banish every imperfection from your new creation, let your printed and written characters be the same. For it is this their unaccountable difference, which actually constitutes one of the most striking incongruities of your writing systems.'—*Iidem*, page 57.

To this very learned and very practicable plan there is one small objection; that is, that it would render all the English and American literature, in a great degree, obsolete, and make it necessary to study two languages instead of one!

Dr. Thornton published in 1790, a small book, which he styled 'Cadmus, or a Treatise on written Language,' in which he recommended an almost total change of the orthography, and introduced several new characters. I annex a specimen, taken, as nearly as possible, verbatim, from his preface. Some of his characters are not exactly represented here, but the difference is slight and of little importance:

'Tu Ða Sitiznz ov Norø Amærika:

'Mai diir kuntrimen,—

'In prizentiÐ tu iu Ðis smÐÐl uærk ai siik les Ða gratiskeeran ov obtæniÐ iur feevær, Ðan ov rendariÐ maiself iusfal; and if Ða benifits ai kontempleet rud bi diraivd from mai leebær, ai fal endjoi a satisfakran eitur deø onli kan tærmineet.

'Bai Ða grandjær ov karaktær Ðat haz so lotÐ distiÐguitd iu, and dbai itf iu hav, in meni instænsiz, bin karriid ovær eenfænt predju-eisiz tu Ða ful ateenmænt ov pærfeksæn, a hoop iz inspaid Ðat iur igzærfænz uil stil bi direktd tu liid Ða maindz ov æðærz from Ði nfluxns ov iroonizs kæstæm tu Ði adopsæn ov djæst prinsiplz.'

Behold a translation of this splendid improvement:

'To the Citizens of North America:

'My Dear Countrymen,—

'In presenting to you this small work, I seek less the gratification of obtaining your favor, than of rendering myself useful; and if the benefits I contemplate should be derived from my labor, I shall enjoy a satisfaction which death only can terminate.

'By the grandeur of character that has so long distinguished you, and by which you have, in many instances, been carried over ancient prejudices to the full attainment of perfection, a hope is inspired that your exertions will still be directed to lead the minds of others from the influence of erroneous custom to the adoption of just principles.'

It is no less extraordinary than true, that the American Philosophical Society awarded the Magellanic gold medal to Dr. Thornton in 1793, for this wonderful treatise! It is difficult to discover what merit

that learned body found in it to warrant such a disposition of this honorable mark of distinction.

William Pelham, a Bookseller of Boston, published a work which he called 'A System of Notation, representing the sounds of the Alphabetical characters, by a new application of the accents in present use, with such additions as were necessary to supply deficiencies.'

The principal feature of his system is, that he does not change the orthography, but depends for the regulation of the pronunciation on various accents placed over the words, of which it would be scarcely possible to retain the recollection. I cannot give a specimen, as many of the accents are new,—and it would not be worth while to go to the expense of having the matrices made for them.

He introduces several ligatures, *ch, th, gn, wh*.

He published *Rasselas*, punctuated according to his system, and accompanied by the original on the opposite pages.

Richard Heron, a Scotchman, of considerable talents, but an unfortunate hireling drudge, carried his ideas very far. His grand objects were to render the language more euphonious, and make it approach to the softness of the Italian as far as practicable. I annex some parts of his plan.

Instead of pluralizing nouns by the addition of *s*, he proposed to add an *a*. Thus, for pens, papers, chairs, hands, heads, etc., he would have *pena, papera, chaira, handa, heada*, etc.

He further proposed to substitute *é* final, in all words terminating in *y*, as *bootie, beautie, dutie*—and in every case he would have the *é* final pronounced as *samè, morè, gracè, spacè*.

'O,' he says, 'is a fine close of a word, and very rare in our language.' He therefore proposes to add it to all substantives ending with harsh consonants,—as *publico, commando, bedo, eggo, flago, bego, booko, stago, hago, quacko, facto, cupo*, etc., instead of *public, command, bed, egg, flag, beg, book, stag, hag, quack, fact, cup*, etc.

'When I waz ato Grand Cairo, I picked up several orientala manuscripts, whica I havè still by me. Among others, I met with onè entitulen, *Thea Visions of Mirza*, whico I havè redd ovè with great pleasurè. I intend to givè ito to the publico, when I havè no other entertainmento fo them; ando shall begin with the first vision, whico I havè translaten wordo fo wordo az followeth:

'On the fifth day of the moon, whico, according to the customs of mya forefathers, I alway keep holi, aftero having washen myself, ando offeren up mya morninga devotions, I ascended thea higha hilla of Bagdat, in ordero to pas the resto of the day in meditation ando prayero. Az I waz herè airing myself on thea topa of the mountaina, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanité of human lifè; ando passing fro onè thôte to anothero: surely, said I, man iz buto a shadow ando lifè a dreamo. While I was thuso mizing, I cast mina eyea towardo the sumito of a roco, that was noto faro fro me, wherè I discovered onè in the habito of a shepherdo, with a litel musical instrumento in hiz hando.' *Letters on Literature*, by Robert Heron, Esq. London, 1786: p. 254, 255.—*Spectator*, No. 159.

Noah Webster's idea went no further than to change the orthography in cases in which the discrepancy was very great. I annex a few specimens:

'The following collection consists of *Essays and Fugitiv Peecees*, ritten at various times, and on different occasions, az wil appeer by their dates and subjects.

'Most of those peecees, which have appeered before in periodical papers and magazeens,

were published with fictitious signatures; for I very early discovered, that altho the name of an old and respectable karakter givs credit and consequence to hiz writings, yet the name of a yung man is often prejudicial to hiz performances.

'During the course of ten or twelv yeers, I hav been laboring to correct popular errors, and to assist my yung brethren in the road to truth and virtue: my publications for these purposes hav been numerous; much time haz been spent, which I do not regret, and much censure incurred, which my hart tells me I do not deserv. The influence of a yung writer cannot be so powerful or extensiv az that of an established karakter.'

Mr. Webster in his preface assigns reasons in favor of his proposed alterations of which it would be in vain to attempt a refutation.

'In the essays, ritten within the last year, a considerable change of spelling iz introduced by way of experiment. This liberty waz taken by the writers before the age of Queen Elizabeth, and to this we are indebted for the preference of modern spelling over that of Gower and Chaucer. The man who admits that the change of *housbonds*, *mynde*, *ygone*, *moneth*, into *husband*, *mind*, *gone*, *month*, iz an improovment, must acknowledge also the riting of *helth*, *breth*, *rong*, *tung*, *munth*, to be an improovment. There iz no alternative. Every possible reezon that could ever be offered for altering the spelling of wurdz, still exists in full force; and if a gradual reform should not be made in our language, it will proof that we are les under the influence of reezon than our ancestors.'—A Collection of Essays and Fugitiv Writings: By Noah Webster, Jr. Boston, 1795.

The last writer of whom I shall take notice is the late T. S. Grimke, of Charleston, S. C. Whether he ever published any specific scheme or project I know not. But he carried his views into operation in an address which he delivered before the Charleston Temperance Society, on the 26th of February, 1834, which he subsequently published. In this he introduced a great modification of our orthography,—but it is not uniform. I annex a number of his new spellings, taken at random from the address:

Achievments, expansiv, calld, dutys, resolv, deservd, accomplishd, intellectual, opportuntys, esentially, paralel, actually, loathsom, seekend, affection, effects, preserv, acumulations, leav, loathsomnes, wilfully, impuritys, unearthd, drunkenes, growling, motive, beautifully, expressed, imagin, affects, reservd, endowd, consciousness, capacitys, favorit, comparativ, miserable, deterrd, ordaind, enlightend, purified, motive, tesumony, helplesnes, luster, receiv, exquisit, atest, fil, impuls, energys, difficult, preservativ, emphatically, undisturbd, affects, consciousness, believe, efficient, wixdom, apropiate, gatherd, knowlege, ourselvs, infinit, sufering, servd, filld, strengthend, encouragd, ductiv, contem, facilitys, necessitys, questiond, dispozd, opposit, illustrated, betrayd, offensiv, meeknes, franknes, apearance, guiltles, wilfully, constraind, penaltys, carrys, preventiva, punishd, innumerable, developd, alow, defenceles, chastizments, miserys, illustration, satisfied, citys, acknowledges, attaind, efficacious, unnoticed, breathd, leave, pensiv, hights, rezeemblance, illustrate, irresistable, irreverence, despizes, reproachd, authorativ, comandng, diversitys, usurpd, despotizm, marvelous, unapproachd, evry, asert, remodeling, centurys, affirm, ordaind, genuin, self-possesd, milions, labord, disciplin, distinguishd, carryd, succes, imortal, unnatural, affecting, testimonys, armed, commisiond, dueling, lottery, justifies, trafic, scepter, acordance.

It is fairly presumable that enough has been said on this subject to shew the difficulties attending it, and the improbability of its ever being speedily arranged.

LXXXI.

THE VENERABLE BISHOP WHITE.

NEARLY a year since I had a long conversation with the Right Rev. Bishop White, in which he stated that he was the only one of the clergy of Philadelphia who declined preaching a military sermon, on the rais-

ing of troops, prior to the declaration of independence: and that he continued to pray for George III. until the declaration. But he was, nevertheless, one of the first, if not the very first, that took the oath of allegiance. He had no objection, he says, to the organization of corps of military men at the time he declined, but he had a decided objection to

'Make the pulpit a drum ecclesiastic.'

Col. Matlack was appointed to apply to him to request that he would preach a sermon on the subject: but he anticipated the Colonel by calling and stating his objections, which of course prevented the application of the Colonel.

Having some doubts of the correctness of my reminiscence, I wrote the Bishop, sending him the above statement, to which I received the following reply: which, let me observe, in defiance of Shakspeare's Seventh Age,—'second childishness and mere oblivion,'—is written in as plain and legible a hand as Rand, the Chirographer, could produce:

'May 5, 1835.

'DEAR SIR: Your note of this day, relating the substance of a conversation with me, in July of last year, to the best of my recollection is correct.

'Yours, Respectfully,

'M. CAREY, Esq.'

'WM. WHITE.'

LXXXII.

A WORD TO YOUNG WRITERS.

PERMIT me to offer a few items of advice to young writers, particularly those whose lucubrations are intended for newspapers, that they may avoid the danger of having their writings disfigured with so many errors, as we frequently see in newspaper essays, whereby the sense is often entirely marred.

In newspaper offices, particularly those of morning papers, there is so much hurry and confusion, that it is difficult to pay the attention that is necessary to guard against errors, and therefore writers should, as far as in them lies, prevent the danger.

1. The writing ought to be as plain as possible; for it often happens that manuscripts are put into the hands of apprentices and inexperienced journeymen, who are not very skilful in deciphering the pot-hooks and hangers which are often presented for publication. Writing approaching to the perpendicular is much more easily read, and of course less liable to be mistaken, than that which approaches a horizontal direction.

2. A margin about one fourth part of the width of the page ought to be left for the purpose of introducing additions or corrections. The references from the text to the margin ought to be in figures, which are not so liable to be mistaken as stars, daggers, etc.

3. Manuscripts intended for newspapers ought generally to be written only on one side of the paper, as it frequently happens that an essay of even a single column has to be divided among two or three composers, and of course requires to be cut up in as many pieces.

4. Punctuation requires far more attention than it usually receives. Writers too frequently neglect it almost altogether, or at least point their matter so carelessly, as often to confuse the sense.

5. Particular care is necessary in writing proper names, of persons and places, and figures. The names and figures ought to be written so plain as to preclude error, with a proper degree of care on the part of the compositor.

These rules are so plain and so simple that it may appear a work of supererogation to urge them with so much formality. It is nevertheless true, that there is not above one manuscript in five, in which due attention is paid to them.

LXXXIII.

ENGLISH CRIMINAL LAW.

NASSAU WM. SEUIOR, in a pamphlet quite recently published in London, thus characterizes the administration of the British Criminal Law: 'Even after all Sir Robert Peel's amendments, it remains a disgrace to an European nation,—is sometimes revoltingly cruel, sometimes mischievously lenient; always enormously expensive, and deplorably inefficient.'

LXXXIV.

SELECTÆ E PROFANIS.

It is to be regretted that this admirable book, probably one of the best that was ever compiled to liberalize the mind and expand the heart, has, in many schools, gone out of use. There is no book extant that so fully abounds with examples of all those glorious deeds which reflect honor on human nature. Benevolence, generosity, magnanimity, love of country, clemency, filial, paternal, and fraternal love, chastity, public spirit, are displayed in its pages in the most vivid colors. It is impossible for any lad, not wholly corrupt, to study it with attention, without its producing beneficial effects on his conduct through life. It ought to form an indispensable item in the list of books used by scholars for the acquisition of the Latin.

LXXXV.

LITERARY ENTHUSIASM AND FOLLY.

WHEN the notorious Ireland imposed on the public, by producing the tragedy of Vortigern, and some other spurious writings, which he pretended to have been written by Shakspeare, some of the first literati in England were completely deceived, and believed them genuine relics of that illustrious writer, and from the assumed eloquence and excellence of the sentiments, discovered, as they thought, proofs of their great paternity. As soon as the cheat was revealed, by the sagacity of a few critics, whose acumen was proof against the imposture, the

tragedy and its accompaniments were pronounced to be worthless and trifling, as might have been expected from a mere lad. But before this denouement took place, Boswell was so enraptured and so completely gulled, that he went down on his knees to return thanks to God, that he had lived to see so many genuine relics of the illustrious Shakspeare!

LXXXVI.

LISBON, PORTUGAL.

THE author of the Diary of an Invalid gives a most revolting description of Lisbon, which is confirmed by every other traveler:

'Though travelers may have exaggerated the beauties of the view, I have seen no description that does justice to the indescribable nastiness of the town. I have spoken of the view from the river as *magnificent*, but I believe the true epithet should have been *imposing*,—for it is mere deceit and delusion: the *prestige* vanishes at once, on landing; and the gay and glittering city proves to be a painted sepulchre. Filth and beastliness assault you at every turn, in their most loathsome and disgusting shapes. In yielding to first impressions, one is generally led to exaggerate: but the abominations of Lisbon are incapable of exaggeration.'

Thus much as regards attention to the olfactory nerves. But now for comfort: In the hotel in which he lodged there was not a single room, except the kitchen, that had a grate. 'A grate,' he says, 'is a rarity in Lisbon. The want of one is supplied in winter by a brazier of coals placed in the middle of the room.'

LXXXVII.

MANUFACTURES ON AN IMPROVED SCALE.

THE writer of a work published in New-York, states that a pair of worsted stockings, made of Scotch wool, of such exquisite fineness as to be valued at five guineas, was wove in Scotland for the purpose of being presented to Admiral Keith, a heroic Scotchman, then in the service of Catharine of Russia. The pair could with ease be drawn through a thumb ring.

LXXXVIII.

A LOOKING-GLASS FOR THE READER.

IN a valuable compilation by John Fielding, called '*The Mentor*,' there is a sentiment which displays a deep knowledge of human nature. He says: 'When we consider how few there are for whom we have a *real esteem*, we ought not to be surprised that so few have a *real esteem for us*.'

LXXXIX.

RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE.

To WHAT a deplorable extent is religious prejudice still carried! Eighteen hundred years have been insufficient to annihilate the prejudice under which the Jews have laboured, since the commencement of the Christian era, which has rendered them occasionally victims of the most rapacious plunder and the most satanical cruelty. In Florence, a military guard attends the funerals of Jews, to save the corpses from the malignity of the population!

XC.

'OMNIA VINCIT LABOR IMPROBUS.'

THE most enormous mass that has ever been moved by man, is the pedestal on which is placed an equestrian statue of Peter I. of Russia, erected by Catherine II. It was a solid rock, of which the dimensions were twenty-one feet in height, forty-two in length, and thirty-four in breadth. Its weight, geometrically calculated, amounted to 3,200,000 pounds. It was discovered in Karelia, at a distance of 41,250 English feet from the place to which it was finally removed.

XCI.

AN EXTRAORDINARY MODE OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

In the East Indies, in some few cases, criminals have been enclosed in small brick houses, built up around them while they were living, without any aperture for the admission of air or light.

Philadelphia, May 18, 1835.

M. C.

THE AWAKENING.

Thou'rt waked me from a pleasant dream,
And with a single word hast stilled,
Of happy thoughts, the fairest stream
That e'er through pleasant fancy trill'd.
I dream,—alas! I sleep—no more,
But with a feverish memory,
Still destined idly to deplore,
I turn in hopeless pain to thee.

I turn to thee, but turn in vain,—
Thou hear'st me not, thou canst not hear,
Nor heed, the daring hope again,
Though idle, yet to me, how dear!
Ah, could'st thou but one hour restore,
That hour would make me more than free;
And yet, though destined to deplore,
And curse the past,—I curse not thee.

W. G. S.

OLLAPODIANA.

NUMBER THREE.

ANOTHER month has gone by,—and bless us, reader, here am I again, at the same casement of which I whilome made mention, brewing you another chapter of various topics, ‘written as they shoulde comen into my mynde.’ ‘The moneth June!’ A right pleasant month it is,—leafy, sunny, and sweet. The view from my window has vastly improved since my last. The ‘fashionable square’ is almost hidden by a cloud of splendid verdure; and as I look upon the undulating and breeze-tossed mass, I think there are few things so fine as a huge wall of ‘innumerable boughs,’ clothed in the garniture of summer, and quivering in the beauty of morn,—so sparkling, fresh, and rich to see!

The air that sweeps from squares and groves, is worth a fortune. Let me breathe it in health, and I am happy. All truly excellent things are those which *all* can enjoy: the blessed sun,—the air,—the sight of sky and cloud,—of hills and waters,—these are for *all*. Munificent Creator! What do not thy creatures owe thee! I respire now in an atmosphere that would befit Hesperia. The breeze is balm:

‘It hath come over gardens, and the flowers
That kissed it, are betrayed.’

So long as I can relish these blessings, with such exhilarating enjoyment, I would love to live, and live to love; I could cheerfully pass the octogenarian in my decline.

The midsummer weighs me down. It takes away my nerves, and resolves me into a woman. I grow weak and sentimental, and a kind of rascally melancholy comes upon my spirit. Such, at least, *has been* the case; but I think I am yearly changing in that regard. When June comes, also, I am not so buoyant as aforetime. I cannot tell the reason, unless it be that Hope loses lustre from her wings in every solstice; while Reality points with his iron finger at the index of time, and tells me I am becoming unmindful of beauty, and untinctured with song. Now and then I think this is true, especially of the brighter seasons:

‘Alas, my heart’s darkness! I own it is summer,
Yet ’tis not the summer I once used to see:
Then I had welcomes for every new comer,—
Now strangely the summer seems altered to me.’

So of other matters. I used to rejoice in watching the splendid coaches which flashed by my window, with their luxurious springs, and servants in livery, swinging with golden bands from their stands behind; and I took much delight in surveying the fair freight within,—now, they roll by unnoticed. I am in a spirit-land, mainly,—a land of dreams and reveries,—the realm and dominion of ‘Drowsy head.’

Talking of drowsiness, makes me think of a feeling which comes over the mind of a man, after reading a published article from his pen.

full of errors. He sees fine periods and pet sentences inhumanly butchered,—he turns with discontent from the journal to which they were sent: 'look on't again he dares not,'—he perspires with rage; and, fretting himself drowsy, feels ready to say with Otway, 'Oh for a long, long sleep, and so forget it.' Genius of Faust!—what abominations are committed in thy name! Hereby hangs a tale.

The other day, a little man called to see me, as the author of 'Ollapodiana.' He was of lowly stature, bent in the back, knock-kneed, and had hair on his head of a most grievous sorrel hue. His ungainly, too-long coat, was of blackish fustian, his jerkin of snuffy buff, and his pantaloons of blue cotton, 'i' the autumn of their life.' He had found me out, he said, by my style, and had brought a sketch which he desired I would smuggle into the Knickerbocker, as he feared its acceptance otherwise. So I stand godfather for his bantling. It has, I should think, been hastily created, and its insertion here will crowd out several members and subsections of my own,—but I fancy it will do. I can sympathize with Smith,—yet he is used to reverses,—being one of the identical persons who failed in receiving the prize offered by the 'Olympiad and Sunburst,' as mentioned recently in this Magazine. One thing plagued me. He was determined to read the whole thing aloud, so that I could ascertain *exactly* every word, and thus prevent mistakes when I surveyed the proof-sheets. I sat like a martyr, while he rose, and with a preliminary flourish,

'Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat
What *seem'd* a handkerchief, and forthwith blew
His vocal nose,'

and then began :

"THE VICTIM OF A PROOF-READER."

"'Foul murder hath been done—to! here's the proof!'—Old Play."

"Oh, for the good old times of Typography, when operatives in the art could render the ancients,—when Caxton translated 'Ye Seyge of Troye,' from the language of Greece! Would that, in this latter age, when Champollion has deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt,—when the spirit of inquiry is every where abroad,—some one might be found, who could continue to shelter from typical aggression a writer for the press!

"I am the victim of a proof-reader. The blunders of others, and not my own, have placed me in a state of feeling akin to purgatory. Ever since I began to shave for a beard, I have been more or less afflicted with the *cacoethes scribendi*,—and I flatter myself that I have not always been unsuccessful in my *writings*. But my *printed* efforts have neither been honorable to my genius, nor grateful to my vanity,—'on the contrary, they have been quite the reverse.' I have had the sweetest poems turned into thrice-sodden stupidity; sentences in prose, on which I doated in manuscript, have been perused in a deep perspiration, and with positive loathing, in print. All this has arisen from a conspiracy

which seems to have been formed against me, by all the typographical gentlemen of the country. It is true, I write what Mrs. Malaprop might call an 'ineligible hand;' for, to the pitiful minutiae of crossing *t's*, and dotting *i's*, I never could descend. I have often given directions to publishers, that if a word was otherwise 'past finding out,' they should count the marks,—but the plan failed, as have indeed all my plans for *correct habits* of thought before the public. If this narrative shall prove to be correctly printed, it will be the first article from my pen that has ever met with such an honor, and I shall be proportionably pleased.

"Like all other mortals, I am penetrable to the arrows of Cupid. My heart is not encased with the epidermis of a rhinoceros, or the bull hides of Ajax; consequently I am what they call in romances, a susceptible person. When I was nineteen, I fell in love, and as I found prose too tame a medium, too staid a drapery for my thoughts, what could I do, but express to my fair one my passion in song? She was a beautiful creature,—'a delicious arrangement of flesh and blood,'—a country parson's daughter, with excellent tastes and accomplishments. She was fond of poetry, and so was I. This circumstance sent my fancy a wool-gathering, for tropes, figures, and emblems. Young ladies have a passionate admiration for genius, and I determined to show that I was not deficient in that particular: that I belonged of right to those who merited the saying, '*poeta nascitur non fit*.' During the spring of 18—, I was attacked with a perfect incontinence of rhyme. My ladye-love was always my theme. But of all my compositions, none satisfied me save the following, which I produced with great *limæ labor*, and studious care. I think poorly enough of it now. Mr. Neal would call it *twattle*, and so do I.

" TO EMILY B——.

"Dear Girl! an angel sure thou art,—
The muse of every spell
Which brings one transport to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh, carnation on thy cheek
Its richest lustre lends;
And thy blue eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bid us part,
Life would be nought with me;
A load would rest upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where shall I meet a leaf so fair
In Nature's open page?
With thee the beautiful flower compare.
And e'en my grief assuage?

"Forgive, my love, this hasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors, that day by day,
Shall bid thee think of me!"

"This production I sent to the village newspaper. I waited a *long* week, to see it appear. Finally, the important Wednesday arrived. I hastened to the office,—but the affair was not published. I glanced with a hurried eye over the damp sheet, and found a notice at last, commencing with three *stars*, turned up and down. It read thus:

"The tribute to Emily, by 'J. S.' is unavoidably postponed until our next, by a press of advertisements, for which we are thankful—since we do that kind of business, as likewise all sorts of job work, on the most reasonable terms,—blanks, cards, handbills, and other legal documents, being executed by us at the shortest notice. Not to digress, however, we would say to 'J. S.' let him cultivate his talent: he has tremendous powers, but he writes a bad hand. He should make his penmanship like his poetry,—*perfect*."

"I had the curiosity to look into the advertising columns to see what envious things of traffic had displaced my lines. There were but three advertisements,—a sheriff's sale, a stray cow, and a wife eloped from bed and board. I read the sheriff's notice with that deep interest which these documents usually excite. It discoursed of lands, messuages, and tenements, designated 'by a line, beginning at the north west corner of Mr. Jenkins' cow-house,—running thence north seventy-five chains, fourteen links, thence east twenty-nine chains eleven links, to a stake and stones,'—and so on, to the end of the chapter.

"Yet the notice filled me with exceeding great delight. I sent it to Emily: I told her that 'J. S.' was myself, but begged her not to mention it to a third person. She kept her secret as women usually do. In three days it was all over town, that I had a piece, 'that I had made out of my head,' coming forth in the next week's newspaper, addressed to Emily Brinkerhoff.

"Never did seven days roll more slowly round than the week's interval which followed the foregoing notice, in the publication of the 'Elucidator of Freedom, and Tocsin of the People.' When it *did* finally come out, I sent Emily an affectionate note, with a copy of the paper, assuring her that the poem contained my real sentiments. I determined not to read it myself until I visited her in the evening. By great self-denial I kept my resolve, and when the young moon arose, bent my steps towards the mansion of my mistress.

"She received me coldly. I was surprised and abashed. 'What is the matter, Em.,' I tenderly inquired: 'did you get my billet-doux and the verses to day?'

"'Yes—they came safe.'

"'Well,—how did you like them?'

"'The note was kind and good,—but the verses were foolish, ridiculous nonsense.'

"I was thunderstruck. I asked to see the paper. Emily arose and handed it to me; and sitting down by the vine-clad window, patted her little foot angrily on the floor.

"I opened the Elucidator and Tocsin, and read my poem. Solomon of Jerusalem!—what inhuman butchery—what idiotcy!—But I will give the effusion as it was printed, 'and shame the *Devil*.'

"TO EMILY B——.

"Dear Girl! an angel sour thou art,—
The mule of every spell;
That brays o'er trumpets to my heart,
And bids my bosom swell.

"And oh damnation o'er thy cheek
Its rudest blister bends;
And thy blear eyes forever speak
A welcome to thy friends.

"Alas! if fate should bind us fast,
Life would be rough with me;
A toad would rush upon my heart,
Without a smile from thee.

"Where could I meet a lamp so fair
In Nature's open passage?
With thee the barbarous frower compare
And own my grief a sausage?

"Forgive my bore, this nasty lay,
And let its numbers be
Sweet monitors, that drily dry,
Shall bid thee think of me!"

J. S.

"When I had read this diabolical mass of stuff over, I flew into an uncontrollable rage. In the blindness of my chagrin, I depreciated the judgment of Miss Emily; I thought every body could see the errors, and detect them as readily as I did; and I said to my young friend that she must have been very stupid or inattentive, not to see how the poem *ought* to read. This roused in her bosom, 'all the blood of all the Brinkerhoffs.' She handed me my hat, and pointed significantly to the door. I went out at the aperture thus indicated, and have never darkened it since. Emily is now the wife of a Connecticut school-master, who blows the pitchpipe and leads the choir on Sunday, in her father's church.

"This was my first passion, and my last, except that into which I have been roused every time I have sent a piece to be published. Yet I still love to console my dreary bachelorship, by writing, and seeing my thoughts in print,—but I despair of ever seeing them rightly uttered. Fate, in that regard, is against me, and probably always will be.

"JOHN SMITH."

After a tragedy, the curtain falls to slow and mournful music. Should the leader of an orchestra on such an occasion strike up Yankee Doodle or Paddy Carey, the contrast would be absurd. I feel in something such a predicament now. I have introduced a tragical or at least a melodramatical narration,—and I should be unfeeling indeed to follow it up with other matters, which probably would be of a cheerful nature. I leave the story of my visitor's sorrow and reverses, as a provocative to solemn reflection in the reader, upon the abuses of printing, and the mutability of types.

OLLAPOD.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE INFIDEL; OR THE FALL OF MEXICO. A Romance. By the author of 'Calavar.' In two volumes, pp. 542. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

No ONE who peruses this work, will deny that its author possesses all the chief requisites of a novelist,—a thorough acquaintance with the history from which he gives the semblance of truth to the fictitious adjuncts of his story; a rich, and sometimes warm imagination, with a taste which seems to luxuriate among the proprieties of language and demeanor which marked a chivalrous yet iron age; these are some of the sterling qualities hitherto exhibited by the author of 'The Infidel.' His most *difficult* achievements in fiction have already been accomplished; and we may safely predict that the qualities just mentioned can be happily employed on any subject of romance to which their possessor might choose to direct his attention. He unites to a spirit with which indolence holds no communion, an excursive choice in themes; and we may presume, therefore, that his next work will not relate to Mexico, or include any allusion to the Conquest. Meanwhile that vast mine of fact and fancy endures, and the author can revert to it at will; leaving the intervals to be filled with stories, embracing other scenes and events, and thus exhibiting that grand charm of the novelist,—*versatility*.

We should but iterate were we to enter upon an elaborate survey of 'The Infidel.' Its merits are attested by the best of signs, extended circulation and approval. The objections to which the work is open, are few. The length of the colloquies in the first volume, has been noted as a blemish: and so in a measure it may be; but dialogues, nevertheless, form a pleasant machinery, whereby an author can advance the interest of his story, without tedious descriptions, through long pages, of which, when the reader attains their close, he can scarcely retain a distinct idea, and remains confused to the end of the volume. We deem it a merit to avert this unpleasant objection.

The *names* in 'the Infidel,' strike us, more than any thing else, as obnoxious to criticism. They defy all the pliability of a Christian tongue. The lithest and longest would fail to get over or round them. How did the author ever acquire patience to write them? Can he pronounce them? We doubt it. There is only one way to obviate these dangerous and formidable words, and that—we speak with deference—is thus: they are native names, and must have definitions. We know that the language, in its essence, was poetical. Could not the English of the names be beautifully given?

But 'The Infidel' has merits enough to overpeer these trivial defects, were they ten times as numerous. It is a story of war; of adventure; of desperate yet holy love. It thrills, interests, and soothes by turns; and the reader rises from its perusal in the possession, not only of many ideal visions that will long be sweet to remember, but with a positive and profitable acquisition to his stock of historic knowledge.

AN ENGLISH GRAMMAR: Designed for Schools, Academies, and private learners. By CORNELIUS B. EVEREST. Norwich: Printed by J. DUNHAM. Publisher's name not given. Duodecimo, pp. 270.

THERE is perhaps no authorship more meritorious than that which produces, with fairness towards preceding writers, improved treatises for the use of schools. The manuals which serve for the initiation of the young into the mysteries of learning, are conned and thumbed over so much by those who are in the early stages of mental discipline, that their minutest beauties or defects may become the prototypes of faults or excellences of the most enduring character. Hence it is exceedingly important that all school books, even the most elementary, should proceed from skilful hands. Nor ought it to be considered an object unworthy of the greatest and most cultivated minds, to bring to bear upon works of this sort the wholesome influence of sound and thorough criticism.

But what is the fact as regards the reputation or success of this kind of authorship? It is viewed as the very humblest department of literature; or rather, as a sort of common and abandoned ground, beyond the limits of the republic of letters, where every man may do what seemeth good in his own eyes. No merit here can aspire to praise, or entertain a rational hope of preference or reward. If blunders are committed, they commonly receive no censure; if depredations, the complainant can expect no sympathy. From this region Genius escapes for his life; and Scholarship, entering it only as an almoner, if not discouraged by neglect or abuse, is sure, sooner or later, to become a prey to thieves and robbers. If a poet steals a line from some idle song, the literary censors are ready to detect and expose the theft; but for school book literature, however valuable or meritorious, there is no such protection. Plagiarisms committed there are either beneath their notice or beyond their research; and the character of a vast number of the school books now in use is exactly what might be expected under these circumstances.

Mr. Everest's book is a work of little or no originality. There is not a valuable thought in it, which is not expressed as well, or better, in some English grammar already in use. And yet the author tells us, that he entered upon his task in the hope of surpassing all his predecessors; that 'the completion of the undertaking has been attended with no small amount of care and labor;' and he wisely consoles himself with the hope of acquiring fame somewhat greater than belongs to a compiler: 'that the book which is here offered to the public, is merely or chiefly a compilation, few who examine it with candor will, probably, feel disposed to think or say.'

The author,—for such he assumes to be, and as such claims copyright for the publication,—rather inconsistently pretends, that 'the method of instruction recommended in this work is substantially that of Murray.' But he certainly, in the first instance, maimed that method not a little by omitting every thing like a system of false syntax, and borrowing from another source a scheme of parsing totally different from Murray's.

We have examined this work with care, and, we trust, with candor; and at every step the conviction has been forced upon us, that the major part of Mr. Everest's care and labor consisted in transcribing with unimportant substitutions, and disguising by transpositions, or verbal alterations, what had unquestionably proceeded from another hand, and what therefore could not lawfully be republished

under Murray's name or his own. Whoever will take the trouble to inform himself by a comparison of the works, may easily see that Mr. Everest has seldom adopted or imitated the language or arrangements of Murray; whereas it is abundantly apparent, notwithstanding the changes which the writer has made, that his publication is, to a very great extent, a flagrant plagiarism from the 'Institutes of English Grammar,' by Gould Brown, Esq. Most of the leading doctrines, definitions, and rules contained in the book, and not a few of the less important notes and observations are either literal copies or unskilful imitations of the perspicuous and accurate text of Brown.

Mr. Brown is an author whose originality of style and independence of thought can no more be disputed, than the patient industry with which he has made himself so extensively acquainted with the science of grammar. In an able criticism upon Murray, published in the *Annals of Education*, he says: 'I will not pretend to be acquainted with every definition and rule which has been published on the subject, but if I do not misjudge a service too humble for boasting, *I have myself framed a greater number of new ones than all the English grammarians together*;' and we have heard the truth of this assented to by men who are as capable of judging of this matter as any who speak the language. We know not how Mr. Everest, or any other man, after reading the preface to Mr. Brown's grammar, could reconcile it to his conscience to publish in a rival work any thing which is peculiar to that treatise.

The book now before us, having neither exercises for writing, nor false syntax for correction, is, in our opinion, no fit substitute for the grammars already in use. And even if Mr. Everest should think proper to supply these deficiencies by the publication of a separate volume of exercises, his work will still be greatly inferior to that which has served him for a model. But if the charge of plagiarism be waived, and a *nolle prosequi* be entered thereon, the book is still almost worthless, on account of the author's own inaccuracy in his labor of transcription. We will give a few specimens of his authorship, which will serve to show how he has improved upon his model:

'Oo, an improper diphthong, generally has the slender sound of *e*; as in *coe*, *too*, *woo*, *fool*, *room*. It has a shorter sound in *foot*, *good*, *wood*, *stood*, *wool*.'—*Brown*.

'Oo, a digraph, generally has the slender sound of *e*; as in *coe*, *too*, *moon*, *soon*, *fool*, *wood*. It has a shorter sound corresponding to that of middle *u* in *full*; as in *foot*, *good*, *hood*, *wood*, *stood*, *wool*.' 'Errata. Page 22, line 5, for *wood* read *wool*.'—*Everest*. This correction is as great a blunder as the other; for *wood* and *wool* belong to the same class.

'Oo is generally a proper diphthong, uniting the sound of *close e*, and that of *u*, sounded as *slender o* or *oo*; as in *bound*, *found*, *sound*, *ounce*, *thou*.'—*Brown*.

'Ou is generally a diphthong, uniting the sound of *long e*, and that of *short u*, sounded as *slender o*; as in *bound*, *pound*, *ounce*, *thou*, *vouch*.'—*Everest*.

'How are words distinguished in regard to *species* and *figure*.'—*Brown*.

'How are words distinguished in regard to what is called their *species* and *figure*.'—*Everest*.

'Plural nouns that do not end in *s*, usually form the possessive case in the same manner as the singular; as *man's*, *men's*.'—*Brown*.

'Plural nouns *ENDING* in *s*, usually form the possessive case in the same manner as the singular; as *man's*, *men's*.'—*Everest*.

'In the solemn style, the second person singular of the present indicative, and that of the irregular preterits, commonly end in *est*, pronounced as a separate syllable.'—*Brown*.

'In the solemn style, the second person singular of the present indicative and that of the irregular preterits *usually* *ENDS* in *est*, pronounced in a separate syllable.'—*Everest*.

'The *first*, or *imperfect* participle, when simple, is always formed by adding *ing* to the radical verb; as *look*, *looking*.'—*Brown*.

'The *present* participle is always formed by *PREFIXING* *ing* to the radical verb; as *fear*, *fearing*.'—*Everest*.

We have not undertaken to revise this book for a new edition, and therefore shall notice no more of its numerous errors. Of the author we know nothing but what appears from his book,—a work which we were sorry to see, and which we would advise him to suppress, if he has any regard for the eighth commandment.

THE ITALIAN SKETCH BOOK. By an American. Philadelphia: KEY AND BIDDLE.

WE have experienced much pleasure in perusing the sheets of a work bearing this title, and now on the eve of publication by Messrs. Key and Biddle of Philadelphia. In this volume,—the first offering of the author to the public,—there are exhibited numerous evidences of fine taste, rich fancy, pure morality,—and often an impressive interest. The writer will have no reason to preserve his *incognito* in the comprehensive term 'by an American,' of whom there are too many to give much individuality among the uninitiated, to any *one* using the name. The laborer is worthy of his hire, whether that be mere fame, or the more substantial rewards of authorship. This Sketch Book, then, is from the pen of H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq., of Boston,—an accomplished young tourist and *littérateur*. His articles in the North American Review, and we may add in this Magazine, for which he is a contributor, have been much and widely admired. As we may revert to the 'Sketch Book' hereafter, we forbear to do more at present than to offer a relish of its good qualities. We subjoin two brief extracts,—the scene of the first, Rome; of the second, Venice.

"GARDENS OF SALLUST.—I entered, on a fine clear day, the large enclosed tract called the Gardens of Sallust, being the site of that beautiful historian's villa and grounds. There are a few ill-defined ruins here situated, supposed to be those of a temple dedicated to Venus Erycina, and of the mansion, or its adjuncts. The general aspect presented during my wanderings through this extensive enclosure, was more in accordance with the idea previously formed of the country, than any before obtained. The fertility of the grounds, green with varied shrubbery and occasionally beautified with field-flowers, and thickly planted with vegetables, among which groups of laborers were actively engaged, afforded remarkable evidence of the actual mildness of the climate; while occasional glimpses of an old aqueduct, or wall, gave to the scene the surpassing charm of antiquity. Constant blasts of cold wind, in which the dry reeds rattled sullenly, and the snow-capt Apennines in the distance were, however, sufficiently indicative of the season. The free air and commanding situation of this domain, are well adapted to foster

that concise and clear energy, which so highly distinguishes Sallust. If this was the favorite retreat to which he retired to compose his history, it is not surprising that he found in the situation and his employment greater satisfaction than could be gleaned from the enslaving luxury of the city, which lies so attractively at the foot of his paternal mount. It was a pleasant thought, that this very spot is that which beguiled his early ambition from the hazardous efforts of a political arena, to the quiet and dignified employment of an elegant historian. And in contemplating the result of this author's wise choice, and comparing his with the lives of many of his equally gifted countrymen, a new proof is afforded of the surpassing excellence of well-directed literary labor. More peaceful and elevated passes the existence, and more certain and purely succeeds the renown of the useful and excellent writer, than that of the most successful aspirant for immediate popularity."

"THE LAST EXCURSION.—The day was drawing to a close when I embarked for a final excursion, and, having reached the *lido*, passed a pleasant hour in promenading the Adriatic shore, with that beautiful expanse of water stretching beyond the limits of vision, and soothingly laving the sands at my feet. Upon returning, the sun was below the horizon, and the deep pompous outline of the Tyrol rose commandingly in the distance; a rich glow suffused the face of the western sky, and the evening star gleamed peacefully. The still waters of the gulf reflected with beautiful distinctness the spires and adjoining buildings, and the few vessels in the port lay perfectly tranquil upon its bosom. At that hour, when the associations of Venice are so earnestly excited by its own quiet beauty, my old gondolier grew communicative. To-morrow, he said, was the anniversary of one of the most splendid festes of the republic. On that day, fifty years ago, the doge, senators, nobility and distinguished strangers embarked in the golden barge, and when arrived at the *lido*, the former dropped a ring into the sea, and then the whole company repaired to a neighboring church to celebrate a solemn function, after which a grand fete was partaken of at the palace, and innumerable comfits distributed upon the piazzas; thus, yearly, were observed the nuptials of the Adriatic. He had been in the service of Byron three years and a half, and during that time, had daily, after dinner, transported the poet to the shore, where he rode along the sands for some hours; and often had he followed him with the gondola as he swam or floated for miles upon the calm surface of the bay. The little white house to which the curious repaired to see him mount his horse, and the convent which he daily frequented, were pointed out; and as an instance of his lordships generosity, the bargeman bid us remember that when the printer whom he employed in Venice lost his establishment by fire, he privately sent him a hundred louis d'ors. As an evidence of the fallen fortunes even of the gondoliers, he declared that immediately prior to the downfall of the republic, he received forty francs per day from two *Signori Inglesi*, for fifteen days, beside a *buonamano* of a suit of clothes; while an eighth of that sum is the present stipend. I induced the old man to sing a stanza of Tasso, as I thus approached the city. The evening gun resounded, a band of music struck up, and silently contemplating the realization of my dreams of Venice, I touched the steps of the quay, and emerged from that silent solemnity upon the illuminated and gaily occupied Piazza of St. Marco,—to feel with him of whom I was just conversing, that

— Beauty still is here,
States fall, arts fade, but nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear."

SIXTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT of the New-York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. New-York: 1835.

THIS document, emanating from an Institution which has many friends among our citizens, and no enemies, and which occupies perhaps, at present, in its own

particular department, as prominent a place as any other on this side of the Atlantic, will find many gratified readers. We notice it, because, in addition to the record which it presents of the matters of merely temporary or local importance, which must of necessity constitute some portion of such a paper, it embraces the discussion of topics universally interesting, and treats them in a manner highly creditable to the literary abilities of the writer.

Its chief claim to the attention of the philosophic inquirer, will be found in the information which it contains in reference to an art, which, even at this day, is, to the mass of the community, what all arts were some centuries since,—a mystery, comprehended and comprehensible only by the initiated of the craft. But it happens to this, as it has happened to others, and will probably happen in every instance, and in all time, that when its principles are expounded, and its processes described with clearness and method, it proves, at least in its grand outline, to be exceedingly simple and intelligible. The concentration of intellectual and physical light upon obscure or unusual objects, is attended with similar and invariable results. Hardly any subject appears difficult to us, which does not brighten into simplicity in the radiance of a luminous mind. When, therefore, from the discussion of a question admitted, by the suffrage of all ages, to be perplexing, if not absolutely irresolvable, we rise with a conviction of its simplicity, we are to infer not that the difficulty has been without existence, but that it has been mastered,—that it is a strong man bound, whose dwelling, even, we may henceforth spoil at pleasure. When Columbus set the egg on end, who that witnessed the feat did not regard it with contempt? Nevertheless, succeeding ages have treasured up a valuable lesson from the incident, and have united in lauding this conceit, next only to the achievement it was intended to illustrate,—the discovery of the world we call peculiarly our own.

If in the means of accomplishing an end, when known, there seems to be nothing wonderful, we must remember that the wonder is not always so much to be sought in the astonishing nature of the means themselves, as in the sagacity which detected the *only* means adequate to the object; or, among conflicting methods, was sufficiently keen-sighted to fasten on the best, and to demonstrate it to be so. The latter is the merit of the writer of this Report, and of his associates in the business of instructing the Deaf and Dumb. The European world has been agitated by controversies on this subject, which have been, for the most part, unknown here. The conflicting views of different men have brought various principles into discussion; among which the simplest have perhaps been nearest the truth, and have been adopted as fundamental by the instructors in the New-York institution. They are briefly laid down in the Report before us. This paper, coming nominally from the Board of Directors, proceeds really and properly from the school itself. Our principle is, 'Honor to whom honor.' The writer is, we learn, Mr. GEORGE E. DAY, one of the Professors in the Institution.

In conclusion, we may mention the fact as remarkable, that though the New-York Institution of the Deaf and Dumb is the largest of its kind in the United States, and is likely to continue so, it has yet received no farthing of the Federal patronage, which has been in some instances, so liberally bestowed on similar establishments. 'This ought not so to be.'

THE CONQUEST OF FLORIDA. In two volumes. By THEODORE IRVING. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

THE genius of IRVING is not confined to that name with which is connected the immortal prefix of WASHINGTON. The author of the work before us is entitled to great credit for the delightful and perspicuous manner in which he has touched a subject, that, in most respects, is imbued with all the glow and stir of romance. The Conquest of Florida is among the most exciting of American annals. Nothing can exceed the spirit of adventure, of wild superstition and devoted faith, which characterized that early period. We can only observe, briefly, that Mr. Theodore Irving, having had access to rich archives in Madrid, has acquitted himself of the task of collating and arranging his materials in a mode which would do no dishonor to his eminent uncle, from whom he has received important assistance in his labors, and to whom his work is commended in a beautiful and affectionate dedication. It would seem that in the consanguinity of Geoffrey Crayon, Nature has so far departed from her usual plan, as to bestow upon his relatives a goodly dower of intellect.

HISTORY OF THE COTTON MANUFACTURE IN GREAT BRITAIN: In one vol. pp. 542. London: A. FISHER, R. FISHER, AND P. JACKSON. New-York: WILEY AND LONG.

WE have received from the publishers, Messrs. FISHER AND JACKSON, London, a superbly executed volume, of upwards of five hundred pages, entitled a 'History of the Cotton Manufacture in Great Britain: with a notice of its early history in the East, and in all quarters of the globe,—a description of the great Mechanical Inventions which have caused its extension in Britain,—and a view of the present state of the manufacture, and the condition of the classes engaged in its several departments.' A brief notice of the work, though not strictly appropriate to our Magazine, may perhaps subserve the interests of many of our Southern and Western readers. The volume records the rise, progress, and present state of the great cotton manufacture,—briefly notices its ancient history in the East, and its sluggish and feeble progress in other countries, until the era of invention in England,—states more fully and accurately than has hitherto been done, the origin and authorship of the great mechanical inventions, including the *fly-shuttle*, the *spinning by rollers*, the *carding machine*, the *jenny*, the *mule*, the *steam-engine*, the *power-loom*, the *dressing machine*, the *cylinder printing machine*, and *mechanical engraving*,—mentions the important chemical discoveries in the art of bleaching, and the various beautiful processes of calico-printing,—shows the combined effect of these inventions and discoveries, in the astonishing enhancement of the manufacture,—gives the natural history of the raw material,—shows how far the trade has been interfered with by legislative enactments and fiscal regulations,—and describes and illustrates the present state of the manufacture, and the condition of the vast population engaged in its various departments. The style of the work is easy and perspicuous, and the numerous illustrations and embellishments, consisting of portraits of inventors, drawings of machinery, views of edifices, and the interiors of manufactories, etc., are admirably executed.

EDITORS' TABLE.

'AMERICAN LITERATURE.'—We trust that the articles under this head have been attentively perused by our readers. They are worthy of such a tribute. The arguments of the author are incontrovertible. There is a force about them, which is derived from truth, and is not to be resisted.

We had intended to accompany the convincing paragraphs on re-published works, in the last paper in question, with some remarks of our own,—but were compelled by our limits to postpone them: We regret this the less, because we are confident that the whole article has been read, and read attentively, by those whose thoughts will be provoked on the same subject, and extended, until a proper feeling shall be everywhere agitated, and measures proposed to avert that inequality of reward under which American literature is laboring, in comparison with that of other countries, by reason of the eternal influx of *cheap* matter from abroad. It seems impossible not to see this subject in its true colors; and yet we meet a good deal of blind sophistry in its discussion. It is contended—by the *interested* alone—that the literature which cannot make its way against all obstacles, deserves not to be fostered. Under favor, we deny the argument, and are persuaded that it involves a most unrighteous requisition. *Fair play is needed*,—nothing more. The whole matter is exceedingly simple; and the only true way to examine it, is to consider literature, or products of the mind, as fair objects of trade. Two works, we will say, are in the possession of an American bookseller. One of them is in manuscript, and by a native author. It has been perused by critics every way competent to their office, and pronounced to be of decided merit. It is, mayhap, the initial work of an intellect capable, if only sustained, of increasing excellence. The author requires of course to be satisfactorily repaid for the labor of thought, and manual transcription, which his effort has cost him. The other work has been received in sheets, or in volumes, from abroad. The author of it has already been remunerated for his toil, by the foreign publishers, but it costs the importing publisher a mere trifle. It is not superior, probably not equal, to the indigenous production. It is perhaps the effort of some half-educated scion of nobility, or some titled woman whose character and diction are both doubtful. It may relate to matters of which no American cares a straw; detail fictitious incidents, in which, from their scene and nature no interest can be felt; yet it is *cheap*,—and right speedily is it put to press, while the native work is regarded as too expensive. Now extend this instance to dozens and scores in a month, in all our great bookselling cities, make the same application to periodical matter, and you have the exact state of the disadvantages under which American authorship is groaning, like a young lion in bonds. The example is plain,—and it is true. We have a homely parallel in point,—and we make use of it, to add if possible to the clear light in which the subject already stands. Two countrymen were selling birch brooms in one of our markets. They were rival dealers; and each tried to undersell the other. When one party had at last fallen to the extreme minimum of his price, and found the other going still below him, he asked earnestly: 'How, in the name of all that is commercial, can you afford to sell your brooms lower than I? I steal the *timber* for mine; and you

surely cannot get yours cheaper.' 'Yes I do, though,' responded the 'cute competitor: 'I steal mine *ready made!*'

Now if, in the case of the two works mentioned as examples above, the matter of both were equally well paid for,—the 'timber' of each bought and not stolen,—what would be the consequence? Both authors would be placed on a perfect equality. We have no fears for the success of our literature, even while it contends, as now, against unjust odds; but were its rewards fairly established, we could truly say to those engaged in the race of letters, 'the deuce take the hindmost, for the parties are favored alike. One charger is not groomed and trained, the other hampered and checked; but the contest is impartial, and the triumph remains for the swiftest.'

The same view of this subject, as we have just now hinted, is applicable to periodical literature. Half our works of this description, which bear American names, and purport to be American works, are truly but mere compilations, of matter that has been already paid for, and richly too, abroad. With what liberality might not periodical publishers in this country be empowered to act, were these things obviated, and talent equalized in its rights! A copy-right law, international in its character, which should protect the writers of two great countries speaking the same language, on opposite sides of the sea, and give them rewards wherever the Trade profited by their labors, can alone meet the case. It is requisite,—it is feasible; and we believe that it will ere long, be accomplished. It is within our certain knowledge that members of the American Congress and British Parliament, of high taste and talent in literary matters, are devotedly anxious for such a consummation. Their own exertions have not been wanting, nor will they hereafter flag to produce so desirable an end.

We cannot close these desultory observations, without yielding praise where it is strictly due. There are two or three publishing houses in America,—and they will be remembered with respect and honor when others are forgotten,—who are guided by the most animating and liberal motives. They do not stickle for the exact and *immediate* return of expenditure in business, such as may possibly be required by the re-utterance, in books or pamphlets, of worthless foreign trash; they are content to win fame for the republic, and competence for themselves, by fostering the highest means of producing such a result,—namely, the intellect of their fellow countrymen; and by waiting a little for that full reward, which an observation of the past for a few years assures them must come. And though no man is bound, in civil life, to be a loser himself for the good of his country, yet those who can *postpone* the possession of an ultimate good for the benefit and exaltation of others, and of their native land, deserve reverence in life, and at death a monument.

BIOGRAPHY.—The following article from an esteemed English correspondent, we have chosen to give in this place, that we might properly preface it with a few observations respecting **AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY**. Thus far, this department of our literature has been creditably sustained. The labors of Marshall, Wirt, Sparks, Waln, Everett, Knapp, and numerous others who could be quoted with candid eulogy, have made us favorably known in this species of authorship. Much, however, remains to be done; and much indeed is doing. The National Biography, commenced not long ago at Boston, promises to be in all respects an honor to the distinguished gentlemen concerned in its prosecution. The National Portrait Gallery, too, deserves laudatory mention, for the concise and well-arranged biographies which it contains. They are rapid and brief, it is true; but in condensation of details and excellence of spirit, can scarcely be too much commended. Many of those contained in the *Encyclopædia Americana*,—though some have been

stolen in toto, and inserted as original by a well-known plagiarist,—are entitled to the same praise. We may reasonably hope that one of the authors mentioned by our correspondent,—*IRVING*,—will yet employ his gifted pen in this department, and on native subjects.

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

THERE is no sort of reading in which the useful and the agreeable are more beautifully blended, than in Biography. Whatever may be the peculiar branch of letters to which any person may be attached, it will be remarked that the memoirs of those whose actions have made them eminent, are usually perused, by every one, with an avidity which is created, almost exclusively, by this interesting department of knowledge and amusement.

THE *STATESMAN* relaxes, for a time, from his protocols and intrigues,—his treaties and his despatches,—his ambitious aims and his patriotic strivings,—to learn, from those secret springs of action which have distinguished or disgraced his predecessors, how to 'ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm' of political power. The *PHILOSOPHER* pauses, in the midst of his theories and experiments, to gather from the historic page how the 'elder and better' brethren whom he has succeeded, made their discoveries, and ascertain to what causes their failures may be attributed. The *DIVINE*, whose soul brightens with the holy hopes of a better world, pauses, amid his hallowed musings, to reverence the example of those good men, of an older day, whose lives bore testimony to the purity of their faith, and some of whom have attested, even by their martyrdom, the sincerity of their belief. The *WARRIOR* has his spirit cheered and invigorated by glancing over the pages whereon are recorded the high achievements of those whose actions *have made history*, and is glad to learn, from their doings and darings, what conquests Strategy can win, or what miracles Valor may accomplish. The *MAN OF LETTERS*,—struggling, it may be, with a throbbing brow and a fevered brain, to win that fame which is the guerdon that will best reward his spirit-strivings,—lays down his pen, for a little time, that he may read how those great men, with whose names the world is full, have like him struggled on, amid baffled hopes and difficult aims, until mankind, at last, have welcomed those glorious minds whose exertions have shed a flood of moral light upon the literature of the land in which they lived. From the perusal of such biographies, he gathers renewed hope and high consolation. The *GENERAL READER*, who has no peculiar habits of study,—who neither reads to live nor lives to read,—even men of this class, are anxious to avail themselves of the amusement and improvement which Biography conveys. They gladly seize the opportunity of knowing how great men have lived and acted, have thought and done; they are glad to rise above their own stations, above their own very selves, to hold converse with and about all whose names are recorded on the page before them. They like to learn how mighty or how mean have been or are the great men of the Earth. And while they view the splendid but erratic career of many a one whose eminence they may have envied, the book is frequently laid aside, with a chastened spirit, and the readers are grateful that their lot has not been cast amid the gilded mockeries of state, or that their brows have not throbbed beneath the laurel wreath of victory.

In truth, there is no study more agreeable than Biography. By its aid we distinguish the true from the false: we learn to look on men not as they seemed, but as they were; we separate what is exaggerated, from what is extenuated, and thus know them better than they were known by their own familiar friends. We call in the aid of time, to remove the shadows that, while in life, prevented full knowledge of the causes whereon great events have hinged. We are that *POSTERITY*, which, the philosopher tell us, is necessary to sit in judgment on a great man to discover how far he is entitled to distinction. We feel with the poet, that

'The proper study of mankind is man;'

and gain, by means of Biography, a close and accurate acquaintance with personal and individual character.

But above all this,—important as it confessedly is,—we derive the more extended benefit of discovering the key to dark and tortuous passages in Natural History. We read the memoirs of those who have transacted those events, and, at the same time, we learn why and wherefore they were transacted. We unmask men—we dig into motives. Thus, the treachery of Arnold would appear causeless, if we did not know that wounded pride lay in his heart, (coiled up, serpent-like,) that his name had been passed over when many of his comrades in arms were elevated in rank. Had the rank of Major General been earlier bestowed on Arnold, it is doubtful whether he would ever have wedded himself to immortal infamy by becoming traitor. Yet we know that his promotion was justly denied, for his unrighteous improvidence, his untrustworthy spirit. He lived reckless,—he died base.

I speak with some knowledge of books, and declare, with little fear of contradiction, that, in the reading world, few subjects are more popular than Biography. Among our standard works, in British literature, full one third will be found to consist of the memoirs of distinguished persons. At the present day, no celebrated man can die, but his life is instantly written, and we know that publishers (very good authorities in such matters,) say that few literary speculations are safer than well-written biographies. Some of the most eminent men have condescended (is it condescension?) to employ themselves on such subjects. Laying aside those of a past day (and surely his '*Lives of the Poets*' are Johnson's best works) let us name a few of the present hour. Moore, forsaking the flowery paths of poetry, has given the lives of Sheridan, Byron, and Fitzgerald, and is now engaged on that of Petrarch: Hazlitt's latest and best work was a memoir of Napoleon: Godwin's life of Cromwell is the ablest of his volumes on the Commonwealth: D'Izraeli has published '*Commentaries on the life of Charles I*': Lockhart wrote a memoir of Burns, and is engaged on one of Scott; Washington Irving has published a life of Columbus, Biographical notices of his companions, and as I hear, busy with a memoir of Mahomet: Scott poured down a literary avalanche in his nine volumed History of Napoleon: Sir J. Mackintosh wrote a life of Sir Thomas Moore: Southey's life of Nelson can never die, while the common language of England and America lives: Dr. Brewster has given us a life of Newton; Mr. Gleig's *Lives of the Military Commanders* have had a popular career: Hogg, for the fourth time, has published his autobiography, and is now writing the life and editing the works of Burns: Theodore Hook wrote a capital memoir of Sir David Baird: and, with all their imperfections, few works are more popular than Allan Cunningham's '*Lives of the British Painters*' and his memoir of Burns. Need we continue the list? Is it not evident that Biography is the fashion now, as it has ever been? Some of our earliest authors, long antecedent to the Roman conquest, were biographers.

R. A. M.

THE FINE ARTS.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.—The Exhibition this year, if we remember aright, consists of a greater number of pictures than has been collected by the Academy on any former occasion; and, as a whole, is better we think, than either of its predecessors, although certainly more unequal; that is to say, the difference between the best and worst specimens is more decided and obvious. To speak the truth, there are some especially bad paintings at this moment hanging upon the

walls of the exhibition room in Clinton Hall : so exceedingly bad, that at the first glance one cannot divine on what possible principle they were admitted by the 'hanging committee,'—if that be the technical designation assumed by the gentlemen whose province it is to decide on the acceptance or rejection of such contributions as may be offered. A little reflection, however, develops the mystery, and shows that there is a reason, and a good one, for what at first seems perfectly unaccountable. One purpose of these annual exhibitions is to advise the public as to the real state of the art in the country ; and to do this, it is evident that as many artists as possible should be represented. A correct estimate cannot be formed, unless we, the people, who are to form it, have placed before us the bad as well as the good. It is by the preponderance of the one or the other class, that we are to judge of the extent to which talent and skill are existing among us. Nor is this the only sufficient motive : by thus placing good and bad figures in juxtaposition, the relative merit of those by whom they are painted is to be ascertained. Comparison may be 'odorous,' as propounded by the illustrious Mrs. Malaprop, but it is nevertheless indispensable to the formation of a correct judgment. And moreover, it is by this means, and this only, that inferior artists can be made sensible of their own deficiencies ; by having the opportunity of seeing their own feeble or faulty productions side by side with those of their betters in the profession—marking, if so they will, the difference of effect, and studying the means by which that difference is created.

As usual, a majority of the paintings this year are portraits : a class of productions quite as interesting, probably, on the whole, to the greater number of visitors, as any other, and to many the most interesting they could look upon. Nevertheless, there is a goodly distribution of landscapes and cabinet pictures, and among these are the gems of the collection. We are gratified in observing the *American* spirit manifested, by many of our best artists, in the choice of subjects, which illustrate native scenery, appeal to national feelings, or revive historical reminiscences. We might instance fine pictures by Chapman, Durand, Weir, Mount, Ingham, Bennett, and numerous others. The series of landscapes, by Chapman, commencing with the birth-place and ending with the bed-chamber and tomb of Washington, (painted expressly for a gentleman who is an American, heart and soul, J. K. PAULDING, Esq.,) may be particularly designated, not only as noble specimens of art, but as addressing themselves to the better feelings of every true lover of his country.

Our limits will not admit of a universal notice. The highest number in the catalogue is two hundred and thirty-three ; and we must therefore confine our remarks to such specimens as are positively worthy of observation, either from merit or its opposite ; endeavoring, meanwhile, to introduce, as far as may be, at least one from each exhibitor. We commence with

No. 6. *Portraits of his Son and Daughter*. By T. SULLY. A picture that will bear long and close observation. There is no trickery about it. The attitudes are natural and pleasing, and the coloring reminds us of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

7. *The Gold Fish*. S. F. B. MOASZ. A group, consisting of a mother and two children, one an infant, delighted with the beauty of the delicate little creature from which the picture has its name. We like this painting much : it is carefully drawn and elaborately finished. There is room for objection, however, in the con-

trasts of the draperies, and a little also, we think, in the somewhat constrained attitude of the elder child.

8. *The Bedchamber of Washington, in which he died.*

71. *Tomb of Washington.*

156. *View from the site of the old Mansion of the Washington Family.*

157. *Birthplace of Washington.*

199. *Residence of Washington's Mother at Fredericksburg.*

We have thus classed these five pictures together, from the connection of subject, and also from their being all the work of one artist,—Mr. J. G. CHAPMAN. This gentleman has recently become a resident of this city, having removed hither from Virginia. He is very clever, and bids fair to become one of our foremost. There is, *occasionally*, a certain meretriciousness in his coloring: but he draws well, and evidently takes pains,—two most important good qualities in a painter. The five pictures above mentioned, form an extremely interesting series, and will amply reward the attention of visitors. The first named is especially excellent. The perfect relief of the furniture,—the subdued sunshine through the curtains,—the reflected light from the mirror, and upon the ceiling,—all are admirably depicted.

10. *Portrait of a Child.* H. INMAN. This is a sweet and beautifully colored picture,—an honestly painted picture, withal,—but we think not the best in the room from the easel of this distinguished artist.

20. *Portrait of Dr. Dewees.* J. NEAGLE. A strong, free picture. The artist has boldly encountered every difficulty that could present itself in such a painting,—wielding his pencil as though he were not afraid of it, and dealing with his lights and shadows like one who knew what could be made of them. There is a want of mellowness in some of the flesh-tints, but otherwise it is the production of an able hand.

22. *Portrait of General Sandford.* FROTHINGHAM. We have seen much better portraits by this gentleman. He is very unequal.

24. *Landscape. Sleepy Hollow.* T. COLE. There was a time, some five or six years ago, when we had fears for Mr. Cole. We thought he was becoming a mannerist. But he has wholly avoided that peril, and we look upon him, at this moment, as the best landscape painter in the world,—at least so far as our knowledge extends. His conception,—his *feeling* of nature,—is beautiful: and nature on his canvases is not represented, but actually exists. *Vide* this picture of Sleepy Hollow.

29. *Andrew Jackson, President of the United States.* A. B. DURAND. It is but a year or two since Mr. Durand betook himself to the pencil, having acquired fame, and we hope fortune, with the graver; but already he competes with the most celebrated. In a certain class of faces he is excellent;—those of which the expression is decided, and the features are strongly marked. He has not hitherto succeeded so well with the smoothness, grace, and delicacy of youthful beauty, but his old faces are admirable. This portrait of the President is not merely a likeness but a *fac simile*.

30. *Portrait of Rammohun Roy.* R. PRALE. An interesting picture, and, judging from the prints we have seen, a good likeness.

31. *Portrait of a Newfoundland Dog.* S. WATSON. Mr. Watson is clever with his dogs.

34. *Portrait of a Lady.* C. INGHAM. Upon this sweet portrait Mr. Ingham has lavished all the resources of his delicate pencil. It is finished to the perfection of art,—rich, but very quiet in coloring, and like the subject, winning admiration without soliciting. We have no doubt it is an admirable likeness. If we were not so much in love with it, as a whole, we should be tempted to object that the attitude and expression are somewhat lackadaisical.

43. *Portrait of John Quincy Adams.* DURAND. Perfect.

45. *Portrait of a young Lady at a flower table.* C. MAYR. Mr. Mayr improves. This is a better picture than any he exhibited last year. There are two faults against which he must guard: one is an undue muscular development in his faces; the other, muddiness in his demi-shadows,—particularly in draperies.

47. *Portrait of Hon. J. G. Walmough.* H. INMAN. With one exception, this is the best portrait of Mr. Inman's we see in the Exhibition. It is masterly,—full of expression, spirit, and life. The artist was happy in his subject, (for of a truth, Mr. Walmough is a noble looking man,) and he has done it justice.

49. *Pierre and Duke Ferrado.* T. BARBOUR. We cannot congratulate Mr. Barbour on this attempt. If he is but a tyro, as we suspect, we would recommend to him plenty of hard study, and the choice of less ambitious subjects.

51. *Rebecca,—from Icarhoe.* R. W. WEIR. Decidedly the worst of Mr. Weir's we have ever seen. It has neither beauty, grace, nor expression. Even the face is bad, and the figure clumsy.

52. *Lady Jane Grey preparing for Execution.* G. W. FLAGG. This G. W. Flagg is quite a lad yet,—not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age,—and is pursuing his studies in Italy, by the aid of LUMAN REED, Esq., of this city. There is a great deal of merit in the composition of this picture, although the figures are wanting in grace and due proportion. The coloring is good, too, although in an older artist it would be called timid.

59. *Girl lighting a candle.* J. H. SHEGOG. The reflected light from the coal upon the face of the girl is good, but the muscular action of blowing is not well represented.

62. *Portrait of Dr. McLean.* W. DUNLAP. A good likeness.

65. *Bob and Blucher.* R. W. WEIR. Bob is a fine manly little fellow of a boy, and Blucher is his dog. A very good picture this,—well colored, and the effect pleasing.

66. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* A. SMITH, Jr.

56. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* A. SMITH, Jr.

We have not the least idea who this Mr. Smith may be,—whether young or old, a native or a foreigner. But this we do know, that we are exceedingly pleased with these two portraits. They were well drawn, and so far as we could judge, (for we did not notice them till our last visit, which was at night,) well colored. The full length, in particular, deserves high commendation. The attitude is free and natural, and the whole style of the picture shows that it was painted by a man who knew what he was about.

72. *An Elizabethan Cottage on the Hudson.* G. HARVEY. As a design, pretty and in good taste; as a picture, well drawn and correctly; though perhaps somewhat feebly colored.

73. *Engravings on Wood.* A. J. ADAMS. Admirable, all of them.

74. *Boy Fishing*. S. A. MOUNT. A good composition, but rather slovenly in execution and finish.

85. *Interior of an old house in the Tenth Avenue*. J. W. HILL. Another unknown artist, to us at least, but not likely to remain long unknown. This is quite a good little picture, and shows talent.

86. *Bourbon's Last March—Engraving*. J. SMILIE. This very good engraving from a good picture by Weir, (also in the Exhibition,) is worthy of Mr. Smilie's reputation. Excepting Durand, Mr. Smilie is probably the best line engraver we have in this city.

89. *Indian and his wife at the grave of their first born—Engraving on wood*. L. THORN. This also is a new name to us, but it will soon be heard of. This is a very good specimen of large, free cutting. Adams and Mason will have a competitor in this Mr. Thorn.

91. *Portrait of Col. R. M. Johnson*. A. L. DE ROSE. Not by any means remarkably good, either as a painting or as a likeness. We do not see that Mr. De Rose improves in the least.

94. *Bust of an Artist*. T. CRAWFORD. A good piece of modelling. The style is fine and bold, and shows skill and talent.

97. *Bust of Lord Byron*. GREENOUGH. Very like West's portrait, and equally like the face and head of the Apollo Belvidere.

101. *Portraits of a gentleman, lady, and five children*. W. HAMILTON. We abhor family pieces generally, and this one in particular. It is a great green piece of canvass, with an abundance of grass below and branches above, and seven persons of different sizes sitting or standing up to be stared at. In bad taste and indifferent execution.

103. *Full length miniature of a child*. MISS ANN HALL. The Exhibition is extremely weak in miniatures this year. There are very few good ones. This of Miss Hall's is one of the best, although we do and ever must exclaim against the excessive warmth of her flesh tints.

104. *Miniature portrait of Miss St. Luke, as Apollo*. NEWCOMBE. Until we saw this frightful thing, we had an idea that Mr. Newcombe painted tolerably good miniatures; but this has thrown us into doubt. It is out of drawing, out of proportion, and abominably colored. For instance, the legs, which are intended to be flesh color,—that is, the color of the human skin,—are marvellously like a pair of red radishes, and the head is too big by half for the body.

105. *May Morning*. G. HARVEY. We do not like this, Mr. Harvey. It is too gaudy. Your tints, here, are not those of nature.

120. *Frame of two miniatures*.

121. *Half length miniature of a lady*. T. S. CUMMINGS.

These are the best miniatures in the room,—and these are not of Mr. Cummings's best. The half length is the better of the three.

123. *Sketch of J. J. Audubon*. O. OAKLEY. A rough, coarse likeness, so far as mere feature is concerned; but the character of the enthusiastic bird-hunter is wanting. Deficient also in chiaroscuro.

141. *Bar-room Scene*. W. S. MOUNT. A gem, this, of which any collector might be proud. Mr. Mount has been called the American Teniers, and so he is;

with this exception, that his rustic scenes, while they have all the nature and humor of the Dutchman, are entirely free from his occasional grossness. We have enjoyed, again and again, the delighted negro in this picture,—the admiring boy,—the sedate old landlord,—the rustic, beating time,—and the admirable figure of the double shuffler himself, whose whole soul is evidently in the business on which he is engaged. There is another of Mr. Mount's cabinet pieces in the exhibition,—*The Sportsman's last visit*, No. 187,—almost as good as the Bar-room scene. By the way, there is a little matter in which this artist should amend his ways. All his faces are too much alike,—not only in the same picture, but in all his pictures. His gentlemen and ladies, or rather lads and lasses, are all of the same family,—all brothers and sisters.

142. *Mountain Lake in an Autumnal Evening*. R. W. WEIR. There are three fine landscapes in the exhibition by Mr. Weir: this, another *Mountain Lake*, No. 229, and No. 232, *The Duke of Bourbon's March*.

150. *Ichabod Crans and the Headless Horseman*. W. J. WILGUS. There is considerable merit in the composition of this sketch,—for it can hardly be called a finished painting. The expression of the alarmed Ichabod is very good, although somewhat exaggerated; the horses, also, are spirited. The picture has one great merit,—it tells the story. We would advise Mr. Wilgus to eschew the affectation of throwing off his pictures in a slap-dash manner. He had better run for a time into the opposite fault of too much minute labor.

168. *Portrait of a Gentleman*. W. PAGE. We do not know of any young artist whose progress is more rapid than that of Mr. Page. He is fast and steadily becoming one of our very best portrait-painters.

172. *Portrait of Col. Crockett—full length*. J. G. CHAPMAN. Good characteristic attitude, and not wanting in freedom. We are told that it is an excellent likeness. The face has less of ruggedness than one would expect in the bear-hunter, but whether his fault or the artist's, we are not advised.

181. *Morning,—Carthage,—Dido and Æneas*. J. SHAW. An elaborate picture,—generally pleasing, and containing many points of excellence. We do not like the sky much, and the aerial perspective might be better. The distant view of the city is very good, and so is the procession or cavalcade.

193. *Full-length portrait of Col. Trumbull*. G. W. TWIBILL. An admirable likeness of the veteran artist, and moreover an exceedingly well-painted picture. The coloring is quiet and subdued, thus harmonizing well with the sedateness of old age. The keeping is excellent, and the accessories are in good taste. Mr. Twibill is without a rival in these small full-lengths.

214. *Portrait of a Lady*. H. INMAN. This is the picture to which reference was made, when we said that with one exception the portrait of Col. Watmough was Mr. Inman's best in the Exhibition. It presents the form and features of a very beautiful woman, whom we have recognized on meeting her in the street, by the fidelity of the resemblance; and the artist has shown his consummate skill in the happy selection and management of the colors in the drapery.

203. *Portrait of a Gentleman in Uniform*. S. WATSON. Tall, stiff, slender, and pretty.

213. *Capture of Major André*. A. B. DURAND. This gentleman is at all in the ring, and at all with success. We like every thing in this picture, except the sort of melodramatic expression of heroic and patriotic indignation in the face and attitude of one of the captors,—the one to whom André is offering his watch. Mr. Durand has made him an affected fine gentleman, instead of what he really was, a rough and not particularly sensitive, but honest yeoman-ranger, who would be more likely to answer a bribe with

a blow, than to throw himself into a stage position about it. The subject, however, is not a very good one for a picture, although admirable for a story.

217. *Lady and parrot.* G. W. FLAGG. A promising picture.

220. *Count Ugolino and his children.* G. MARRISILLA. With all the disposition in the world to like Mr. Marsiglia's pictures, we cannot do it; and this we like still less than any other of his that we have seen. There is a 'terrible' deficiency of relief,—the flat canvass stares us perpetually in the face,—and the coloring is cold and ghastly. Count Ugolino seems to be a rock on which more than one artist is destined to make temporary shipwreck.

221. *Portrait of J. M. M.* G. D. MARCHANT. A very good likeness.

223. *Landing of Hendrick Hudson.* R. W. WEIR. The first impression of this picture on the eye is displeasing, owing probably to the great prevalence of red, in various shades; but it improves upon the spectator, and by the time he has possessed himself of its details, he feels strongly inclined to like it much.

225. *The Bride of Lammermoor.* H. INMAN. With one single defect, we consider this a noble picture,—one worthy of Mr. Inman's reputation. That defect is in the figure of Lady Ashton, which wants both grace and dignity. But Lucy is sweetly conceived,—the old clergyman in the back ground is a Rembrandt,—and all the accessories are in perfect keeping. The frowning portrait of the old Ravenswood,—the glaring eyes of the bull's-head crest,—the antique furniture,—the distant view of the village church,—the dark wainscot,—the carved ceiling,—all unite in forming an admirable illustration of the scene, so splendidly described in the novel. We have heard it objected that the aspect of Ravenswood is not sufficiently sombre and desperate; but we think Mr. Inman has done wisely in representing him as somewhat more of the gallant. The description in the novel bears him out in it, and even if it did not, there would have been great danger of making him either a moody Hamlet, which would be commonplace, or a frowning bandit, which would be inconsistent and inaccurate. He might have been made a thought taller, however, with advantage.

We perceive that we have not effected our purpose of noticing at least one production by each artist, but our limits are already exceeded, and we must crave a remission.

TABLE TALK.—It is 'gay and handy now and ag'in' (we employ the elegant words of a great professor of languages,*) to hold a sort of public companionship with our correspondents. We call them together, by that sort of proxy afforded in their delegated writings; and we discourse with them in a spirit of sincerity and good fellowship, which cannot but be grateful to all parties, whatever may be the decisions at which we arrive. Some of our friends send us sundry sonnets, made to mistress' eye-brows, and other charms: they are mainly fervent in spirit, but couched in bad taste. The lovers are blind, and their verses are lame. We will not mention them,—but 'the rejected' will apply the allusion. That these clever persons are slightly demented, can hardly be gainsayed. *Amare simul et sapere ipsi Jovi non datur*; and we believe this remark was properly predicated of the Thunderer. It does credit to the acknowledged good sense of that quondam great personage.

But we should be thankless indeed, were we not to acknowledge the continual manifestations of popular favor and interest with which we are regarded. Our respected contributors are especially desired not to attribute to silence on our part, an indefinite post-

* O'Toole on Gas-Lights

ponement of their favors. We find that it would occupy quite too much of our space to give regular notices of the various matters we receive, and on which our positive or negative imprimatur is *immediately* requested. The privilege of selection and comparison must be accorded to us; and we can assure the uninitiated, that the task is no sinecure, and requires a good deal of time. Respect for individual feeling, often increased by written requests, very frequently induces us not to make public allusions of objection or favor to articles received. The ultimate appearance or non-appearance of these, will establish and convey our estimate of their merit.

We find it necessary, however, to depart from this rule as far as our transatlantic correspondents are concerned. One, whom we value for his talents and liberal spirit, has sent us the following elegiac poem. The inceptive stanza contains some irregularities,—but the whole is fraught with deep and genuine feeling:

LAY TO THE DEPARTED.

BY R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, LL. D.

Beautiful being I—brighter far than all
The shapes which pass in glory through the soul
Of the young Poet,—when the earthly thrall
That bowed his heart is o'er, and the whole
Of Fancy's brightness through his bosom roll,
Like lava flame through Etna,—where art thou?
Gone! in thy summer bloom; for, hark I—the toll
Of thy funeral bell assails me now
While sorrow sadly sits upon my burning brow.

Thou wert too fair, too good, to cling to Earth,—
Thou wert unfitted for the bustling crowd;
But those who knew thee revered thy worth,
And I, who love thee, hymns thy praise aloud.
I knew I had thy love, and might be proud
That I could win a heart so pure as thine;
But pride is folly now, for in thy shroud
Thou liest before me, and I must resign
To the remorseless grave this heart's once worshiped shrine.

Yet, let me view thee,—even as thou art:
Although that cheek is pale, those lips are cold,
Though life and love have left that ardent heart
And thou art now but dust and motionless mould,
Yet let me view thee! once again unfold
The only form I ever wished as mine,—
But of such idle wish nought may be told:
My love was deep and passionate as thine;
Oh, what is Love to thee, who now art half-divine?

And do I gaze thus calmly upon Death,
Nor fear the arrow that the many fear?
Can this be death, where nought is gone, save breath?
The form is still the form that I held dear,—
A placid smile thy features calmly wear,
And beauty lingers on that pallid face,
And Mind's proud beams upon that brow appear,
As bright as when its thoughts I loved to trace,
Ere thou from us wert summoned to thy resting-place.

Fate now has done its worst,—for what to me
Are all the charms or woes of Earthly things?
Am I not lost, when severed from thee?
And need I care what storm its lightning flings
Across this o'er-fraught bosom's breaking strings?
Would they were broken I—then we might appear
In the high places of the King of Kings,
Bright Hope to guide us, freed from future fear—
When may such blessings be?—thou'rt gone, and left me here!

Even as thou art could'st thou remain, it were
A consolation to this wounded soul;
A balm might soothe that untold despair,
Which this bruised heart too sadly doth control.
Why do these clouds of misery o'er me roll?
But I must look my last!—and then I call
One tree of thy dark hair. To think I stole
That tree from death, will comfort me, when full
Of woe from things of earth, this weary heart groves dull.

We regret that the great length of the article on 'The Continuation of Goethe's *Faust*, published in the edition of his *Posthumous Works*,' by our learned friend the translator of Körner's *Lyre and Sword*, has caused us to postpone its insertion. It would exceed the average length of the longest papers usually admitted into a Quarterly; and the nature of the subject, in our view, forbids a division. We shall try to compress it, and in that form present it to the public. This, however, is a task whereon we shall not enter without advisement from the author, which we here solicit.

Our kind friend, the ETTRICK SHEPHERD is informed that his 'Noctes' will be highly acceptable; and we trust that ere this they are on their way. 'The Wife of Traquair,' though conceived at St. Ronan's, among such genial spirits as Professor Wilson, and his boon fellows of the Border Game, will tell as well in the West, as in Auld Reekie. We beg our correspondent not to yield all his good things to Christopher North and Blackwood. The music of his artless harp,—*natura donum*,—will ring as well among the green savannahs of America, as by the lake of Altrive. We bid the Shepherd welcome; and we hope soon to announce the promised firstlings of his heart and hand. It may not be amiss to mention, here, that our readers will also be favored hereafter with occasional original communications, in prose and verse, from JAMES MONTGOMERY and MISS MITFORD. The few papers which we may receive from distinguished foreign sources will add, it is hoped, to the variety and interest of our Magazine, without infringing in the least upon the domain of our numerous and valued American contributors.

From Professor LONGFELLOW, Dr. RUSCHENBERGER, author of 'Three Years in the Pacific,' and Mr. BROOKS,—all Americans, now abroad—we are promised occasional tidings. Their writings are so well known and appreciated, that the mere announcement of this fact, will yield a lively pleasure to our reading constituency. The last named gentleman will visit, during his absence, England, Scotland, and Ireland, Germany, Prussia, Russia, France, and Italy, and probably Turkey. It may safely be predicted of the author of '*Our own Country*,' that he will not be so fascinated with the splendor and high life of foreign cities and titled nobility, as to forget the glorious land which he leaves behind him. In a letter published on the eve of his departure, in the journal of which he is the editor, he says: 'I shall move rapidly, in order to accomplish as much as possible. I cannot promise to say much of works of art, for abler pens have described them all: but I want to look at *the People* in a mass, and at society, and to see wherein the boasted countries of Europe, which European travelers here extol so much at our expense, excel ours, under Republican institutions. I go abroad as an American, proud of my country, of her growth, her prosperity, her enterprise, her institutions, her natural resources; prejudiced, thank God, in her favor; and I hope I shall return home, with that pride warmed into yet stronger affection, and that prejudice strengthened by fact.'

THE DRAMA.

THERE have been no novelties of any moment at the PARK THEATRE, since our last number, if we except *The Mountain Symp*, which has little to recommend it, save several delightful scraps of music, that were charmingly given by Miss WATSON and Miss PHILLIPS. As a play, it is extravagant and unnatural. POWELL has repeated his usual class of characters, and taken his farewell leave of a New-York audience, being about to sail for England. He will return, however, it is said, and take up his permanent residence in the United States.

At the BOWNEY THEATRE, the most prominent attractions have been of the canine description. When Shakspeare said 'the dog would have his day,' he little thought that that sagacious quadruped would usurp the province of the legitimate actor, and bark his hour upon the stage. Mr. CONEY and his dogs, however, have proved great favorites. The latter *artistes*, especially, sustained their parts with signal ability, although indifferently supported.

We are glad to perceive that Mr. Hows, whose successful *début* at the Park Theatre we have before noticed, has been winning golden opinions at the South. At Philadelphia his performances were attended by good audiences, and highly commended. Experience, added to his natural endowments, can scarcely fail to place Mr. Hows among those in the first rank of the profession.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY.—Long live GEOFFREY CRAYON!—the most sensible of enthusiasts,—the essayist who, like a gentle Autocrat, if the paradox may be allowed, stirs the heart, and plays with the affections at will! The lapse of years would seem to make no change in the tenderness of his sensibilities, nor to diminish, in any degree, the exquisite harmony of his periods. All good impulses,—all the sweet feelings which are of such 'strong prevailment in unhardened youth,' appear to linger within the bosom of Crayon, as vividly as in those earlier days when he labored with kindred spirits, in Salmagundi, and 'treated' this good town with sentiment, humor, and philosophy.

This second volume of The Miscellany deserves even more applause than the Tour on the Prairies,—since the records have more of interest in them for the true lover of literary merit. Much as we admire and esteem the proud spirit which leads our authors to depict the scenes and events of their own native land,—yet in the case of master minds, like those of Scott and Byron, and in reading of their former places of abode, we feel that intellect is not local; that a charm is thrown by it around objects which would otherwise be scarcely deserving of heed.

A great deal has been written, before, of Abbotsford and Newstead; but no one has succeeded like Crayon, in picturing them to the life. As we turn his pages, we gaze at a panorama, distinct as nature, and on faces as familiar as limner ever drew. We feel that all analysis of this meritorious Miscellany is superfluous. It will be in every one's hands,—all will be interested,—all will be pleased. Irving, as an author, is in point of merit, *semper idem*. Surpass himself, he cannot. The purest writer of his age, he already occupies an eminence not lower, even, than that on which the fame of Byron and Scott reposes.

The sketches of Abbotsford, in point of interest, are superior to those of Newstead, because the great master of the former was the host of Crayon in all his sojourn. They roamed over the romantic neighborhood in all directions, holding sweet counsel together, and ferreting out the haunts of the antiquary, and the sources of legend and song.

AMERICAN REVOLUTION.—Owing to an inadvertance, we have but just received a valuable work, published some time since in Baltimore, entitled 'A History of the American Revolution, with a preliminary view of the character and principles of the Colonists, and their controversies with Great Britain.' The author is S. F. WILSON, Esq., of Baltimore. He has presented a convenient volume, embracing all the principal occur-

rences; civil, military, and political, in America and Europe, having a direct influence on the principles and progress of the revolutionary contest. The work is, in short, what it claims to be, a connected narrative of the revolution, embracing all the principal events, foreign and domestic. Those portions, in particular, which relate to the foreign negotiations, are ample and correct. The book will be found to supply an important desideratum in the historical department of American Literature.

A MOTHER'S HINTS ON EDUCATION.—It may be deemed a sufficient recommendation of these excellent 'Hints for the improvement of Early Education and Nursery Discipline,' that they are now presented to American readers in the twelfth edition. We doubtless state not only our own opinion, therefore, but that of thousands of *mothers*, when we pronounce this work one of the very best of its class. The remarks of the writer upon the general principles of education, upon rewards and punishments, authority and obedience, independence, truth, and sincerity, we would instance, as indicating a combination of sound sense with practical experience, and that affection which none but a mother can feel. We do a public service in commending this little book to general acceptance. MESSRS. WILEY AND LONG, 161 Broadway, are the publishers.

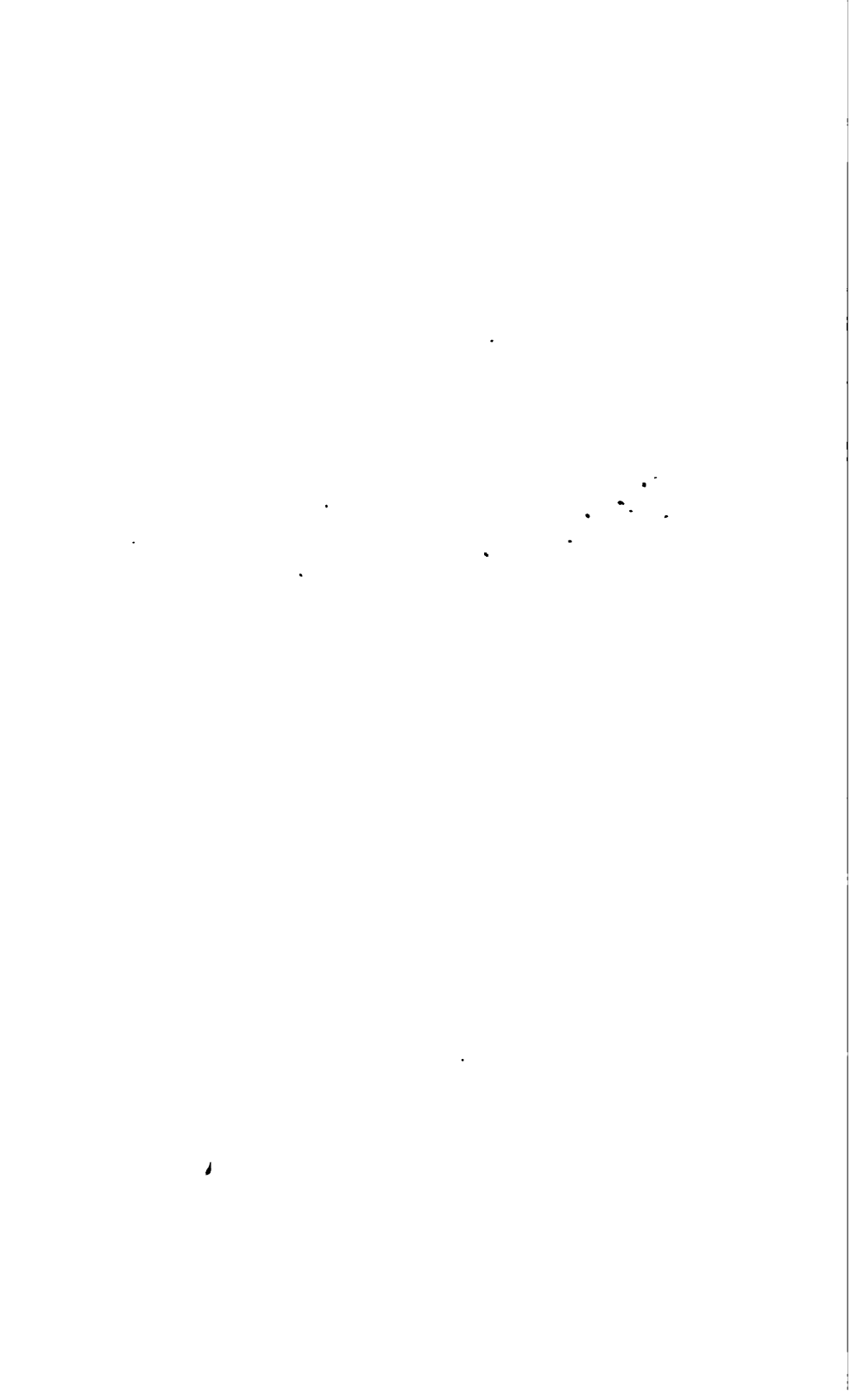
PRAISE AND BLAME: By CHARLES WILLIAMS.—MESSRS. BLISS, WADSWORTH, AND COMPANY are performing a real service to the juvenile community, in the issue of such little books as the one before us. The 'true stories' which it contains are told in language studiously simple, while the principles which they inculcate are of a strictly moral and religious tendency. The writer is the author of 'Facts, not Fables,' a small book for children, which has acquired very general popularity.

'FACTS, FEELINGS, AND FANCIES.'—This is the title of a small volume of some two hundred pages, by CHARLES J. CANNON, of this city. Prose and verse, alternately, narrative and didactic, make up the contents of the book. The author solicits, in a modest preface, the indulgence of critics and readers, in consideration of the fact, that many of the pieces were written years ago, in the intervals of labor and disease, by one who has never known the advantages of education, and that many of the others, after lying by him in an unfinished state, until they were nearly forgotten, were hastily concluded, while his work was going through the press. Though containing some fine thoughts, the volume is not calculated to stand the test of rigid criticism.

NEW-YORK AS IT IS, IN 1835.—MR. J. DISTURNELL, at 156, Broadway, has published, with many important additions, his useful annual work, containing a general description of the city of New-York and its environs, list of officers, public institutions, and other useful information, for the convenience of citizens, as a book of reference, and a guide to strangers. It embraces correct maps of the city and its vicinity, and the 'Hudson River Guide' with a map,—a valuable little publication, of which we have before had occasion to speak in terms of praise. There are some things however, continued in the work, which, owing to changes since 1834, should have been omitted.

SKETCH OF THE POLITICAL CAREER OF THE EARL OF DURHAM.—We have received from the author, JOHN REID, Esq. of Glasgow, a volume of four hundred pages, containing the collected speeches of the Earl of Durham, both in Parliament and at public meetings. From a cursory survey of the work, it seems compiled with care and ability. MESSRS. LEAVITT, LORD, AND COMPANY are the American publishers.

THEOLOGICAL LIBRARY, NUMBER NINE.—We have before spoken in terms of praise of this excellent series. We consider the present volumes the best that have been issued. The history of the French Protestants abounds with instruction for the theological student, and with details of great interest to the general reader. Just published by the HARPERS.



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